JOHN T. DORLAND.

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BY

WILLIAM KING BAKER.

EDITED AND WITH PREFACE

BY

ANNE W. RICHARDSON, B.A.

"I will only recognise Thy claim, I die to every other."

—JOHN T. DORLAND.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE.

This story of a noble and heroic life, undertaken at the request of John Dorland's widow and family, is now sent forth with the fervent prayer that He who so early called His faithful witness to Himself may, by the record of this life, influence other lives to a like whole-hearted dedication to do the Will of God.

Grateful acknowledgments are due to L. E. and M. E. Mounsey, R. and H. Underhill, Rufus and Ellwood Garratt, Caniff Haight, E. J. Harris, and other friends for kind help and information given.

As there is an apparent similarity between thoughts and conclusions contained in the last chapter of the Life and some of those appearing in the Preface, it may be mentioned that both of these were written at the same time without either of the writers being aware what the other was writing. Chronological order has not been strictly adhered to when the narrative seemed to require the grouping of incidents which illustrated special subjects.

Nearness in point of time to the life we have tried to portray in these pages has necessitated either the entire exclusion or the curtailment of some of its incidents. As these do not, however, present features differing in character from those narrated herein, it is hoped that the life is given in sufficient detail to present a true biography.

It only remains to say how uniformly kind and helpful I have found the assistance of the Editor throughout the preparation of this work.

WM. KING BAKER.

"Gaspereau,"
Acton, London, 1898.

PREFACE.

THE news of John Dorland's sudden call from earth produced in many minds in Great Britain, Canada, and America the shock of a great sorrow. To very many the sense of personal loss was first and most strongly felt. A still greater number, perhaps, were as strongly moved when they knew that there had passed from this world a life apparently secured to earth by youth and vigour, and one which was in large measure actualising the Christian ideal of bringing new power and hope to the futile or sorrowful lives which came within its sphere.

Perhaps in meditating on the order of a Divine Wisdom that is Love, and yet at times is so mysterious in its details, we can see how the sudden removal of such a life may have fruitful issues. We who in our measure feel the need of the world, and who rejoice to see those needs met, are apt too often tacitly to feel that such and such a work is being too well done to need help from us, and by the fatal process whereby we sometimes turn what ought to be a stimulant into a sedative we settle down into passivity. When, however, Death comes and in a moment "slits the thin-spun life," we are roused again to our responsibility, and to the need of a devotion in which there are no reserves.

My own part in the preparation of this book, which simple as it seems, has needed no little labour and judgment, has been comparatively small, owing to the greater intimacy of others with its subject. In only one way is the actual compiler unsuited to his task. The fact that he belongs to a family who were John Dorland's most intimate friends in this country has caused the omission of many allusions to helpful and affectionate intercourse with them. For myself I may say that the close contact with the life of John Dorland into which I have necessarily been brought in reading the notes and journals left by him has produced a fresh conviction of the power and blessedness of a life that in reality, and not in profession only, is lived in the Will of God. The combination of manliness and humility, of depth and simplicity, of intelligence and faith, which seemed so characteristic of his ministry, stands out still more vividly in his private relations. From the earliest times, and still in our own day, it has been sometimes thought and taught that the Christian ideal does not sufficiently include the virtue of manliness. Our conception of manliness depends, of course, on the ethical plane on which we stand. It may be considered on one plane the poorest cowardice not to return in kind a jibe or even a stone ; on a higher plane the very dignity of manhood depends not merely on forbearing so to return it, but on returning its opposite. Perhaps Wordsworth's *Happy Warrior* gives a picture of the truest type of manliness without special religious reference at all. There we see backwardness in all but duty, entire absence of the eager self-assertion which seems to the higher view like the struggles of children ; then when the time for action comes, action with all the dignity and certainty of absolute and calm conviction. But nowhere so fully as in the Christian life is this ideal realised. Probably no one who knew John Dorland was inclined to think the Christian life an

unmanly one. Apart from his fine physique and from the humour and "natural spirits," for which he is sometimes inclined to call himself in question, there was a happy confidence, a quiet courage, and a joy in life, which was the result of no callousness to human pain or sorrow, or indifference to the problems of human life—far from it—but which had its spring in a conscious union with the Divine Master to whom he had without reserve consecrated his life. Hence comes the character that has been called "naturally supernatural," and which is indeed, if he only knew it, the normal one for man.

Three points connected with the Christian life when truly and wholly lived, seem emphasised in the life before us, though printed records can keep only a faint impression of the reality.

First it is a life incomprehensible to the scientific man, till, no longer absorbed by the wealth of his material data he begins to consider facts of human existence as outstanding as any he has before him in his laboratory, and calling even more imperiously for explanation. It was such facts of Christian experience and saintly life that led G. J. Romanes, after twenty-five years of patient investigation, to his final conclusion that it was "reasonable to be a Christian." Naturalistic theories must be enlarged to explain such a life. It goes beyond "evolution," and it cannot fairly be considered a sport of nature, simply because the experiences of the religious life have been and are still repeated in such numberless instances.

Nor can the philosopher explain such a life apart from its connection with the truths revealed in Christ which have alone produced it. Now-a-days we give all due honour to Socrates and Buddha, to the moralist and the religious reformer who as teachers of righteousness stood outside the range of the revelation recorded in the Scriptures. But Socrates, far from inspiring it in his followers, never even

produced a rule for such a life. And to mark the contrast in the other case we have only to put side by side the hopelessness of Buddha, for whom human life was *maia*, illusion, unreason, with the hope and the victory so profoundly characteristic of the truest Christian life.

After all, the "lives of the saints," however unknown to fame, yet never wanting in the sixty generations that have passed since Christ came to inspire them, and however different in other respects, yet all subject to the same laws, tending to the same end and confirming the same truths, are the most self-evident "proofs" of Christianity. Non-Christian philosophy has lately tried to explain Francis of Assisi as an extreme instance of natural human benevolence, thereby showing, as it would seem, a strange forgetfulness of the religious crises in that marvellous life, crises which were needed to transform the "natural" into the "spiritual" and to complete the human by conscious union with the Divine. Perhaps no one has known better than Francis the meaning of those words of Paul "He that is in Christ Jesus is a new creature"; a transformation of which the thoughtful must always take account. And, it may be added, if there were more lives, in whatever sphere, like that of St. Francis or of John Dorland—for the spring and the effects of their work were identical—a greater number of men and women, "having considered the issue of their lives, would imitate their faith." *

A life like that we have before us is, as I say, unaccountable except on the hypothesis of a reality on which religious faith is nourished, of the existence, namely, of a Father of Spirits who alone can create such joy or call forth such love, devotion, and sacrifice. And though a life like this is never contrary to reason in its highest sense, yet its processes are beyond the ken of reason uninspired by faith and love, and go forward under the influence of the

* Hebrews viii. 7 (R.V.)

Spirit of God, which is given to Christian lives in the measure in which they are surrendered to His Will. And no difference of rank or education interferes with the repetition of the same general experience.

John Dorland's life might have been a very different one if he had refused what he believed to be the call of the Most High, and sought what many would consider a more successful career.

One of Nature's highly gifted spirits, loving-hearted, noble-minded, with a quick brain, eloquent tongue, and sound judgment he might have become as he once hoped, a successful lawyer and statesman. He might have been pointed at as one of the modern products of an evolved morality, "too good to need religion," and perhaps by a subtle law of the unspiritual life would have come to feel little need of it himself. But if we could have followed such a life in its inner course we should probably have discovered a gradual slow degeneration in the highest centres, a more worldly and selfish way of looking at things, a more easy-going acquiescence in evils for which he felt less and less responsible. And the vital and creative forces which lift the lives of Christian men into diviner relations would have been absent. Many years might have brought him honour and respect, but none of the love which is the portion of the man who can show God to his fellows, and which was his in so large a measure. But he obeyed his call, and the result was a life, short indeed and limited on earthly sides, but of which in the highest sense it can be said, "He having lived a short time hath fulfilled a long time." In the few years of service of which we have this simple account, men and women sunk in mere existence and unreal activities were aroused to life, spiritual prison doors were opened, good tidings came to the weary searcher, and broken hearts were bound up, till, on the day of his death, hundreds, if not thousands were thanking God, not in words only, but by changed lives, that he had

lived at all. It is little wonder that in recording the interest of his last Eastern trip, he says, "After all, the part of our journey we enjoyed most was our service for Him, and I think we shall not forget that in Heaven."

And thus a higher reason is seen at work in what on the lower plane seems unreason, and wisdom is justified of her children. Philosophy by itself may give hopes, and promise for this unintelligible world a better state of things in the far future, but it is by the power of God in Christian lives that hopes are realised and the Kingdom of God brought nearer.

The second point that is emphasised in such a history is the profound truth of the death which leads to life in the personal history of the Christian. If the servant is as his Master he will realise that in the fellowship to which he is called, gain springs from loss, freedom the most absolute from the most entire surrender, and life from death. "Pauline service has its source in Pauline experience." Love means sacrifice eternally—loss in another or others. It has the element of death as well as life in it. And sacrifice in contact with sin means vicarious suffering. The fact of sin brought to the highest Love a new necessity which issued in a Death of spiritual suffering for the race. These truths are elements in our Lord's work of redemption, a work in which not these alone but well nigh all the deeper truths in life find a place, but they are elements, too, in the work of His servants. The New Testament teaches that into some of the sufferings of their Head the members cannot enter. But it teaches, too, by precept, and even more consistently by example, that there is for the Christian a death to die by surrender of the will, which issues in a life fuller and more effectual as the surrender is more unreserved.

And the closest followers of their Lord have always known the fact, though it has been expressed in many different figures, and illustrated in countless

different ways, as those know to whom the *vitae sanctorum* of all ages and places are more or less familiar. Christian Father or philosopher, Catholic missionary, Puritan soldier, Quaker saint, and Salvation Army officer have known that to love not the life unto the death has a fundamental and spiritual meaning in Christian experience. If this is a mystical doctrine it is yet most practical, as the truest mysticism always is, and has shown its effects in uplifting human souls to the fullest measure of power for the "service of man."

As we wander among the galleries and churches of Italy, after the first natural and righteous protest against the falsehood and materialism inherent in the Roman system has passed from consciousness, we begin to appreciate the artistic and ideal expression of all the saintliness which bears the mark of truly catholic Christianity. Such an impress there always is on the figure of Francis of Assisi, crude or beautiful as it may be. It is the figure of a man who in his own day was, by the help of God, such a regenerator of society as few have been in modern history. And that which has worked its way deepest into the consciousness of art in Italy, from Giotto downwards, is not his gentle way with bird and beast, not his love for poverty, his bride, not his fellowship with Nature, but the tradition that to him it was given to bear the Stigmata, the marks of the suffering of his Lord. Into the truth of the story we do not need to enter to feel the significance of the symbolism.

Had Christian men and women everywhere sought with more earnestness to know the meaning of that fellowship of which Paul and John speak, we should now see less scepticism with regard to the power of Christ. Moreover there would have been drawn to Him many earnest people whose love for their fellows is indeed already largely due to the atmosphere He has created, and whose work might be rendered fruitful by His power, and yet who will not

call themselves by His Name, because that Name is not honoured in the only Bible they will read—the lives of the ordinary Christians whom they meet.

It need not be said that all are not summoned to the same kind of service; the Christian saint is confined to no one profession, to no single line of activity. But his own call comes to each.

John Dorland's was an unreserved consecration to the Highest. "I will only recognise Thy claim, I die to every other" was its form. And the completeness of it brought with it the naturalness and the joy of the normal life. It led his life into a new channel, and the sorrow of the world was his to share. But in fellowship with his Lord he found many of earth's best gifts, which he had been willing to resign, returned to him with added security and blessedness. "Weary but happy," is his constant comment when on hardest service, and no one who knew him could doubt the joy and calm he found in it, and the zest it added to his life. And the serenity so gained is utterly different from an easy-going acquiescence in the comfortable view that the world is doing very well without any special effort on our part, whether this theory is covered by philosophy, or, as more commonly, held without such support. To be easy-going is really to be most at variance with individual and social well-being; "a struggling, tasked morality" is a far higher stage. But, for this too, there is a still better and diviner ideal. This is the quietness that comes of conscious union, in work and in suffering, with the eternal and present Spirit of God. It is not meant that nothing ever breaks this serenity, or that temptation never comes. As long as other men are at strife with their own blessedness the servant of God will suffer. And John Dorland says of himself, "When the union with my Lord is relaxed, the old ambitions haunt me still." But these facts do not interfere with the general principle of such a life.

The third feature to notice is the balance observable in a mind so intensely religious, and a life so full of missionary activity. The Greek ideal of the man "four square" would have been accepted by our friend as applied to religious thought. A "round and well-ordered Christian life" is a favourite expression of his own, and was exemplified in himself, insomuch as his view of Christian truths was not distorted by exaggerated emphasis on any one doctrine at the expense of others, though of course special circumstances bring special teaching into prominence. The possibilities and purpose of our nature on the one hand and on the other the hindrances to that knowledge of God which develops them, have to be held in unison. As the spirit of man begins to feel a hunger and thirst after the righteousness for which it was made, and the meaning of the promise attached to it, the Incarnation becomes the pledge that human life is akin to the Divine, and that this promise is no idle phrase. And in the Passion of our Lord there is at once an assertion that hindrances exist, and that they can be removed, while in the Resurrection we have the assurance of victory over death and sin. And so what we call outward facts become translated into spiritual experiences. Nothing less than this was John Dorland's message. His activity it is true was mostly in the sphere of evangelistic work, and he firmly and consistently laid the same emphasis as do the New Testament writers on the connection of our Lord's work with the remission of sins, convinced that without that fact, as a modern Christian scholar* has said, not only does the preacher lose his grip upon the human soul as it responds to truth, but the deepest experiences of joy, sorrow, love and adoration are reduced to illusion. The fact of sin throws a shadow across the light of human life, and the men and women who have most proved their knowledge of God by

* James Denney, D.D.—*Studies in Theology.*

leading others to Him, have been those who have been most profoundly convinced of this fact, and have most earnestly welcomed the redemption in Christ, a redemption sought in vain in any other quarter of the universe. But as has been said, neither his outlook nor his experience was confined to one set of Christian verities.

The union of the Divine and human revealed in Christ and the brotherhood of men in Him, in spite of all the apparently desperate anomalies of social life ; the power of an endless life which is man's true heritage and which can be given by the indwelling Spirit, were all truths which had been made his own in meditation and spiritual exercise. The legality, the over-pressure on the side of mere doctrine without life, "the narrowness concerning sects and opinions," to use John Woolman's phrase, which have been sometimes truly, sometimes superficially, associated with English "evangelicalism," had no place in him. His Quakerism was too real and too spiritual for that, though Quakerism as a term for tolerant negation had as little place in his religion. His was the true evangelicalism which permeates all the most victorious and reproductive Christian life, whether that life shines out against the background of Paganism or Paganised Christianity, as in Paul and Peter and Chrysostom, of mediæval Romanism, as in St. Catherine and John Tauler, or is revealed later on in Luther, in George Fox, in Zinzendorf, in Wesley, and finally, even in defiance of their formulas, in some of the most earnest sacerdotalists of our own day. It consists in recognising man for what he is in ideal, and sin for what it is in fact, and that sin can be put away in the individual life by faith which brings union with a Saviour who proclaimed His death a ransom for many; and it has therefore the two great and inseparable Apostolic messages for human souls—"Christ crucified," and "Christ in you the hope of glory."

His resolve to be "plain, honest, and sincere" was always seasoned with wide, tender, and ready sympathy,

and hence we find from his diary that everywhere he went men "opened their hearts" to him.

Quakerism, with its freedom from external control, hierarchical, doctrinal, or legal, needs the strongest forces of divine truth and energy to prevent it from slipping into easy-going ways and unconsciously enjoying an inheritance of moral strength won by the spiritual exercise of former generations. *Corruptio optimi pessima.* But far from arguing that therefore it is not suited for human nature, we should argue just the other way on the assumption that human nature can undergo, nay, was formed to undergo the conditions of being directed by the Spirit of God. John Dorland was a true Friend. The inwardness, the reverence for holy things which is the greater not the less for seeing that the sacred need not be externalised in symbol, the "awefulness" which too easily slips from the practised mission worker, the humility that is united with spiritual confidence, the "exercise" of spirit under religious engagement, the freedom from prejudice, the reference in judgment to a standard divine and spiritual, and the union of spirit with all "who love the Lord," the elements, in short, of true Quaker saintliness were characteristics of the life before us.

And he highly regarded what he deemed his privileges as a Friend. We cannot wonder that when he was urged by grateful missionaries of another body to take orders in the Church of England he remarks that "no bird having found its freedom takes kindly to the cage."

A word remains to be said as to the matter we have before us in the book. It can from the nature of the case give but little conception of its subject to those who did not know him. Long ago a Stoic philosopher complained that after he had carefully and lovingly compiled the teaching of his master Epictetus the inspiration that filled the spoken words had died away in the manuscript. We often have

the same experience to-day. What may seem mere commonplaces when reduced to print, did not seem hackneyed or unmeaning as they came from the lips of the speaker. The power of his words must indeed be looked for in another region—in the life and thoughts, namely, of other men. This is where he would have chosen that they should live, and here they are still effecting spiritual and eternal results.

Seldom has a scene of the kind been so impressive as the funeral of John Dorland. Many personal friends were there and many mourners of various kinds and degrees, but perhaps the most striking portion of the assembly that gathered in the graveyard at Stoke Newington were the groups of artisans and workers in the poorer ranks of life, mostly members of the Friends' Adult Schools in which he had taken so warm and active an interest. They were such as in other European capitals make up the forces of anarchism and unrest, but here they were to be seen gentle, Christianised, and under the influence of a common sorrow for a brother and a friend whose warm heart, inspiring words and hearty hand-shake had been some of the most enduring influences in their lives.

In Homeric legend, Achilles, the typical hero of the Greeks, was offered a choice between a life long and inglorious, and a few years crowded with victory. His choice was quickly made. Even the world understands what it calls the "glory" of a life sacrificed in service to a cause beyond the range of its own petty interests. How much more may we rejoice for a Christian man when the good fight is fought and the race finished in the service of the Highest.

Yes, but other men are sorely needed to fill the post this good soldier has left empty.

A. W. Richardson.

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Hampstead, N.W.

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CHAPTER I.

Introductory—Interest aroused by the American Civil War—Emigration from Canada—Ancestry—Jansen Gerris Dorlandt—John, Thomas, and Philip Dorland—U. E. Loyalists—Great Britain and her Colonies—Narrow escapes of Loyalists—Their sufferings—Special providences—Philip Dorland, M.P.—Dr. Willett Dorland, M.P.—Thomas I. Dorland.

THE period to be described in the first pages of this volume was one of considerable excitement throughout that wide region of the North American Continent which is now called the Dominion of Canada, but which at that time was divided into a number of provinces, each with its own independent government.

This excitement was the result of stirring events which had been taking place on the south of the great Lakes that form the dividing line between Canada and the United States; and it was naturally communicated in the first instance to the central province of the Dominion, then called Canada West, but now bearing the name of Ontario.

Close association with the United States in commerce, notwithstanding the antagonism which had long prevailed between the two countries, had awakened throughout Canada a keen interest in the impending struggle between the Northern and Southern States of the Union, and this interest was increased when the controversy resulted in the outbreak in 1860 of the great Civil War which was to cost that rapidly advancing nation the sacrifice of 800,000 human lives, the expenditure of more than fourteen hundred million pounds sterling, and to produce effects upon the general moral tone of the country lasting for at least a generation. Moreover other influences had more recently contributed to the deepening of the interest felt by Canadians in the United States.

The control by a chartered company (the Hudson Bay Company) of wide tracts of territory which extended over half a continent, and have since become the North West Provinces of Canada, had kept these lands, until a comparatively recent date, a *terra incognita;* and while the vast rolling prairies of the United States were offering strong inducements and easier settlements to the sons and grandsons of sturdy Canadian farmers, who had with laborious toil felled the forests and cleared the lands of Ontario, the almost equally excellent prairies of Canada in the far north west were only known to the fur trader and the trapper, and remained entirely undeveloped.

Large numbers of young men consequently emigrated from Canada to the western portions of the Union, or were attracted to the gold fields of California; so that at the outbreak of the Civil War in the United States, although the Canadian Provinces preserved the neutrality of the mother country, the sympathies of the people were thoroughly aroused and many Canadians joined the ranks of both the contending armies, that of the North receiving the larger contingent.

The very boys in the public schools, at that time attended by nearly all the children of the country, were divided into distinct parties or miniature armies, taking sides either as "Northerners" or "Southerners," and during the progress of the great conflict across the border many a mimic battle was fought with snowballs as ammunition.

Canadians also caught up and repeated the current songs of those times, thus extending the interest which the cause of anti-slavery was everywhere awakening throughout the country. As the corn-law rhymes of Elliott had been an important influence in rousing the popular feeling of England in favour of the abolition of the tax on the poor man's bread by the repeal of the corn-laws, so the poems of Whittier, the pathetic story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the stirring notes of the anti-slavery songs were at this time beginning to catch the popular ear in Canada as well as in the United States. Even in the streets of the most remote villages of Ontario might be heard the refrain of "John Brown," as groups of young people met or passed along.

Generally however, the members of the Society of Friends in Canada, who for the most part lived out in the country on their farms, although they felt full sympathy with their fellow members in the United States who had so early taken a decided stand in favour of the abolition of slavery, were by their more isolated positions farther removed from the immediate influence of the approaching conflict.

The family of John Dorland's father was one of the very few households amongst Canadian Friends then living in a town; but this instance was scarcely an exception to the general rule, as its head was actively engaged in cultivating the old homestead farm which bordered upon the main street of the little village of Wellington, Ontario. Here it was that the subject of this memoir, John Trompour Dorland, was born.

He was the youngest child of a large family, descended, some generations back, from Dutch ancestry. About a hundred years before the removal of the family to Canada, Jansen Gerris Dorlandt sailed from Holland for America in a ship called "The Spotted Cow."[1] This was about the year 1680 or 1681. He settled at Hempstead, Long Island, and a few years later, in the autumn of 1687, he seems to have removed to King's County and there to have taken the oath of allegiance to King James II. Subsequently the family removed to Duchess County and from thence, th[illegible] generations later, three sons of Samuel and Anna Dorland passed over into Canada. This happened immediately after the close of the Revolutionary war and at the time of the first settlement of Canada West. The three brothers, John, Thomas and Philip Dorland, were Friends, and are described as men of the best type—industrious, honest, exemplary, good neighbours and intelligent citizens. They were in the prime of early manhood, John, the first of the three named, with whom we are chiefly concerned in this narrative, being about thirty-three years of age.

1 In the old registers of the Protestant Community at Breukelen, Holland, may be seen records of various Dorlands, between the years 1675 and 1707. On the first of January, 1696, one Hendrick Dorlandt was nominated (with others), for appointment to the office of deacon, and was also again nominated at the beginning of the succeeding year, but on neither occasion does he seem to have been appointed.

This event in the family history is worthy of more extended notice, for it has an importance, not only as regards the Dorland family, but in connection with a similar removal of many other families at that time, and with the whole after history of the British possessions in North America.

The members of these families, amongst whom were many Friends, belonged to the small minority, afterwards called United Empire Loyalists, or briefly U. E. Loyalists, who chose at all costs to remain under British rule.

At the time of the American Revolution when, chiefly through the short-sighted policy pursued by England, her colonies in America were led to take up arms against the mother country, there were many who stoutly refused to cast in their lot with the new Republic against Great Britain, or to have any part in severing the connection with the old land.

Writing of this time a Canadian author says :—

As always happens in every great movement, there were two sides to this question, not only between Great Britain and her colonists, but among the colonists themselves. One side clamoured boldly for their rights, and, if need were, separation. The other side shrank from a contest with the mother land, and preferred a more peaceful solution of their difficulties. A moderate degree of liberality on the part of the British Government would have appeased the demands of the malcontents, and another destiny, whether for better or worse, might have been in store for the American people.

But those were days when the policy of the nation was stern and uncompromising, when the views of trade were narrow and contracted, when justice was untempered with mercy, and when men were bigoted and pugnacious. Protracted wars consumed the revenues and made many draughts on the national purse, and when the trade of the colonies was laid under contribution, they refused the demand.

The Government, true to the spirit of the age, would not brook refusal on the part of its subjects, and must needs force them to comply. The contest began, and when, after a seven years' struggle, peace was declared, those who had sided with the old land found themselves homeless, and rather than swear allegiance to the new *régime*, abandoned their adopted country and emigrated to the wilds of Canada and the Eastern Provinces.[1]

1 "Sketches of Early History" by Caniff Haight.

The story of the experiences of these scattered exiles, who, as a rule, belonged to families of considerable substance, if fully narrated, would be crowded with interesting incidents. Every year, however, renders such a work more difficult, as there remain fewer of those who had the thrilling accounts of their adventures from the lips of men themselves expatriated and forced to leave their homes and property, to seek a refuge in the trackless forests of Canada.[1] At many different points along the wide extent of country, from Halifax on the far east to Canada West, there were little bands of these exiles.

Many found their way from the Eastern seaboard to Nova Scotia, and because of the considerable numbers who sought refuge at Halifax, the imprecation "Go to Halifax," first shouted in derision at these Loyalists, became a byword, and has continued in use to this day.

Farther west along the rocky coast of Nova Scotia companies of Loyalists settled at the little port of Liverpool and upon the commanding position now occupied by the village of Shelburne. The latter, situated beside an excellent harbour, was laid out as a considerable town, a mile or two in length. Houses were rapidly erected and preparations made for its being the seat of Government, and the population of Loyalists became about 12,000; but soon it was discovered that the whole of the surrounding country was utterly unsuited for agriculture, and the removal of the forests only disclosed the whole region as covered with unlimited masses of broken rock. Disappointed and driven by force of circumstances, all who could do so passed on to other and more favourable localities, and what promised to be a populous centre became for a time almost as deserted as a city of the dead—not more than 200 of its population remaining.

But it is with the Loyalists who passed round Lake Ontario to its northern shore that our interest lies. To them the sacrifice demanded by their loyalty was not only the loss of their possessions, leaving as they did comfortable

1 A large amount of information on this subject and a number of personal narratives will be found in "The Loyalists of America and their times," by Egerton Ryerson D.D., LL.D. This, however, is now out of print.

homes and abundance to face poverty and all the desolation of a land that was one unbroken wilderness, but it also meant indescribable hardships and privations, and not infrequently actual danger to life in making their escape.

Among instances of such suffering we hear of a Friend who narrowly escaped death at the hands of a gang of soldiers. In vain they endeavoured, by suspending him by the neck, to force him to disclose the whereabouts of a company of his fellow Loyalists who were making their way by the lower end of Lake Ontario across to the Canadian shore.

To the west of Kingston extends a beautiful bay, about sixty miles long and from three to four broad, forming, like the great Canadian Lakes, a charming expanse of clear, blue, fresh water. Its banks were well wooded and rose on either side with picturesque variations, sometimes sloping gently to the water's edge, and again rising abruptly to a towering height, crowned to the top with the beautiful foliage of the Canadian maple and the graceful trunks of the silvery birch.

About half way up this Bay of Quinte its direction suddenly changes from the west to the north east, and it was along the eastern shore of this zig-zag reach of the bay, at a place afterwards called Adolphustown, that the Dorland family first settled in Canada. Coming from the vicinity of New York, their route would be along the watercourses which then afforded the only ready means of transit. Taking first the Hudson river northward, day after day we can imagine them toiling upward against the current. Their progress in the rude boats used by the Loyalists would be slow, and their sorrowful hearts would find but little solace in the grandeur of the scenery through which they were passing, as the thought came that they were leaving it for ever and going into lonely exile. Yet if we may gauge their feelings by the measure of their heroic fortitude and the indomitable force of character afterwards displayed, there must have mingled with the strong determination of these Loyalists a brave spirit of hopefulness as well.

Making their way past the "Highlands" and the peaks of the Catskill to the little Dutch settlement of Albany, they would here doubtless replenish their store of provisions. Then turning westward along the Mohawk River, and with many a portage where their boats had to be conveyed with much toil over rapids and waterfalls, still continuing to follow the water courses, they would reach the river Onondaga and down its channel find their way to Oswego, on the southern shore of Ontario. Their future home was some sixty miles across the blue waters of the lake, but the risk from storms was too great for them to venture on such a passage in their frail craft, and bending again to the oars they would cautiously make their way along the coast and round the end of the lake.

Arriving at Cape Vincent, they found the distance across the end of the lake broken at this point by a large island named after General Wolfe. Coasting along this island they would come in sight of Kingston, and landing there find a temporary but much needed rest after the laborious toil of the five or six weeks occupied by their journey.

The passage up the Bay of Quinte already described ended their journey, but not their toil, for this had but begun. While the remaining days of summer and autumn lasted, early and late, as long as there was light to see, these pioneers set themselves to the labour of felling trees, piling them together and burning them to effect a little clearing, or of cutting out and notching suitable logs from the straight trunks for the building of the modest log cabins that were to form their homes. Escaping, as most of these Loyalists did, with nothing more than they could carry with them, their condition was one demanding immediate succour, and the British Government at once took steps to provide for their temporary wants, and at a later date it also arranged for grants of land to their children as soon as they attained twenty-one years of age.

The greatest sufferings of the Loyalists who settled along the shores of the Bay of Quinte were endured in the second year after their arrival, when, through some mismanagement or error of the authorities, the supplies

intended for them were delayed and frozen up in the lower part of the river St. Lawrence.

The sufferings of these settlers from cold and hunger through the terrible winter that followed were remembered as long as they lived. Reduced to a state of famine, with ice and snow everywhere, even the farms so dearly bought by incessant toil, were in some cases offered in exchange for small quantities of flour, or anything that would sustain life. But, to the honour of those who had any store of provisions be it told, such payments were generally refused, and succour given in all cases as far as they were able. Even the roots of trees or bushes were buried deep beneath the snow, and when at last the spring came, before it made the river navigable, or supplies could reach them, many were glad to gather for the support of their families buds from the basswood and other trees.

Wherever a "salt lick"[1] was known to exist it was carefully watched for the coming of stray deer that might be shot and added to their scanty store, and the settlers displayed a spirit of mutual kindness and fellowship even in their sufferings, which doubtless helped to the establishment of the generous and neighbourly feeling that has been a marked characteristic of their descendants and of the district they planted down to the present time.

During this dreadful winter there occurred many remarkable instances of unlooked-for providence in cases of families who were close upon starvation. One circumstance of the kind was related by the late Philip Brewer, who was himself the son of a Loyalist. A family living in the depths of the forest at a considerable distance from any settlement were reduced to the last extremity, when the father saw one morning upon a dead tree top near his cabin a solitary pigeon. Quickly taking his gun he shot it, and with it kept his starving family alive. The next day at the same time and place another single pigeon was seen and shot, and so, for a considerable number of days, there came for their support a single bird, until succour was obtained in other ways. Then this unlooked for provision promptly ceased.

1 Natural salt deposits, or springs, resorted to by wild animals in the forest.

Such were some of the hardships endured by men who, a century ago, in the province of Ontario, were pioneers in the development of that vast country now stretching for thousands of miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and destined at no distant day, as its natural resources are developed, to contain a population in proportion to its size, and become a friendly but not unworthy rival of the great country across the border from which these pioneers were driven.

From those days up to the present time, Canada has ever remained staunch and true in its loyalty to the British Crown, notwithstanding many a severe test during its earlier history, which it had to endure chiefly because of the ignorance prevailing in England as to its actual requirements, and owing to the wrong bias given by the few writers of the old country who took upon themselves to describe Canada and the Canadians prior to the year 1840.

It is not surprising, that as the heir of such traditions, though his heart was large, his sympathies broad, and his the universal spirit that in its devotion recognizes every country as its own, John Dorland ever remained most deeply attached to his native land, a loyal, true-hearted Canadian.

The three brothers, John, Thomas, and Philip Dorland, who had settled in Adolphustown, had all large families, and in the year 1792, the youngest, Philip Dorland, was the first member elected to represent the Midland District in the first Legislative Assembly or Parliament ever held in Upper Canada.[1] He went to Newark (now Niagara), then the capital, to assume his duties as member, but on refusing as a Friend, from conscientious motives, to take the oath, he was not permitted to take his seat.

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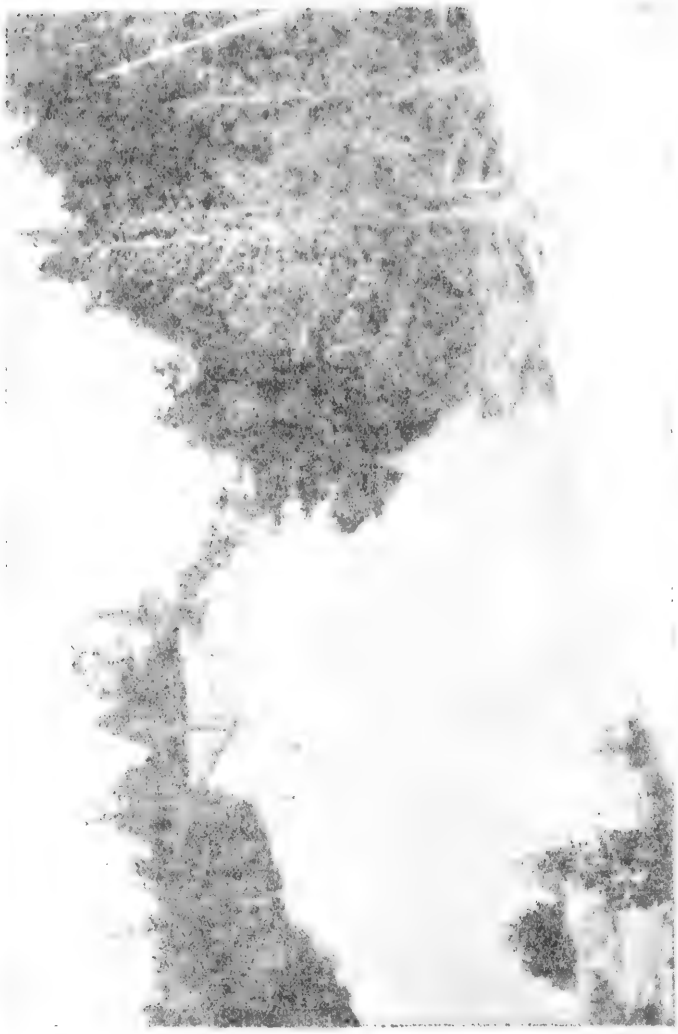
1 This Legislative Assembly or Parliament was to consist of sixteen members elected by the people. It was to be elected once in four years, but might be elected oftener if dissolved by the Governor, who was appointed by the Crown.

There was also a Legislative Council appointed by the Crown, its members standing for life. The first Session of the first Parliament was opened on the 17th of September, 1792. "There were present" says Ryerson "three members of the Legislative Council and five members of the House of Assembly." The latter are described as "plain home-spun clad farmers and merchants from the plough and the store," but some of them had possessed "luxurious homes from which they had been exiled," and their home-spun garments were some of the fruits of their own industry and that of their wives and daughters.

John, the eldest of the three brothers, had twelve children, seven of whom were born before his removal to Canada. Two of his daughters were married to John and Joseph Trompour, who were also Loyalists, and one of his grandsons, Dr. Willett Dorland, was, in the year 1859, elected to the sixth Parliament of old Canada for the County of Prince Edward.

The eighth child of this John Dorland, who was named Thomas, became a leading man amongst Friends, and married Elizabeth Trompour, daughter of Paul and Deborah Trompour.

In these early days of settlement, a man's neighbours became good judges of his character. They were times when real worth and sound judgment were in frequent requisition and were brought into active exercise almost continuously by the necessities of life in a new land. Thomas I. Dorland was one of those men whose counsel was frequently sought and who was much esteemed and respected throughout the district. He was born in the year 1784 and died in 1870, having survived his wife 44 years. The fourth child of their family of six, John T. Dorland, Senr., born in 1812, was the father of the subject of this memoir. He removed from the neighbourhood of Adolphustown across the Bay of Quinte into Prince Edward County, a district where many families of Friends were located at the time of its first settlement. Of his grandfather, the younger John had but slight recollections, as he was scarcely ten years old at the time of his death, and in one of his letters he mentions his grandfather as being to him "only a memory."



SAND BANKS, WELLINGTON.

CHAPTER II.

Progress of early Canadian Settlements—Wellington, Ontario—Birth of John T. Dorland—His Mother—Prophetic words of James Jones—Childhood of J. T. D.—Early tendencies—School days.

SEVENTY-FIVE years had elapsed since the time of the early settlement described in the last chapter. The thick forests were gone, consumed before the axe of the farmer and the devouring fire—forests that would be priceless now, but were valueless then. Here and there indeed remnants of them were left dotted along the rear of the well settled farms, but only consisting of a few acres sufficient for the supply of the household firewood, or, where the ground was thickly covered with the sugar maple, reserved as a "sugar bush" for making the maple syrup and sugar, with which each well appointed farm house was then usually stocked. Not only had the early homes of the settlers disappeared, but the substantial wooden "frame houses" which succeeded them were being in their turn replaced by residences of brick and stone.

The little village of Wellington, the birth-place of John T. Dorland, and the home of his childhood and youth, is pleasantly situated on the southern side of the county of Prince Edward which extends out into Lake Ontario and is almost cut off from the mainland by the Bay of Quinte, having only the narrow connection of the ancient Indian "carrying place," itself now also cut across by a canal. A cluster of neat houses bordering upon either side of the great main road through the county, at a point where it turned from the lake shore northward, formed the little hamlet. Along one side lay a land-locked inner lake separated from the deep rolling waters of Lake Ontario by sand banks which in summer rose in a series of cones of fine white sand, bounding this calm sheet of water, called

"West Lake," while outside them the crested waves from Ontario broke into white foam at their base. In winter these banks of sand form in front of them mounds of ice and snow, which by the action of the water in times of storm appear like miniature volcanoes, sending forth showers of fine white spray as the waves beat in below and shoot up through the ice formed cones.

The quiet of the little village was disturbed by no greater commotion than the noise of its own children at play. In the year 1860 the railway which now passes through the country had not been built, and although many vessels passed along the lake, only an occasional schooner put in to Wellington, so that the calm of its quiet life was in no way disturbed.

Here on the 8th of March, 1860, as the might of the Canadian sun began to break the fetters of winter, and the appearance of the rapid spring-time was at hand, the boy was born, the power of whose consecrated life was to move to their depths the lives of so many with whom he came in contact, and from whose heart the fulness of divine and human love was to overflow until it reached from land to land and many were led to ask the secret of his radiant, joyous, Christian life.

John Dorland's mother, Mary Ann Dorland, was the daughter of Thomas G. and Elizabeth Garratt, and to her this youngest child of the family bore a strong resemblance. She seems to have had very early intimations that the Lord would require him at her hand. It may have been under this impression that she made her little child familiar with the Bible at an unusually early age, so that while still almost an infant his mind turned readily to the truths of Holy Scripture.

Some traces of this fact, as well as the early—sometimes too early—independence of child thought in North America are shown in the following incident. When he was about three years old his afternoon sleep had one day continued longer than usual and his mother went to awaken him for supper, and taking him up in her arms she began to sing the nursery rhyme :—

Bread and milk is the best food
For little boys and girls.

MARY ANN DORLAND AND HER SON, J.T.D., AGED FOUR AND A HALF YEARS.

He roused himself at once and asked, "Is it in the Bible?" and as his mother hesitated a moment and then replied "No, not exactly," he threw himself back in her arms saying "If it isn't in the Bible I don't believe it."

Another circumstance of his infancy may be given which occurred some time before the above, and to which reference was made in *The American Friend* at the time of John Dorland's death.

In those days the arrival of a Friend from England or from the United States on a religious visit was not only very greatly valued, but was an event much looked forward to. Printed notices had not yet come into vogue, and would in any case have been almost useless in districts where letters instead of being delivered are only periodically called for at the nearest post office, so that the coming of such a minister was generally made known by some Friend, who rode on horseback from one farm house to another with the news.

James Jones, a minister of China, Maine, and an uncle of the well known minister and missionary Eli Jones, was paying one of these visits to Canada from the United States. He was one whose ministry was not infrequently accompanied by a large measure of the gift of a seer. He had, in Quaker language, many "openings" concerning the work and service that were before Friends on whose behalf he was brought under exercise of spirit and who were afterwards led into the ministry of the Gospel. On the occasion of this visit to Canada, speaking in a meeting one day he paused in the midst of his discourse and said that there was "a child there present in its mother's arms who would one day be a powerful minister of the gospel of Christ." Mary Ann Dorland sat in that meeting, holding her youngest child in her arms, and now, in her eighty-second year, she well remembers the occasion and the impression the words made upon her at the time. Many thousands on both sides of the Atlantic are able to witness how fully this intimation has been fulfilled in the consecrated life of her son and in the abundant labours which he was able to accomplish in the power and demonstration of the Spirit.

Of his early childhood Adelia Cronk writes :—

When very young he came to my class in the Sabbath School, and he very soon became a great favourite. His aptness in learning scripture was very remarkable. When I was teaching about Noah, Moses, Joseph, Gideon, etc., he would be so interested that the next time we reviewed the lessons he could answer all the questions. Many years afterwards, when at Pickering College, he told me he could repeat the names of the apostles and other lessons just as he learned them in that infant class. He was a very sensitive child and so tender spirited that when the story of the love of Jesus was told and how He gave His life for us, he was sometimes impressed by it even to tears. One Sabbath a minister from the United States attended our Sabbath School, and near the close addressed the children, talking to the little ones. The child was so affected that he wept aloud.

The same impression that had been made on his mother's heart was given to this Sabbath School teacher, and she said to her husband about this little member of her infant class :— "If that child lives to grow up he will be a minister of the gospel." She has lived to hear him tell of the Saviour's love and to write of her joy in his ministry which was ever, as she says, "so full of unction."

The days of childhood for a Canadian boy living in the country thirty years ago were generally full of activity. There fell to him many minor duties which became a valuable educating influence, and fostered the spirit of self reliance already inherited by the descendants of the first settlers. This spirit was strengthened still further in the school life of the country provided for by the excellent system of Public Schools, which were placed within the reach of all children throughout every settled district of Canada West and almost universally attended.

As soon as he was old enough John began to attend the village school, obtaining a practical general education that enabled him to acquire further knowledge readily, and to develop his natural gifts; at the same time his thoughts were broadened and his sympathies enlarged in a degree that would not have been possible by training of another kind.

We have now to imagine him as a bright, intelligent lad, and a general favourite among his playmates. There

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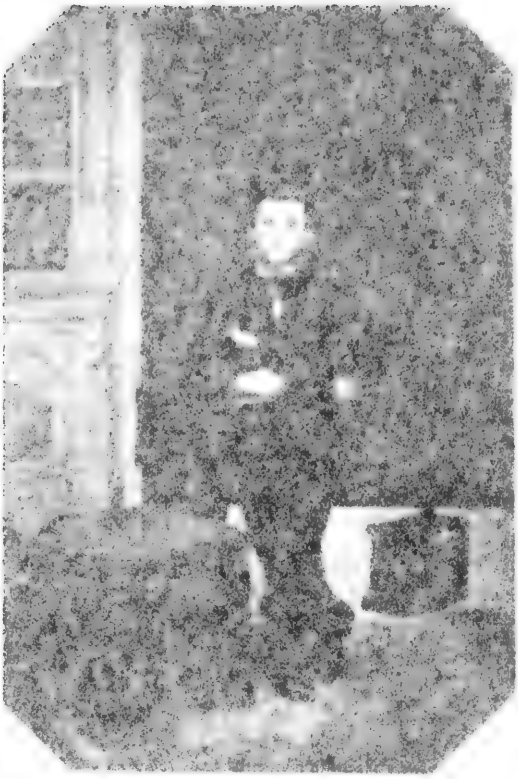

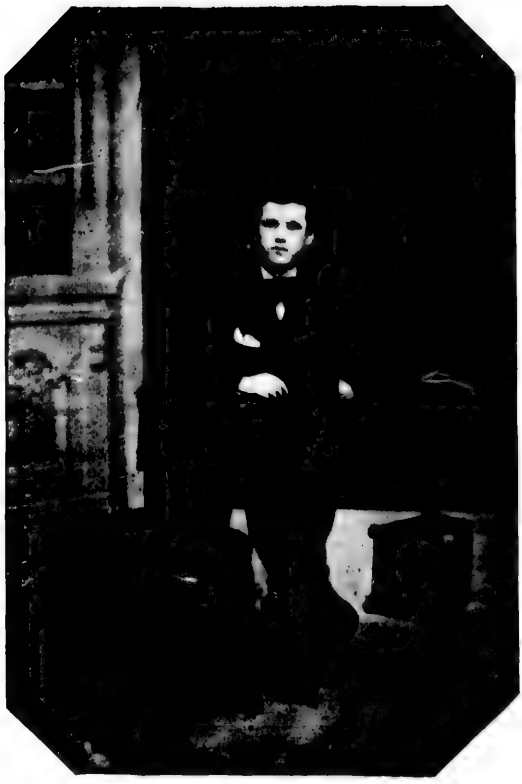

JOHN T. DORLAND IN HIS EARLY BOYHOOD.

was somewhat of the strength and robustness of his Dutch ancestors about the thoughtful school-boy, but it was quickened into happy mental activity and tinged with a sense of the romantic and a spirit of the chivalrous that is never quite absent from the true Canadian youth. And in the neighbourhood of his own home he early found exercise for his characteristic love of the beautiful in nature. There was the West Lake, with its picturesque surroundings already referred to, while just across the sand banks the fishermen might be seen winding in their seine nets, well laden with the excellent "white fish" and salmon trout with which Lake Ontario then abounded at certain seasons of the year. Nor were the marvellous changes of the foliage as the seasons passed less attractive. The flaming glory and the indescribable tints of the autumn trees in the golden season called "the Indian summer" when the first frosts came; the mantle of pure white snow over the earth, and the fringe of ice along the shore of the cold blue lake in the winter season; as well as the bursting of the buds in the rapid Canadian spring, all exerted an influence in the storing of his mind with beautiful thoughts.

When he was but a child, and scarcely able to speak plainly, his cousin Rufus Garratt writes of his going into one of the village workshops, and when placed upon the workman's bench, reciting poetry for a little group gathered around him, and tells how his taste for poetry was manifested in his school days by the selections from many well known authors committed to memory. Under the shade of a favourite linden tree a number of simple poems were written by him during his boyhood.

Endowed with a quick and most retentive memory, his lessons were rapidly learnt, and while others were busy studying he had much time for general reading, a pursuit to which he was much addicted. History was one of his favourite studies, and he became such a devoted student while attending the public school that frequently his companions urged him in vain to join them in cricket and other games.

Another influence that left a strong impression upon John in his childhood was the loving care of his

three elder sisters. This became a means of preparing him for his life work, although his career proved to be quite different from what they had expected, and what his own early inclinations pointed to. His sister Gulielma writes :—

He very early became companionable, and the tie that bound him to each of us was very sweet and strong.

The sequel to school days for most Canadian boys, a quarter of a century ago, was practical training for a time at least in the work or management of a farm. Although John's preferences did not lie in this direction, yet for about a year he assisted his father in this work, but only temporarily, as his thoughts at this time were very decidedly directed towards either a literary or professional life.

His two elder brothers had already gone from the parental roof. His father was shortly afterwards to retire from his active farming life, and John was therefore free to follow his inclination to prepare for a professional career.

The course most frequently followed in such cases at that time in Canada, was for students to make teaching a stepping stone to the other professions. As John Dorland twice held appointments as a teacher in Public Schools, reference to this practice and some particulars of the Canadian system will be given further on.

In order to engage in teaching in any Public School in Ontario, it was necessary not only that the teacher should have obtained the requisite certificate, but also have attended for four months at least one of the County Model Schools set apart for the practical training of teachers.

Accordingly, after completing his course at the Public School at Wellington, he left home for the county town of Picton, about ten miles distant, and for the requisite time attended its Model School to prepare himself for his first teaching appointment. Subsequently he went to Pickering College, but as an important crisis in his life was experienced before he did so, it will form the subject of a separate chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Impressions of Divine love—Seburn P. Dorland—Influence on J.T.D.—Convictions and inclinations—Walter and Louisa Morice—Ellwood Garratt—Wrestling in prayer—Conversion —Friendship.

THE bright, intelligent, open hearted boy had now developed into an unusually interesting youth. The happy disposition and sunny manner that won him so many friends in childhood, were still present and gave added grace to his pleasant countenance and manly bearing. In the broad and thoughtful brow, the clear expressive eyes, and the resolute features there were however already indications of the deep earnestness to be manifested as his character unfolded.

But these years had not passed without many moments when all the attractions of youth, the love of friends, and the bright prospects pictured by early ambition failed to still the inner cravings of his true life—seasons when the unsatisfying nature of all earthly attainments was brought home with deep conviction, and when the voice of the Lord was calling for the surrender of his heart to Him.

One of the most impressive of these visitations came through the influence of the life and death in his father's home of his brother-in-law Seburn Dorland. This occurred when John was about seventeen years of age, and it made an indelible impression upon him. Seburn Dorland had come from his home in the United States, hoping for benefit from the Lake air, and during these months spent at the homestead in Wellington they had many conversations. One evening that John spent with Seburn in his room, when the latter was not able to join the family, was a solemn occasion, and was never forgotten by the younger man. He delighted in the company of his friend, who

was a man of education and refined taste. Before his health gave way he had been a teacher. Of him a Friend writes :—

An incident I remember in connection with his professional life was that he told me one day that if a pupil contested with him the meaning of a word he never took the ground of superior knowledge, but let the dictionary decide the question.

It was on the occasion of my second visit that he remarked to me, alluding to his profession as a teacher :—"Ten years ago I thought that by this time I should have been independent, but it looks to me like the passing of two railway carriages—a tremendous crash and it is all over; all the hopes I then had appear to be dashed to the ground." I replied :—"If thou desires to take stock of what thou now hast compared with what thou thought thou wouldst have ten years ago, we will put temporal and spiritual things together and let it be a fair stock-taking." We spoke of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego standing up in the midst of the fire, but not, however, until they had first fallen down in it, and that fire itself had burst their bonds, and then the form of the fourth *with* them was like the Son of God.

Seburn left his seat, and standing opposite the stove, with his hands behind him, earnestly rejoined :—"I am a *great deal* better off than I thought I should be ten years ago, and now thou art going to Chicago, and wilt see my mother, and it will make her sad to hear how it is with me. I want thee to tell her what a great blessing this trial has been to me, and not only to me, but to my wife."

I never understood before as I have done since those words in 2 Cor. iv. 17-18—"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Robert B. Warder, who was his early school friend, also writes :—

The noble stand taken by Seburn in witnessing for Christ at Earlham College about 1864 bore fruit in clear testimonies from many lips, and words of praise from many hearts. His early married life was one of the beautiful pictures in my memory. He was always so wise and kind and true. Filled himself with the Spirit, a blessing flowed out in refreshing streams to those about him.

Many years afterwards a Friend who was unacquainted with these circumstances wrote to John Dorland that he

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SEBURN P. DORLAND.

had been attracted by the account of Seburn Dorland's death in an old copy of "The Friends' Review" of September 22nd, 1877, and had found much consolation in it. He enclosed a copy of the article referred to, which was as follows :—

Died—At the residence of his father-in-law at Wellington, Ontario, on the 27th of 8th mo., 1877, Seburn P. Dorland, a minister and member of Minneapolis Monthly Meeting, Minnesota, in the 33rd year of his age. He left his home in Minneapolis in the spring of 1876, hoping that the change of climate would restore his failing health. For some months these hopes seemed to be measurably realized, but his disease, consumption, had progressed too far to be permanently stayed. He was taken with severe hemorrhage of the lungs on the 17th of 8th mo., and until a short time previous to his death suffered intensely. He seemed conscious of his approaching change, but not a murmur escaped his lips. He expressed himself as perfectly resigned to his Father's will. While his voice lasted he spoke to his wife of his peace and love and entire trust in Jesus. He said "For the sake of my dear wife and child and the church, I would be willing to stay, but leave it all to the dear Master." Several days before his death he said, "I seem to see the golden gate open and Jesus more radiant than all." But the crowning moments were his last. His wife, who was sitting by his bedside, noticed a change in his countenance, something like a heavenly radiance overspread his features, and he seemed almost in an ecstasy, as though trying to see something afar off. When asked by his wife what he saw, he could only answer in a faint whisper "Glorious, glorious!" He then kissed his wife and child a last farewell and quietly and peacefully sank into the arms of Jesus.

A Friend's funeral is often an occasion as solemn as it is simple, and this one was never to be forgotten by John. Very impressive messages were given by Eliza Brewer and Eliza Varney, and, during the solemn silence, as the coffin was lowered into the grave, he said afterwards that he prayed for help as he had never prayed before, and the resolve was made that his life should become such as Seburn Dorland's had been.

Although he never forgot that solemn resolve, yet as with Paul and many others who have been chosen for prominent service for their Lord, the strong will had first to be brought into absolute subjection, and his conversion was to be no superficial one. Before he could be made

the instrument of blessing to multitudes he had to learn the experience of whole-hearted surrender. For this he was not yet willing. On the one hand were the pleadings of his conscience and a strong conviction that if he yielded himself to the Lord he would have to become a preacher of His gospel in foreign countries—"Go out to Fiji perhaps," as he used afterwards to say with a smile; on the other there was an unwillingness to make this unconditional abandonment of himself and of his life to the divine direction, and an ardent desire to follow either a literary career or the profession of the law. The latter course appealed to his natural ambition to excel, and with his penetrating judgment, strong determination, and clear eloquent advocacy of any cause he espoused, would no doubt have led him, like some of his ancestors, into the council chambers of his country. "I wanted to be a righteous lawyer and politician," he says, in describing this time. The presence and force of this desire gave to the choice that he ultimately made the greater importance as a victory of divine grace.

It was shortly before this that Walter and Louisa Morice paid a visit to Canada and spent some time at Wellington. Their home while there was with the Dorlands, and their influence had also contributed to the gracious work that was going forward in the youth's heart; but some months were to elapse ere he was led to the full acceptance of the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour and Master.

In the interval he formed the acquaintance of one of his cousins, Ellwood Garratt, of whom he always spoke as closely associated with this crisis in his life and with the definite steps of faith that led to his conversion. The account of their meeting may be best told in Ellwood Garratt's own words. Writing from Winnipeg, 14th of June, 1896, he says:—

In the Autumn of the year 1877, while engaged in teaching in a country school in Haliburton district in the Province of Ontario, the letters of my sister, then on a visit to Wellington, first made me desirous of a nearer acquaintance with John T. Dorland, Junr. I was then about eighteen years of age and John nearly a year younger. In company with my parents I visited

the vicinity of Wellington in January 1878. My first meeting with John came about as follows:— I walked in to Wellington in the afternoon of Friday and went directly to the village school, introducing myself to the Principal as a teacher, and asking for John Dorland. There was pointed out to me a fine, sturdy, frank-faced young man standing at one of the blackboards demonstrating a proposition in Geometry. I studied him during the remainder of the class lesson quite as diligently as he studied the problems before him, and I succeeded in doing what many hundreds have done since—falling in love with him.

When the lesson was ended the Principal introduced John, and immediately we were kindred spirits. My sister's letters to me had made us know one another, so that there was never a moment of formality or stiffness between us.

He was excused for the remainder of the day, and arm-in-arm we walked to his home, where I first met his parents and sisters and where I spent several most delightful days. But few of the incidents of those days remain with me, while their sequence is quite lost. I remember we spent the first evening discussing books of adventure and making occasional short flights into poetry and fiction. I was much amused at John's declaration that he was a diligent student of "Webster's Dictionary," and tried to memorise the words of at least one page per day. He had made considerable progress in this to me peculiar method of increasing his vocabulary, and had tried to interest others in the same work by establishing in the School a "Society for the Promulgation of Platitudinous Ponderosity." John's ambition at that time lay in the direction of literature, and, among many things that first evening, we discussed the literary merit of several manuscript poems of his own composition. I hope these are still to be found among his papers.[1]

We occupied the same room at night, and I noticed that John retired at once without prayer. We slept soon, but were both awake again—possibly about midnight. It was in the darkness of that quiet midnight hour that, moved by the Holy Spirit, I spoke to John about God and eternity. He was moved to tears and opened his heart to me in reference to spiritual things. What had most deeply influenced him had been the life and death of his brother-in-law, Seburn Dorland. John that night told me of Seburn's life and preaching, of his faithful talks with him, of his own fear that if he became a Christian he would have the burden of preaching laid upon him, whereas he had planned quite a different career.

1 None of these seem to have been preserved.

In the morning we prayed together, and went down to breakfast arm-in-arm. Several days passed—all too quickly as I look upon them now: and I returned with my parents to our home.

Letters passed frequently between us, but John was still walking in the dark, though earnestly seeking light.

This visit of his cousin came to John Dorland as a message from on high. There was no longer any doubt as to the issue before him. The arrows of conviction had at last penetrated the young man's heart; that midnight wrestling had left a wound that would not be healed by any earthly balm; the pictures worldly ambition painted had now behind them the background of an uncertain eternity, and while not less attractive than before they gave no permanent relief from the sense of sin. It was a choice between his own will accompanied by spiritual death, and humble obedience to the cross of Christ. He was in earnest and the Lord who had been calling him was to have the victory.

Some months elapsed however and it was May of that year, 1878, before he found the full peace he sought in the acceptance of Christ as his Saviour. This occasion was a visit to Wellington of a Friend—James Barker—from Pickering, who now became instrumental in leading him to the full trust and joy which his cousin Ellwood Garratt had so earnestly desired for him.

Of their intercourse a month later Ellwood Garratt continues :—

In June we met again at the Friends' Yearly Meeting at Pickering, Ontario. For two days I can recall no incident of importance. There were lover-like walks and delightful seasons of prayer, and long talks together. There were promises of fidelity to Christ and to each other, and the future was very rosy for us both. In July 1879 I visited John in Wellington and spent about two weeks with him. He was then a teacher in a rural school, while I was returning from a course in a training institute at Ottawa. John had then begun to feel necessity laid upon him to preach the Gospel. He spoke of his delight in prayer, and of the nearness of his Heavenly Father, and of rest in his Redeemer and manifestations of His love—"touches," as he said, "of the Man Christ Jesus." What a conception he had even then of the manliness of Christ!

It must have been about this time that there was given to him an experience to which he often referred in after years. "A year after his conversion," writes a friend, "there came to him, as I have often heard him say, 'a vision of Christ,' followed, as I believe, by the filling of the Holy Spirit. It was this that made him what he was, revealing to him that all was of Christ, and that only by the indwelling of His Spirit was he able to do any service for Him. This, too, kept him in the place of lowly, humble dependence in which the life he lived day by day exemplified the words 'Not I but Christ.'"

Concerning this solemn occasion, many years afterwards John said, "This experience came to me a year after my conversion, when I clearly saw I must be surrendered, and I know when I went through death to self and to my own schemes, there came such a vision of the Lord as I cannot describe; 'He revealed His Son in me,' and made me willing to preach His Gospel.

"When I made my surrender I had to do it by faith; I said 'I am trusting the Lord to fill me with His Spirit,' and I had a feeling of peace, but no rapture, no sense of filling. I felt the Lord had more for me, and after waiting two or three days the witness came to me.

"I now look back over a number of years to the time when I had this experience, and to other times since, when it has been renewed. I trace any service I have been able to perform to that baptism of the Holy Spirit, when I went down with Him into death, and was raised into newness of life."

CHAPTER IV.

Pickering College—Influence during College life—Teaching engagements—Dr. Egerton Ryerson—Early educational movement in Canada—Corresponding period in England—John Miller, B.A., on the educational system of Ontario—John T. Dorland as a Teacher—Letter from his pupils—Resignation of School.

SITUATED on a slight eminence just on the borders of the quiet little village of Pickering, Ontario, about twenty miles east of Toronto, stands Pickering College, the only educational institution of the Society of Friends in Canada. It is approached by a pleasant drive through some acres of its own grounds, and from its excellent position on one of the most beautiful sites along the northern shore of the Lake, commanding as it does an extensive view, the substantial college building of red brick with stone facings is an attractive and conspicuous object.

It was established in the year 1878, and although its opening followed a period when for some years there had been no Friends' School in Canada, and when Friends were accustomed chiefly to rely upon the educational opportunities afforded by the Public Schools, it has nevertheless been greatly valued by Canadian Friends.

Those who have been present at Canada Yearly Meeting when the subject of the support of this institution has been under consideration, can understand the deep interest taken in it, and the sacrifices that have been made by Friends in Canada to subscribe liberally to it. It still stands in need of an endowment to give it the assured success so earnestly desired and felt to be essential in promoting the best interests of the young in that rapidly extending country.

It was to this institution that John Dorland went for the continuation of his studies during the first half of the year 1880, after having completed his first engagement as a public school teacher.

He had found that his fears were not realized, and that, when he had given himself wholly to the Lord, cheerfully surrendering all that was required of him, he was not then, as he had apprehended that he would be, called to go forth as a missionary to a foreign land. But very soon it was made clear that other labours for his Lord lay before him, and it was not long before he was led to witness to the saving power of Christ.

Into his sympathetic nature the illumination of the Divine love entered with a strongly attractive influence upon all about him. Of this period his cousin Rufus Garratt writes:—

> During the time spent at Pickering College, which was only about six months, he showed as great an interest in all the College games as the other students. He was also used by the Lord in influencing many of the lives of the young—and helped some of them to become Christians. He was admired by them for his straightforward, upright Christian life.

One who was a fellow-student at the time says:—

> Among the seventy or eighty young men who were students with him he was ever popular and jovial. His room on the upper story of the college was the rendezvous for them when in need of a friend, sympathiser or helper. The corridor into which his room opened was named "Dorland Street" and retained that name many years after.
>
> On Sabbath morning when the young men attended the Friends' Meeting in company with the Principal, John E. Bryant, M.A., not unfrequently was John T. Dorland known to arise among his classmates and preach a sermon, the eloquence and power of which was clear evidence to his hearers that the Lord had special service for him in His vineyard and that unusual talents were committed to his keeping and use until his Master's return.
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> Seldom did he fail to make use of opportunities to speak personally to his fellow students on spiritual things; and we doubt not that many went from his companionship clothed in the armour of God to do battle with the world having been led by him to accept Christ as their Saviour.

The two years that followed his conversion were essentially years of preparation. Some portion of the time, as we have seen, was spent at College, in addition to which there were two engagements when he accepted appointments as teacher of Public or Government Schools. One of these schools was situated at Pleasant Bay in his own County of Prince Edward, and the other at Cold Creek in the neighbouring county of Northumberland. There are but few incidents to note in reference to these engagements, but the interest attaching at the present time to this important subject of education may make some particulars of these Government Schools of Canada of general interest in this country.

The educational system of Ontario is in a large measure the result of the life labour of Egerton Ryerson LL.D., who became its founder a little over fifty years ago.

Some eight years previously, the Legislative Council (then the controlling body) negatived the educational vote of the Upper Canada House of Assembly, thus arbitrarily refusing the payments in respect of nearly two-thirds of the educational work then carried on throughout the country. This action and other influences of these stirring times excited much feeling, until in 1844 the Elementary Schools were put on a more firm and comprehensive basis, under the direction of a Chief Superintendent.

In England about the same period—the year 1844—although the part taken by the Government in educational work was then, and for some time continued to be, very much confined to grants in aid of Voluntary Schools, preparations at least were being made which opened the way in later times for the adoption of the principles of State Education.

Describing the condition of the Schools of that period, Henry Craik in his work, "The State in its relation to Education," says :—

> The education given was on miserably narrow lines. Thus, according to a careful and elaborate report in the year 1845,[1] only about one in six, even of the children at school, was found able to read the Scriptures with any ease. Even with these the power of

1 By the Rev. Henry Moseley, on the Midland District.

reading often left them when they tried a secular book. Of reading with intelligence there was hardly any; and about one half of the children who came to school left, it was calculated, unable to read. Only about one child in four had mastered, even in the most mechanical way, the art of writing. As regards arithmetic, not two per cent. of the children had advanced as far as the rule of three. . . .

The children were drilled into a certain monotonous regularity of movement; but individual instruction was almost unknown. The central evil of the whole was the want of a trained teaching staff; and its necessary result a want of system, of method, and of thorough organisation.

Instruction very seldom went beyond the religious formularies, and these were desecrated to the injury of secular instruction, rather than made the basis of any sound religious education.

Again, referring to the Commission of Inquiry of 1858, when, in round numbers, 860,000, or over one-third of the children receiving instruction, were in private schools, he says :—

If the State were doing its duty, one in every six of the population should be at school; as it was, only about one in every twenty was educated in a manner about which the State could pronounce any opinion at all. That is to say, more than seventy out of every hundred children were growing up in absolute neglect so far as the State was concerned.

The inquiry into the condition of private schools showed clearly enough how absolutely necessary was the speedy establishment of some national system.

After giving further particulars and instances from the report of the Commission of Inquiry of the unsatisfactory condition of private schools, and the unsuitability of their teachers to whom the education of nearly a third of the children of the country was then entrusted, he continues :—

In the face of such a revelation there could scarcely be two opinions as to the urgent need of action. We still hear occasional complaints that the State agency has dealt hardly with private effort, and harrowing pictures of the decent dame's school crushed out of existence by the iron rigidity of the State are drawn for us.

It is sufficient answer to point to the supreme duty of the State, before which private interests must give way.[1]

While this subject was thus making slow but sure progress and ripening for future legislation in England, in Canada a great impetus was given to the work of State Education by the energetic and able administration of Dr. Ryerson, who in 1844 was appointed Chief Superintendent, and for thirty-three years laboured assiduously in the development of the system of which he was the founder. This system resulted in such marked improvement that it was not long before the schools of Ontario were not only in as good condition as could reasonably be expected in a new country, but were much in advance of those found in older lands.

It is true that in some country districts the teachers were but poorly paid, and, as in earlier times, "boarded round" for longer or shorter periods in the homes of well-to-do farmers in the neighbourhood of the schools in which they taught. Yet it may have been partly from this very custom, which gave the Public School teachers access to the homes of their pupils, as well as for other reasons, that School Trustees became increasingly careful as to whom they employed, and teachers were selected not only from those best qualified, but also from those whose lives and characters where held in esteem by their neighbours. The result was every way an excellent one. The respect in which the teachers were held deepened the interest of parents in the schools, and made them more ready to be taxed for their support. Children of the rich and poor freely mingled together under the care of these teachers, with the result that, notwithstanding the constant immigration from countries where a different condition of things existed, the elevating influence prevailed, and there was infused into the minds of all a desire for improvement, so that the abject and illiterate poor soon ceased to exist as they were known elsewhere.

1 "The State in its relation to Education," by Henry Craik, C.B., by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Limited. These remarks apply, of course, to the period referred to. By the Education Act of 1870 and subsequent legislation, the conditions have been greatly altered, although much needs still to be done towards putting Elementary Education throughout the country upon the right footing.

The fact that teaching in these schools was looked upon as one of the best means of advancement afterwards in the other professions had its influence also. The effect of this was two-fold. On the one hand it helped to make the school the primary object of interest and ambition to a greater number; while on the other it no doubt acted detrimentally in causing the supply of teachers to be not infrequently drawn from those who only were making these teaching appointments stepping-stones to some other profession. Although this tendency still exists in Ontario, its general prevalence and the disadvantages arising therefrom are guarded against as far as possible.

Describing the educational system of Ontario, John Miller, B.A., Deputy Minister of Education, writes:—

> The system of education in Ontario may be said to combine the best features of the systems of several countries. To the Old World it is indebted for a large measure of its stability, uniformity and centralisation; to the old settled parts of the New World for its popular nature, its flexibility and its democratic principles. From the State of New York we have borrowed the machinery of our Schools; from Massachusetts the principle of local taxation; from Ireland our first series of text books; from Scotland the co-operation of parents with the teacher in upholding his authority; from Germany the system of Normal Schools and the Kindergarten; from the United States generally the non-denominational character of elementary, secondary, and university education.

Among other features of the Ontario system, "largely her own," says Mr. Miller, may be mentioned:—

> A division of State and Municipal authority on a judicious basis; clear lines separating the function of the University from that of the High Schools, and the function of the High Schools from that of the Public or Elementary Schools; a uniform course of study; all High and Public Schools in the hands of professionally trained teachers; no person eligible to the position of inspector who does not hold the highest grade of a teacher's certificate, and who has not had years of experience as a teacher; inspectors removable if inefficient, but not subject to removal by popular vote; the examinations of teachers under provincial instead of local control; the acceptance of a common matriculation examination for admission to the Universities and to the learned professions; a uniform series of text-books for the whole Province;

the almost entire absence of party politics in the manner in which school boards, inspectors and teachers discharge their duties; the system national instead of sectarian.

He continues :—

The principles of our system of national education favour no class or sect. . . . . The highest distinctions in the University are most frequently gained by the sons—and daughters too—of working men.

No part of the system can do without the others. To the High School the Public Schools are indebted for their efficient army of well-educated teachers. In like manner the University furnishes in the persons of its graduates the well-trained principals and assistants of our High Schools and Collegiate Institutes. The Secondary Schools in turn supply the University with hundreds of well-prepared matriculants. To improve the University is to give an impetus to the High Schools, and to render the latter more efficient tells likewise upon the character of elementary education. If one member of the body suffers, all the other members of the body suffer with it. It is thus that all departments of the system form a harmonious unity, and it is thus the functions of each have come to be fully recognized and clearly understood.

There is no Established Church in Ontario, or connection between Church and State. The constitution gives the Province control of its educational affairs, and the great majority of the people believe that schools and colleges should be non-denominational. No religious body has any voice in the management of the High and Public Schools, or the University. These institutions are, however, far from being "godless" or irreligious. Though not religious, they are institutions of a Christian people. The special doctrines of no Church are taught, but the principles of Christianity form an essential feature of the daily exercises. The teachers are, with very rare exceptions, men and women of high moral character.

It is assumed that the parent, as well as the State, has duties to perform regarding education. The parent is not denied the right to have his children educated at a private school, a Church school, college, or a denominational university; but if he so decides, he is not thereby relieved of his duty in the way of paying his share toward the support of the institutions sustained, or partly sustained, by the State. It is held to be the duty of the State to provide free Elementary Schools.

To allow children to grow up in ignorance is detrimental to the interests of the community. All persons are taxed to support education, because its general diffusion is for the public good.

Under the Act of Confederation of the different provinces in the Dominion of Canada, the establishment in Ontario of "Separate Schools" (if required by a sufficient number of Protestants, Roman Catholics or coloured people), is provided for, and a limited number of these have been established. These "Separate Schools" are all under Government inspection and are generally conducted in accordance with the same regulations as the Public Schools. Notwithstanding this fact the system of education in Ontario has been remarkably free from politics. School trustees are not selected from Municipal Councils, and in the case of High School boards and Boards of Education the members cannot hold at the same time positions in the council of the the municipality or county in which the High School is situated.

For the past twenty-six years all the Public Schools of Ontario have been entirely free, while most of them were so at an earlier date, so that there has been sufficient time for thoroughly testing their success. In summing up, Mr. Miller says :—

The system of education in Ontario is worthy of a free people. Its fruits are not difficult to discover. Among the boys and girls of the back woods, as well as among those in the largest cities, there is a hungering and thirsting after knowledge. To equip his children for the battle of life by giving them a moral and intellectual training, is the laudable ambition of the parent in every part of the Province. An enterprising, industrious and law-abiding population controls the destinies of the country. Proud of their Province, hopeful of the Dominion and attached to the British Empire are the people of Ontario. No narrow patriotism characterizes the inhabitants of Canada. While acknowledging the rich heritage which is theirs as the most valuable of British Colonies, they esteem it of great value and importance to cultivate and preserve the most friendly relations with the entire English speaking race. Settled, as the Province has been, by people of different nationalities and religions, a high regard for the broad principles of Christianity has enabled its citizens to work out the educational problem in such a way as to destroy largely the

evils of bigotry and intolerence, and give rise under a non-denominational system to a happy, prosperous, and intelligent, and at the same time moral and "God-fearing" people.[1]

Under this system, which was universally popular and comprised nearly all the educational work of the country, John Dorland was engaged, and in each of the appointments he had charge of a country school. There is little, however, to relate concerning him during this period.

We cannot doubt but that he felt the new responsibility these involved, and we can imagine the still boyish face of the young teacher illuminated with deep interest and illuminating many another among his pupils, as he performed his duties in the country school house ; or at other times joining, as the teachers not infrequently did, with the sports of the older boys in their times of recess and play. Nor can we doubt but that the magnetic charm of his own character made him then to his scholars, as so frequently to others afterwards, their beloved counsellor and chosen friend.

One incident may be mentioned. When he went to fulfil one of these engagements, it was not the custom in the home where he boarded to give thanks or ask the Divine blessing before partaking of meals. Silently, therefore, he at once began to bow his own head in thanksgiving, and was soon followed by all the family.

When he left his first engagement as teacher, the following letter accompanied the presentation of a number of books, made to him by the pupils of the School :—

Dec. 19th, 1879.

To our Respected Teacher,
Mr. John T. Dorland, Jun.

Dear Sir,

We, the pupils of Cold Creek School, regret the necessity which compels your departure, and as a token of appreciation for

1 If any apology is due for these rather lengthy extracts on the subject of Education, and the system existing in Canada, under which J. T. Dorland was a teacher, it must be found in the magnitude of the elementary educational work carried out both in Canada and the United States for the enormous immigrant population during the past decade, and in the importance of the subject in this country, and the questions at issue at the present time. It may also be fairly stated that Ontario has one of the most efficient systems of elementary education now in existence.

the ever kind and earnest manner in which during the past year you have discharged the duties of teacher in our school, beg to present you with these volumes in the earnest hope that, as you peruse them, you will remember your former pupils, and believe that they will always remember with gratitude your kind efforts on their behalf, and the patient, untiring exertions you have put forward for their advancement in intelligence, morals, and politeness.

We wish you every success in the studies on which you are about to enter, and trust that your career in the future may be as successful as it has been in the past. We are conscious that during the past year we have at times been inattentive and have not been as studious as we might have been. We are thankful for the kindness with which you have borne with our faults, and trust that you will remember only our good qualities and believe that we regard you with esteem; and in the warm affection that has grown up on our part, we remain,

Your affectionate pupils,

Signed on behalf of the School.

In the copy before us the signature is wanting, but the letter itself indicates that already in his teaching, as so conspicuously in his preaching in later years, this young teacher strove to inculcate the necessity of the right formation and development of character, and, like the great Head-master of Rugby, believed this to be one of the first essentials of all true education.

John Dorland's last appointment as teacher, which he accepted, after leaving Pickering College at midsummer, 1880, continued but a few months. Then, acting as he believed, in accordance with the call that came to him to "leave all" for Christ, he resigned this post and returned to Wellington. As recorded in a diary about three months afterwards by his intimate friend, Albert S. Rogers, there came into John's life at this time "a wonderful blessing"—the unction and power of the Spirit of the Lord resting upon his consecrated life.

CHAPTER V.

Preparation—Consecrated life—Bessie Dorland—Influence of early home—Walter and Louisa Morice—Toronto Meeting—Ministry of John T. Dorland—Yearly Meeting at Norwich—Early journeys—Wm. Allen—Moscow Meeting—Work in Toronto.

IN his father's home, at the end of the upper hall, there was a quiet retreat which John was in the habit of calling his "den." Here, along the walls, his books were arranged. The window faced the main street of the little village, and just across it on the other side were the clear blue waters of the Lake. This little library became a sanctuary to which he often retired, and where many deep truths were earnestly weighed. He needed time to drink deeply of the living Fountain from which he was to refresh so many in after years.

Men who are enabled to labour abundantly for the blessing of their race are not infrequently found amongst those who, Elijah-like, have silently waited, as in some cave of the mountains, while the world's thunder has rolled on and the storms of passion have swept past, till in the profound solitude where their own strivings have ceased, they have heard the Lord's voice that has called them to gird up their loins and go forth in His strength.

So it was in the case of John Dorland. He had been called, and was now being qualified for a work unique in the history of the Society of Friends in Canada up to that time. This preparation was a deepening of the conviction that the Lord required his life, not in the profession of his early choice, with its high hopes of worldly advancement,

"LAKEVIEW," JOHN T. DORLAND'S BOYHOOD HOME.

but as a minister of the Gospel in the religious Society to which he belonged. The position was one which then presented few attractions to the youthful mind, and indeed for many years had been one in which it would have been difficult to find any engaged who were young in years. Such a choice seemed to strike at the root of all his brightest prospects, and to disappoint the hopes of some he most tenderly loved.

In his childhood and youth one of his sisters had been his close companion, and had largely shared the hopes and ambitions of her brother in his earlier desire to follow the legal profession. When the time came that John Dorland resolved to put these on one side and take the pathway of self-denial that seemed to have so little to offer, she felt it keenly, and could only exclaim : "And so thou art going to be nothing but a poor Quaker preacher !" It was not long, however, before she learned that her brother must do that in which his heart found peace.

Soon too she herself began to take a deep interest and a considerable share in the awakening that was beginning to be felt amongst Friends in Canada, and during the years that followed she rejoiced with him in the blessing of the Lord that everywhere attended his labours in the Gospel.

When in the spring of 1896 John T. Dorland was so suddenly called from his service on earth, they were not long divided, for before the summer months had passed, her own health had failed, and this beloved sister Bessie, after whom his youngest child was named, entered the eternal rest on the 5th of July, 1896.

There are many indications in his letters and other writings that upon the young man of twenty the surroundings of his own early home exerted a lasting influence. Those who have been cradled on the shores of the sea seem to be ever more sensible of the power of emotion, and to have a larger outlook on the eternal and the infinite. So, Lake Ontario, with its calm waters, now reflecting the azure sky or darkly shadowed by some gathering storm, now tempest tossed and crested with foam, like a great inland sea, often stirred within him deep convictions of the Divine presence.

Then too in the early mornings as the rising sun sent his beams in long level lines across the land, there were glad awakenings of soul, bringing—

> All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
> All adoration of the God in nature,
> All lovely and all honourable things,
> Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
> The joy and greatness of its future being,

times, as Gilfillan writes, when "from their mornings of unclouded brightness, from their afternoons of thunder, from the large stars of their evenings and nights,"

> The visible scene
> Would enter unawares into his mind
> With all its solemn imagery.

Although John Dorland was thus a reverent learner in the school of nature, his vision was extended to behold as well the reality of the unseen and the eternal.

The character of a man is not formed fortuituously, but is largely the result of the plan of life that the heart has in secret chosen. Outward influences may affect it, but it is rather from within that it is moulded. The brilliance of a transient success may give a man a considerable reputation, but it is what he is at heart that in the end asserts itself.

During this period of preparation in his childhood's home, the scene of his early convictions and of his own conversion, his resolute nature seems to have become fixed in the whole-hearted dedication from which he never afterwards swerved.

The result was a conspicuously bright and joyous, as well as a calm and vigorous, Christian life. Indeed, so filled was it with the sunshine of Divine love that few ever knew now the gold of holy living had been tried by fire in earlier years.

The power of its sweetness and attractiveness came from no light views of sin or the needed atonement between God and man. Nor did it spring from any mere nature worship. On the contrary, even his strong natural love for the beautiful in nature and in all around him was made to emphasize, not to supplant, the worship and the love of God.

LAKE ONTARIO.

As with the young Hebrew prophet Samuel, or like those disciples chosen from the shores of Galilee, there was no mistaking the fact that John Dorland had been called of the Lord. There was given to him a deep hunger and thirst for the indwelling presence of Christ, and an inextinguishable desire after the souls of men. He met them in that part of their nature in which their secret desires after God were awakened, and many were thus prepared for the messages of a Saviour's love that he bore to them.

The autumn of 1880 and winter of 1881 passed, and in the early spring of this year he went to Toronto. His ministry had already attracted many, and was much spoken of nearer his own home. Now a larger field was opening before him.

When Walter and Louisa Morice visited Canada they warmly encouraged the few Friends of Toronto to establish a meeting there. This was successfully started, and it became the scene of John Dorland's first settled religious work away from home. He accepted employment with Elias Rogers, a Friend of that city, carrying on business as a merchant, and while thus engaged his ministry was made of great blessing to the little meeting. Numbers were added to it and the work established.

The young men of the meeting became interested workers, and it was not long ere it had the largest First-Day School amongst Friends in Canada.

He continued under this business engagement from April to November, 1881, after which his time was entirely given up to religious work.

During this period, and until the time of his marriage, he lived in the home of Samuel Rogers, who had a strong affection for him.

He paid visits for the purpose of holding special meetings to Newmarket and other places, and everywhere there were evidences of blessing. Numbers accepted the glad tidings of the Gospel, and many were awakened from the unspiritual slumber into which they had fallen.

There was such a depth of earnestness and evidence of reality in the glowing, fervent utterances that came from his lips, such a true "covering" of power over him in the

periods of silence, and such a profound reverence in his supplications before the 'throne of the Heavenly grace,' that the messages of forgiving love and restoring mercy vindicated at once the right and authority of this young preacher of righteousness to utter them.

At that time, slighter in build than in later years, with smooth shaven face, and although but twenty-one years of age seeming even younger, his appearance gave added effect to his addresses.

From the first he felt that he was especially called to be a witness among his own people—the Society of Friends. The need for and the difficulty of this service at that time will be alluded to again. But here it may be remarked that he felt the weight and responsibility of this trust, and with Paul he could say, although in another sense, "I magnify mine office," or, as it reads in the revised version, "I glorify my ministry." The fields of the world he saw white unto the harvest, and he longed to enlist fellow workers.

The Canada Yearly Meeting of 1881 was held at Norwich, Ontario. John Dorland was present, and recollections of this occasion were thus referred to at his funeral by Howard Nicholson—who was for several years Clerk of Canada Yearly Meeting:—

I well remember how 15 years ago he preached a remarkable sermon at Norwich Yearly Meeting in Canada, which largely opened the way for his future service. He used there a beautiful illustration while pleading for the conversion and consecration of human hearts. Alluding to the influences of religion as passing from one to another, he said that were a peeble to be dropped into the middle of the Atlantic while all its waves were stilled, he did not think it impossible that the ripples should reach both shores, those of England and of America. Surely the illustration was fulfilled in himself. All around the world wherever the name of "Friend" is known, the service in which God has used our brother for Himself has been felt. Is there some particular quality in Quaker ministry which has led so many who have been so largely used of God thus to die young? Some might say that were a poor reward. I do not think it is. If some of our heads have grown grey in the ministry, is it because we have been unfaithful, because we have been unwilling to spend and be spent for God as he was? How many preachers of the Gospel in the

early days of the Society died young? To-day we mourn the loss of one who has died as it seems before the flower was fully opened to the rays of the sun. But he is looking down upon us to-day with the loving fellowship he always felt for all God's children of whatever name. And if he could see into our hearts now, as he could not do when in the flesh, would it not gladden him most to know that there are others in the younger ranks of life who are willing to leave, as he left, earthly ambitions and earthly prospects such as are offered to but few; who are shutting their ears to the clamour of the world and closing their hearts to its blandishments, and stepping forward, though it might take hundreds of them to do it, to fill the gap in the ranks where he has fallen.

Such results following the labours of so young a man could scarcely take place without bringing subtle temptations to spiritual pride, and had John Dorland possessed a less clear insight into the true calling and qualification of a minister of the Gospel, whom Christ Himself calls, this insidious blight might have marred the work or hindered his after usefulness. As it was it can be truly said that he was clothed with humility—the humility that dares to be true to God, and is therein delivered from thoughts of self.

Another corrective against pride was his large-hearted sympathy. Indeed from the very strength of his attachment to the truth as held by his fellow members of the Society of Friends, and from his devotion to his Lord and Saviour, sprang that love of his fellow men which kept him free from sectarian narrowness. Not unfrequently chapels of other denominations were freely given for his special meetings.

One of his first journeys in Gospel ministry was with Eliza Brewer, whose gift was one of much sweetness and full of the grace of humility.

Another was taken in company with William Allen, a coloured minister amongst Friends in the United States, who has since paid several visits to Canada on Gospel service.

John Dorland joined him in his first series of meetings at Adolphustown, the old ancestral neighbourhood. These were probably held in the old Friends' Meeting House, "a wooden building standing at a corner of the road," and

one of the first buildings erected as a place of worship in the Province.

In some of the posts there remained a few years ago the old bayonet marks "made by the soldiers who used it as a barracks immediately after the war of 1812."

In a letter just received from Canada, Lavina Dorland writes from Bloomfield :—

> William Allen, a coloured minister amongst Friends, is here now, holding a series of meetings. He told me that dear John went with him in his first series of meetings to Adolphustown and Moscow. He says that one day when they were walking through a field of clover, John picked a four-leafed clover and said, "Keep that in thy Bible until I am gone." He says he has it in his Bible still.

More than once the thought, playfully hinted at here, was present with him that he had no time to lose in the service of his Lord on earth.

On none of his visits to Friends in Canada, nor of a visit he paid to North Carolina, do there remain any notes amongst his papers, most of which it was his custom to destroy from time to time. On this last-named journey he was accompanied by Robert Saylor, then of Bloomfield.

In the spring of the year 1881, accompanied by Isaac Stratton of Ohio, U.S., and his cousin Rufus Garratt, of Wellington, John Dorland held a series of meetings lasting two weeks at Moscow, a place about fifty miles distant from Wellington. Concerning this visit and John's subsequent engagement in Toronto, Rufus Garratt writes :—

> While driving through a portion of timbered country he made us stop the team that he might invite some men to the old Friends' Meeting House, where meetings were to be held, and in which there had been no regular services for many years. As we drove along, his remark, quoted from George Fox, that a "good live Quaker filled with the Holy Ghost would shake the country for ten miles around," proved true in this instance, as there were fifty who professed conversion in two weeks, and the people desired him to remain still longer.

In that same neighbourhood within a radius of five miles there are now three Friends' Meetings.

A call to service in the City of Toronto was pressing upon him and he returned to his home and on to Toronto, where he accepted a position in a Friend's office, at the same time doing gospel work in the Friends' Meeting in that city, where, after some months, he gave his whole time to the work of the ministry and caring for the Meeting.

CHAPTER VI.

The man and the age—Influence of Stanley Pumphrey—Prevailing customs—Country Meetings—Answers to Queries 1858—Establishment of Canada Yearly Meeting—Work of J. T. Dorland in Canada—Recorded a Minister—His Marriage—Removal to Brooklyn—Canada Yearly Meetings—Letters to R. and H. Underhill—Removal to Cleveland—Farewell Address—Return to Canada.

THE story of a man's life who has been called into public service can scarcely be truly told without presenting some of the most striking characteristics of the people amongst whom he laboured. For while it is true that man makes the age in which he lives, it may also be said that in a large measure he is the product of the age.

To the student of history there is generally apparent a close connection between the peculiar need of each successive era and the special fitness of the men who have been prepared and called to guide and mould its thought. The interest of this study is deepened when there can be distinctly traced therein the design of a Divine plan for the help and blessing of men, nor is it less interesting to observe the coincidences that are apparent both in history and revelation.

The same year gives birth to a Napoleon and to his conqueror Wellington. Aaron and Moses meet in the desert for the deliverance of their people. The appointment which brings into prominence the youthful Stephen finds its sequel in the conversion of the great Apostle to the Gentiles. An Oliver Cromwell arises to purge from the people their monarch worship, while a George Fox appears to point them to the spirituality of the Kingdom of Christ. When the doctrines of the Quaker reformer were becoming

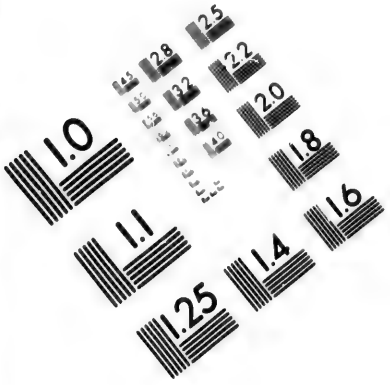
an important influence in the metropolis, but needing much sanctified common sense in their application, when the liberties of the people and the right of trial by jury were in danger and requiring a defender, and when the foundations of the largest English speaking nation the world has yet seen were to be laid in the "holy experiment" of peaceable government and religious liberty,—there stood William Penn,—the able advocate, the consecrated man of affairs, and the self-denying legislator, whose memory will receive increasing honour as his true character is known and the extent of his influence understood by the adoption of the principles he taught and for which he suffered.

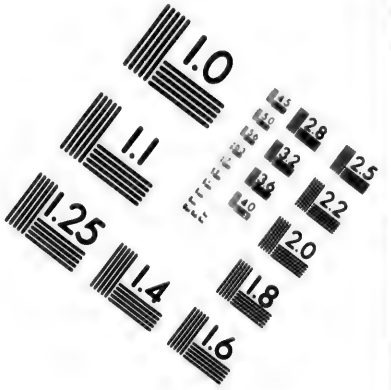
So too, it was with John Dorland. The conditions that existed in Canada needed the influence and strong personality of such a character as his became by Divine grace in very early manhood, and it is not difficult to discover a like fitness in the time of his coming, and in the character of his work amongst us in England. There was as well another coincidence that may be noted.

The beginning of the year 1881, when Stanley Pumphrey's gospel labours were finished on earth, saw John T. Dorland led forth with an increased enduement of the same spirit and power.

This close connection is referred to by a Friend who met John T. Dorland for the first time, and heard him speak at the London Yearly Meeting on Ministry and Oversight in 1888. She writes as follows :—

> Some reference was made to the late Stanley Pumphrey, and John T. Dorland rose and very briefly spoke, as far as I can recollect, to this effect. He said that during Stanley Pumphrey's visit to America he came to the meeting which J. T. Dorland attended, and at the close of the meeting came up to him and laying his hand on John's shoulder repeated these words, "Thy God has commanded thy strength." J. T. Dorland testified that although he had at that time made up his mind to serve the Lord, it was to the power accompanying these words that he owed the consecration of all his talents to the Lord's service. The incident has always remained on my mind as an evidence of what a few Spirit-prompted words may accomplish; and when I heard of John T. Dorland's death I thought of the likeness in life and in death between these two holy men. This





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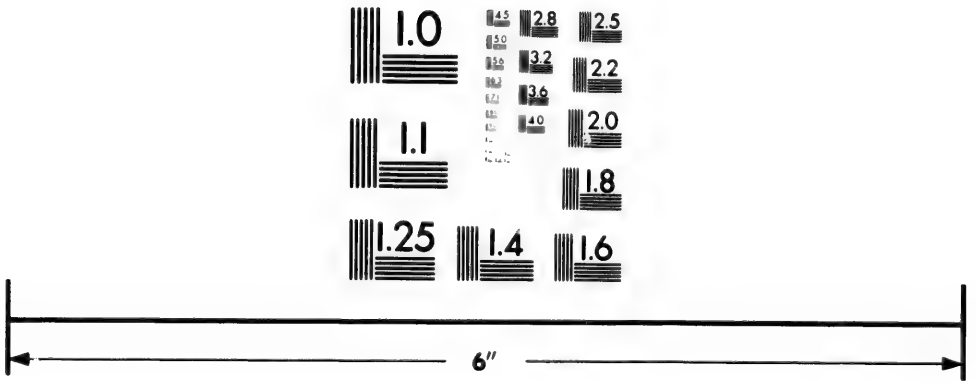

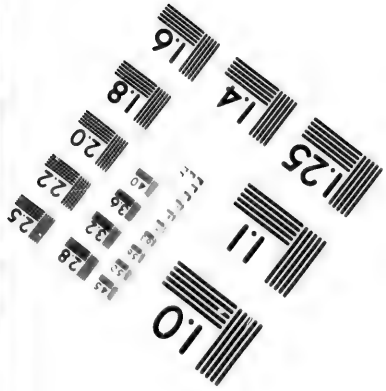

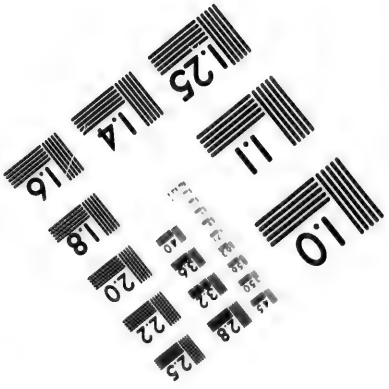

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was the first testimony I heard him give, and I have always thought of him as possessor of the mantle of Stanley Pumphrey, and of his having asked and received the double portion of his spirit.

Confirmation of the strong influence exerted by Stanley Pumphrey at the meeting of these two men in Canada (probably at Wellington, during the summer vacation of 1879) is thus given in a letter from Rufus Garratt :—

> At the death of Stanley Pumphrey John was very much affected, and in describing to a friend the preaching of that devoted servant of God, he said it seemed that every word "weighed a pound." The removal of so young and useful a man left with John a feeling of great responsibility that he had not felt before.

It has been already stated that nearly all the Friends of Canada were in early days and until quite a recent period, engaged in farming. Few, if any, were found in any public offices, and, while exercising an excellent influence in their own neighbourhoods, they were rarely, if ever, politicians.

Prior to the year 1867 a few only were able to take the necessary long journey to New York to attend their Yearly Meeting, and scarcely any were in the habit of attending regularly from year to year.

These circumstances, although the different settlements of Friends were widely scattered, had the effect of producing to a very large extent a narrowing of the range of thought, and a strong conservatism as to the customs and practices prevailing amongst them.

The peculiar dress, which for a century and a half very generally distinguished members of the Society of Friends, was much longer adhered to there than in this country, and indeed long after it had ceased in reality to be either plain or simple in the true sense, since, owing to the limited demand for the peculiar bonnets, etc., that were worn, there were few skilled in making them. It was necessary, therefore, sometimes to take long journeys of fifty to sixty miles to obtain them. And even when procured the delicate shades of silk were liable to show up the least spot of rain or anything else, and became in consequence the objects of an undue amount of thought and care.

The habit of entirely shaving the beard, which sixty years ago had been universal throughout Canada, was also long continued by Friends, and even about the time of John Dorland's childhood it was frequently made the subject of private, if not public, remonstrance when any Friend ventured to depart from the prevailing custom by letting his beard grow.

The use of musical instruments of any kind had been so long interdicted by common practice that there were very few possessed by Friends.

Their meeting houses were generally wooden structures of the plainest description and without either paint or varnish. A half partition about four feet high partially divided the men's and women's portions of the house, and when their separate business meetings were held wooden shutters were raised or lowered to shut off the remaining open spaces between them. Two doors in the side of the house gave access into the respective portions of the building, and on either side of the passage-way nearest the door, were the plain high open-backed benches where the younger Friends sat, while several similar benches faced them along the other side of the room and were occupied by the more elderly people. Every meeting house was furnished with extensive open sheds, into which the horses and buggies or spring waggons could be driven.

Situated, as the meeting houses almost invariably were, quite in the open country, most Friends drove to them from the neighbouring farms. It was, moreover, no unusual thing for some families to take a journey of twenty miles, ten each way to and from these meetings. They were held only once on Sunday and once in the middle of the week, the latter being much smaller gatherings.

A strong and very general feeling of friendship existed everywhere amongst Friends, and their hospitality was unlimited. When journeys were undertaken even on business it was the common custom to stop or lodge at some Friend's house instead of at a tavern or hotel. Hence what the meetings themselves might lack in freshness, spiritual power, or attractiveness for the young, was in some measure at least supplied by the feelings of goodwill and kindly hospitality that prevailed.

The following extracts from the answers to the queries of West Lake Monthly Meeting, held at West Lake near John Dorland's home on the 16th of September 1858, may be of interest as indicating the conditions that prevailed in its different preparative meetings as reported and summarized in these answers. They also show that, if not in other respects, they were at least in regard to the matter of total abstinence very much in advance of many other Yearly Meetings at that time. The quaint strictures on behaviour are observable.

Answer to 1st query[1] :—

Most Friends are careful to attend all our meetings for religious worship and discipline, although there is a slackness with several in this important duty. The hour is pretty generally observed. Not all clear of sleeping. No other unbecoming behaviour to remark, and some care taken in regard to attending Meetings.

2nd.—Love and unity appear to be maintained amongst us as becomes brethren. We know of no differences existing amongst us, and we trust Friends do avoid and discourage tale-bearing and detraction.

3rd.—Friends are careful with a few exceptions to keep themselves their own and other friends' children under their care in plainness of speech, behaviour and apparel, and seem to be endeavouring by example and precept to train them up in a religious life and conversation consistent with our Christian profession. We trust the Scriptures of Truth are frequently read in Friends' families, and a due care is extended towards others under our tuition, and some care taken in the above deficiencies.

4th.—We know of none that make use of distilled spirituous liquors, excepting for purposes strictly medicinal, nor any that frequent taverns or other places of diversion.

There were then but few First-Day Schools, and mission meetings or other evangelistic work did not exist. The visits of Friends travelling "on concern" from the United States or England were almost the only occasions

1 These "queries" were general inquiries as to the conduct of individuals, and had a two-fold object: first, the obtaining of information as to the state of meetings, and secondly, impressing upon Friends the necessity of examination whether they were living consistently with their religious principles.

that brought any fresh interest into the usual routine of these quiet country meetings for worship, and it was seldom that such guests remained to do more than hold a single public meeting and occasionally to visit the families of the members.

When, in the year 1867, a Yearly Meeting was established in Canada, and the number of Friends engaged in business and living in the towns had much increased, there was awakened among the younger members, as well as among some who were older, a conviction that they were not fulfilling all that the Lord required of them and a consequent desire for an increase of spiritual life.

Through the visits of "ministering" Friends from the United States, and by means of series of special meetings, as described in the last chapter, a time of revival began and rapidly spread. Among young and old, and even in the case of some who had long been in official positions in the meetings, there were conversions or awakenings to a new spiritual life. The very suddenness of this work, the fact that there existed no missions either preparing for it or where it could be gradually developed as in England, the unwillingness of a few to tolerate any change, the absence in individual cases of a sufficiently wise restraint—and it may be the want of sufficient allowance on the part of those who came from the United States for the greater conservatism that had so long prevailed in Canada—aroused against this movement in some quarters the strongest opposition.

In the year 1880 the adoption of the revised Book of Discipline which New York Yearly Meeting had adopted three years before, and the want of the needed mutual consideration and confidence, increased this divergence of opinion and feeling until it culminated in a dispute as to the possession of a meeting house.

Little as one would wish to recall a controversy which has largely passed away, while many of the chief actors therein are no longer living, the life of John Dorland can scarcely be faithfully told without at least the mention of it.

On the one side, as the representative of the Yearly Meeting with which London Yearly Meeting has always kept up its connection, was his own father, the late John T. Dorland, Senr., while on the other, as a representative of those who withdrew from that Yearly Meeting, was to be found the late Gilbert Jones, his wife's step-father.

Deep and strong as was John Dorland's aversion to all strife, it was a time needing sound judgment, much wisdom and firmness, as well as broad-minded charity. While he followed the injunction of Scripture, "the servant of the Lord must not strive," the quiet resolute faith in the position he took, the adherence to the liberty and power of the Gospel, and his abounding love, made him of much help and blessing in this crisis to that small Yearly Meeting of Canada.

Encouraged by his example and that of others who in a trying time endured hardship as good soldiers of Jesus Christ young men responded to the call of the Lord in different meetings, and began as they had never done before to take their share in the service of the gospel. Several of these are still earnest workers in different fields of labour, while some have already entered into rest.

One of these, who, like the subject of this book, early completed his earthly service, was referred to at the memorial meeting held in the evening at Devonshire House, London, April 21st, 1896, the day of John T. Dorland's funeral.

We give a report which appeared at the time :—

Howard Nicholson recalled an incident in the life of John Dorland, an interview which he witnessed fourteen years ago, which occurred between him and a young man who was struggling into the fulness of spiritual life, but who could not get beyond the point of knowing forgiveness for his sins. John Dorland spoke to him about consecration, and with a sadness in his tone never to be forgotten, he replied, "I have often consecrated myself to Him, and yet I fall." Was not that the experience of very many of them? And John Dorland taught him that consecration by itself was but a half truth and that with it sanctification from on high must be sought; God's fire must fall upon the consecrated sacrifice. The result of that interview was a missionary for Japan and a martyred life laid down at the feet of Jesus. John Dorland

might have filled what seemed a wider sphere of work; might often have addressed thousands where he only drew scores; might have led many to Christ in a larger church than this. But he was faithful to the leadings of his Lord, and they thanked God that He led him to service in their little church.

A pleasant home picture of this period is given in a letter to the writer from his sister Gulielma D. Warder :—

The summer of 1881 stands out with much freshness in my memory, when my daughter and I spent six happy weeks in the old loved home, with dear father, mother, sister Bessie and brother John.

There were delightful drives along the shore of blue Ontario to the "Point" about seven miles from Wellington, when we took our luncheon with us or like Job's family feasted in each others' houses. Everywhere dear John was one of the central figures, always bright, beaming and cheerful, but above and before all else was apparent his allegiance to the Master whom he loved.

It was in May, 1881, when John Dorland was 21 years of age, that the West Lake Preparative Meeting of Ministers and Elders sent forward to the Four Months Meeting a recommendation that his gift in the ministry should be acknowledged, according to the custom that obtains among Friends. This was agreed to in September by that Meeting. His own Monthly Meeting concurred in the proposal and he was in due course recorded as a minister on the 19th of January, 1882.

Shortly before this another important event took place. This was his marriage on the 29th of December, 1881, to Lavina Hubbs of Bloomfield. She was the daughter of William S. and Margaret Hubbs, the former deceased. This happy union was truly in the Lord, and brought much comfort and increased blessing to the earnest young minister of Christ. His wife entered into full sympathy with him in all his engagements, ever encouraging him in the work. This important step added to the responsibilities of his life, as a little family grew up around them, and brought to him many seasons that tested his faith. His income was a limited one, and many difficulties prevented his making permanently remunerative such temporary business engagements as he was able to under-

take without interfering with the work to which he was so directly called. Hence occasions arose which were not a little trying to that strong spirit of independence that was so characteristic of the man. Such occasions Lavina Dorland met with a cheerful trust and a calm reliance, as well as with the frugal care required in order that her husband's work might not in any way be hindered.

After residing in Toronto for about a year, they removed with their infant daughter Margaret to Brooklyn in the United States. It is interesting to note that just two hundred years after Jansen Gerris Dorlandt and his son Elias had sailed from Breukelen in Holland, and had settled on Long Island, not far from the modern Brooklyn, his direct descendant in the eighth generation came to settle in that city celebrated for its famous preachers.

The present Brooklyn derives its name from that older Breukelen ("marsh land"), near Utretcht, whence its early settlers came in 1637. They were followed by others in succeeding years. It was then called Breuckelyn, and, ninety-five years after the Dorlandts arrived, it was the scene of the first great battle of the Revolution after the declaration of Independence,—the battle of Long Island. Then its population was probably less than one thousand, now it is considerably over one million.

It was toward the close of the year 1882 that John Dorland began his work in Brooklyn. Those who remember hearing him then, write of his ministry that it was very eloquent and powerful, and very acceptable to the meeting. It was not sufficient, however, to satisfy the preacher himself that the messages of the gospel given to him to communicate should be received simply as beautiful addresses. It is not surprising therefore to read in the opening sentences of a letter from one who was very intimate with the Dorlands at that time, that he longed most of all for the ingathering of others and for a deepening of the spiritual life in those amongst whom he had come to labour.

Lydia K. B. Reynolds writes :—

After working for a few months he felt almost discouraged at the little spiritual life manifested by the members of the Meeting,

and asked Marianna Ladd and myself to join him and Vina in praying for an outpouring of the Spirit. We met every Friday afternoon at his house, and frequently we were privileged to realise answers to prayer in the prayer meeting held on the evening of that day. We took for our text, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them," and the Lord verified His promise to us. I was so intimate with John and Vina that I knew much of his godly zeal for the welfare of the Brooklyn Meeting, and of his travail of soul for the individual members. His heart's desire was to lead us up, with himself, to a higher Christian life—a greater nearness to the Master. How marked was his humility! Never, to my mind, did he manifest the spirit of the words, "I am holier than thou."

It might be added that during his sojourn in Brooklyn many additions were made to the Meeting, and an increased interest manifested among the young people as well as among the elder members. Frequently after the evening meetings many of the young people would gather at his house for a short season of prayer and praise, and very precious to us at those times was the overshadowing of the Divine presence.

After labouring in Brooklyn for three years he went to his home in the summer of 1885, for a rest, returning to Brooklyn in August of the same year: but only remained a short time.

From letters received from himself and his wife after leaving Brooklyn I know he continued to feel a deep interest in the Meeting there.

While thus engaged John T. Dorland paid visits to other Yearly Meetings including his own. He was present at the Canada Yearly Meeting of 1883, which was attended by Isaac Sharp, Alfred Wright and William King Baker, from London Yearly Meeting, and by twelve Friends with certificates and three without them, from Yearly Meetings in the United States. It was a time of deep interest, and the most pressing difficulties that had arisen seemed as if about to disappear.

During one sitting it was proposed that those who had been "feeling aggrieved" or "that their brother had aught against them," should withdraw and meet with the Friends present from London Yearly Meeting. In the meanwhile the joint session of the Yearly Meeting itself continued in prayer. "After a time of retirement, during which," as the printed minutes of that Meeting state, "we reverently trust that many hearts were tendered, and the desire aroused that

the Lord's will alone might be done," the Friends returned, and when the subject was resumed the next morning, it seemed that this Meeting had "been successful in healing wounds, and," as the minutes continue, "that brethren had been reconciled."

At this Yearly Meeting John T. Dorland addressed one of the meetings for worship at considerable length, and very impressively, from the words of the Philippian jailer, "What must I do to be saved?" With power and clearness he set forth the meaning of the Apostle's reply "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shall be saved and thy house."

It was also at this Yearly Meeting that one of the Friends present from London expressed a conviction that John T. Dorland would be called to religious labours in England a few years later, and it may be that it is this to which allusion is made at the beginning of the Journal kept by him from the time of his departure for England on the 10th of April, 1888.

During these years of his work in Brooklyn he had much deep anxiety and travail of spirit for the condition of his own Yearly Meeting in Canada. At one time when this pressed heavily upon him, and he was feeling much discouragement, the loving counsel of a much-esteemed Friend, the late James E. Rhoads of Philadelphia, was greatly valued by him, and his life afterwards affirmed the truth of the following wise words contained in one of his letters :—

> A life-time of patient, loving, faithful labour in connection with Friends, really exemplifying the essential principles of the Society, will not be in vain. It will, I believe, yield fruits that thou wilt be comforted to discover when thou shalt stand at last face to face with our dear Lord and Master.

He returned again to Brooklyn with a minute (*i.e.*, written authorization from his own meeting), given him on the 20th of December, 1883, and which he returned on the 17th of July, 1884.

Of a visit paid to Haverford College, Rufus M. Jones writes :—

> In the winter of 1883 John T. Dorland attended the Meeting at Haverford, Pennsylvania. So deep was the impression made

on the students of the College by his ministry that he was asked to stay for a few days and hold meetings with the students in the College Hall.

The meetings held at this time were remarkable in their power and many who had been unconcerned about spiritual things were deeply moved and awakened.

Though his visit was a short one, he left a lasting impression of the power of a life hid with Christ in God, and the change wrought among the College men in those few days has always been to me,—as a student in the College at that time,—a marked testimony to his gifts and consecration at this early period of his life.

On the 21st of August, 1884, he obtained a minute to attend Indiana Yearly Meeting, and on the 20th of November, the same year, he was given a "sojourning minute" for New York Monthly Meeting.

In 1885 he was again present at his own Yearly Meeting in Canada, when he was Clerk to the Meeting of Ministers and Elders.

A minute of advice that was sent to the Yearly Meeting, and by it directed to the prayerful attention of members, was full of encouragement and exhortation to faithfulness :

The duty of the Church is the work of saving lost human souls. In order to do this work, we need the enduement of power. Men and women full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, though their number be few, can do more effectual work than their number multiplied, without this power.

Notwithstanding the seriousness of these engagements and the earnestness of his life we find in him, as in many another strong character, a keen but well-controlled sense of humour. This, added to his racy speech and warm affections, made him very companionable, and his private life was full of bright attractiveness. His brother-in-law, Robert B. Warder, of Howard University, Washington, writes :—

My dear brother John filled a large place among the hallowed influences of my life.

When I visited Wellington in 3rd month, 1884, four homes in the long village street occupied by the married brothers and sisters,

as well as the parental home, extended the most cordial welcome, though all were strangers save Gulielma Dorland, the widow of my early school friend, Seburn P. Dorland. There I found his young brother-in-law,—who seemed a counterpart of Seburn,—one who made it his delight to be about his Father's business, yet marked by his own individuality. In strong contrast to Seburn's delicate constitution, was John's stalwart frame and overflow of spirits.

Any whimsical bit of prose or poetry would fasten itself in his memory, and he would often entertain us with his droll recitations, yet there was an earnestness of purpose which showed he was deeply weighing the rightfulness of indulging in such jests, and we may well believe that the sportive words restrained by Divine grace, far exceeded those that were uttered for our amusement.

He continued his work in New York State, and toward the close of this year 1885, after engagements at Glens Falls and elsewhere, he returned to Wellington, Canada.

The events of the next year may be best told in his own words by the following letters :—

Home again,
12th mo. 19th, '85.

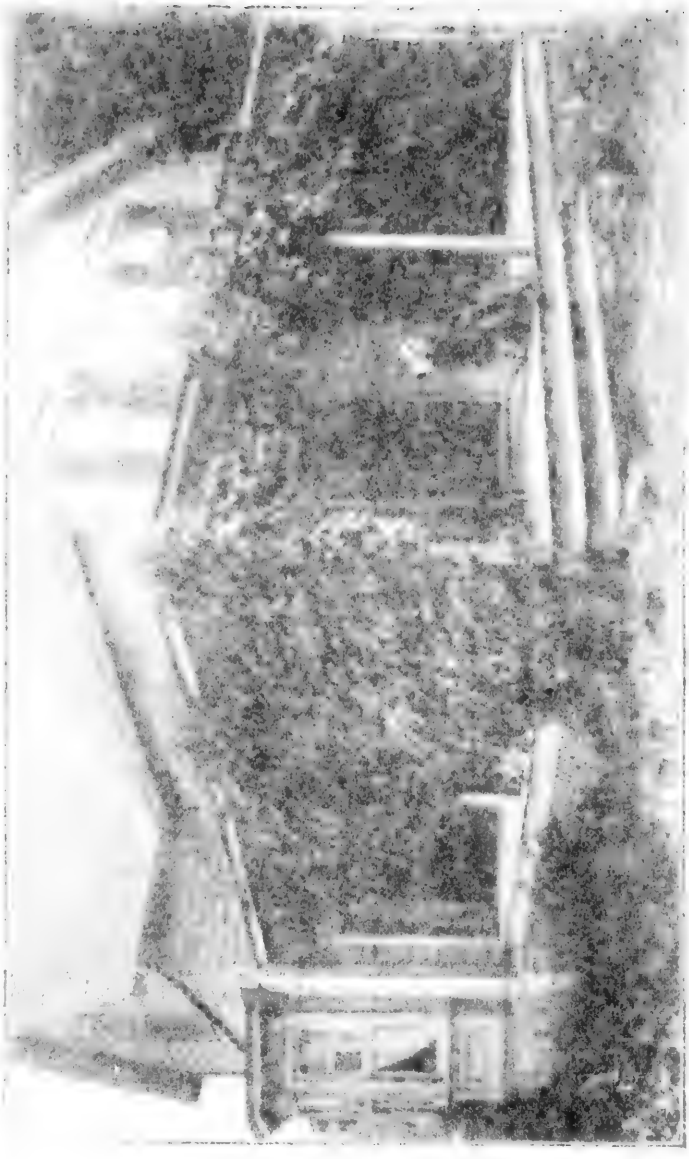
My dear Friends,
R. and H. Underhill.

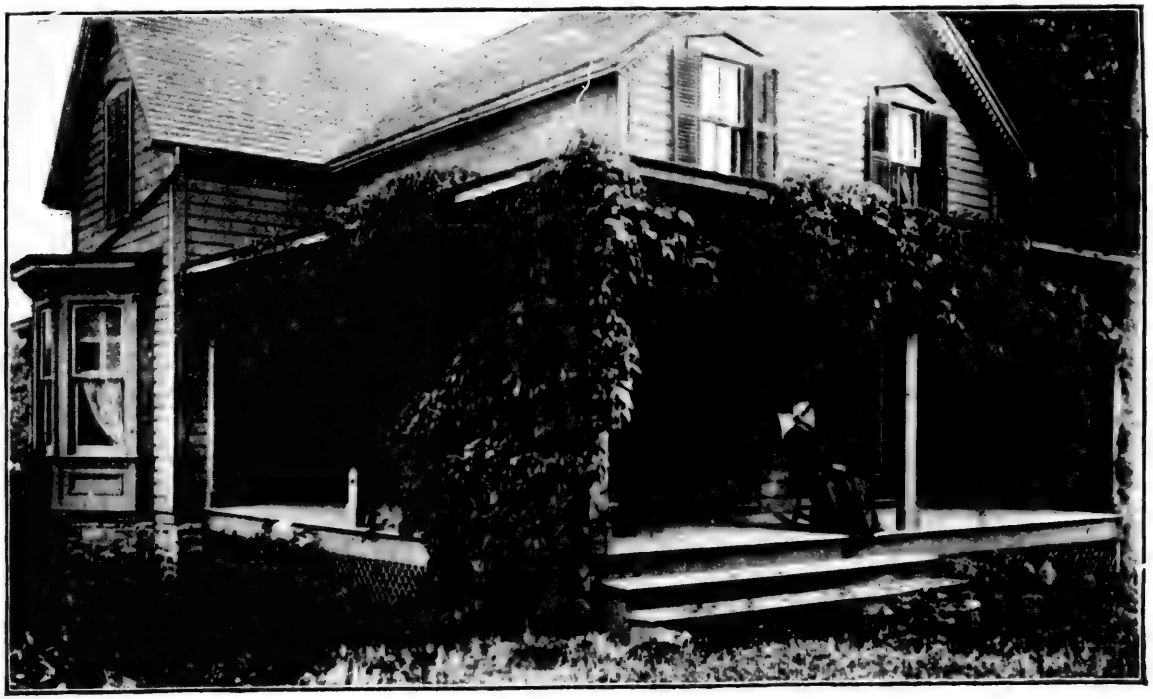
I have you on my heart this morning, and so incline to send a line. I had a pleasant work at Glens Falls but was very glad to get home again. I found all well, my dear father unusually so.

Our Canadian winter is fairly upon us, and though the snow and cold are without, they only make more inviting the warmth and light within. Around our big coal stoves we look forward to many long pleasant evenings. Every season has its pleasures, winter distinctively so, and we enjoy them in Canada.

I often wonder how you all are and how the Meeting is going on. I understand the Y.P.A. is flourishing, and I trust the Mission School may be a complete success.

We are beginning to prepare for the Xmas festivities, and of course there is the air of delightful mystery about much of it, secrets between two or three that mean surprises for others. We are to go to sister May's on that day, and on the 29th we are to have the whole clan here. That is the anniversary of our wedding day, and, curiously enough, happens to be my father's and brother Bart Wistar's birthday, so it is a sort of triple celebration. F[illegible]





JOHN T. DORLAND'S OWN HOME, WELLINGTON.

years of married life, and happy swift years have they been! My wife is dearer to me and our chicks sweeter every year. It seems to me very few have been blessed as we have, and I desire that we may make Him the return of grateful hearts and earnest service. We look back over the years spent in Brooklyn with great pleasure, and memories rise that make our hearts warm. How undeserved all your great kindness was. I wonder how it was you loved us so much. It seems to me that my short life is crowded with friendships, associations, and memories that make it very rich. Yet I see how they have all come because I have been in the Lord's work and under His blessing. His service was never dearer to me than now. I am a bondman of the Lord Jesus Christ and my bondage is my pride and boast. How He has led, kept, and blessed me! I believe I was never nearer to Him than I am now. He is teaching me more and more of the *interior life*—"Christ in you the hope of glory."

I go to Cleveland to attend the marriage of Walter Malone, and if I decide to stay, will return for Vina and family some time in First month.

Our meetings are growing and keeping up in interest and numbers.

Give my love to all. We will hope to hear from you occasionally. It goes without saying that we wish you the most useful and the happiest year of your life in 1886.

Very sincerely,
JOHN T. DORLAND, JUN.

50, Sibley Street,
Cleveland, Ohio,
23rd 2nd month, 1886.

My dear Friends,
R. H. and H. Underhill.

Vina forwarded your interesting letter to me some time ago and I have been promising myself a time to answer, and it comes this morning. A lovely bright morning it is—the sun shining into my eastern windows almost like Spring. It is very kind of you to remember us by letter when you have so much on your hearts in so many directions, and feel very sure we appreciate it, even though I have been somewhat remiss about answering. But I have been so busy. Yes, I am really in the "Forest City" and like it very much. The only thing that is needed to complete my happiness is to have my family with me. Vina did not care to leave our snug home and come on here in winter, fearing the exposure to the children as well as disliking the trouble of

moving—but I hope before next fall to have them in a comfortable home here. I am expecting to run home for a visit of a week or two the last of next month, so that will break up the time. Cleveland is certainly a beautiful city. Euclid Avenue is, in my opinion, unsurpassed as a residential street by any I have ever seen. It is, however, chilly in the winter, the winds from the Lake being damp, and is as productive of diseased throats as Brooklyn air—a very bad climate for consumption. Another objection to one who loves cleanliness is the soot and dirt in the air. It is almost impossible to keep one's hands clean, wash them never so much, and it sifts into the houses, etc. Of course that betrays the presence of many smelting works, manufactories, etc., and is an evidence of industry. Our Meeting House is on Cedar Avenue, and in a pleasant part of the town. It is small—was built about 20 years ago—though comfortable, and is often so crowded that chairs have to be brought in, seating perhaps about 300 people.

The Meeting had run almost entirely down and the regeneration of it began about four years ago. We have now a membership of about 200, a Sabbath School that a First Day or two ago numbered 270, and the Meeting is a centre of active Christian work. The Ladies' Sewing Society, a Home and Foreign Missionary Society, a Cottage Prayer Meeting, besides the Mid-week Evening Meeting—these give some idea of the work being done.

Then best of all, there is never a First Day—certainly not since I have been here—that we have not had some conversions; sometimes as many as ten on one First Day in our regular meetings. The young people's meeting at 4 p.m. on First Day, is very much blessed. That is led by Walter Malone. We are in a state of chronic revival, though just now we are carrying on a series of meetings two a day. They have been running only about three evenings, but we have an encouraging interest in them. Esther Frame did a grand work here, and so did Dr. Clarke.

I am glad I am here and believe I am in my right place. The social elements in the meeting are very different from Brooklyn. There are a very few old and wealthy families. Then there are a number of young men with young families, and a number of poor. The last have been a blessing to me already. How eagerly they receive the Gospel—poor things, it is the only light in the life of some of them, and I have learned many lessons of contentment and faith from those poor but "rich in faith."

Well, Reuben, is not this enough about my "settlement"? I hope I have not wearied you with talk about myself.

I am so pleased that the Y. P. Association is going on so nicely. I feel it will be a great strength to your Meeting. I

have not lost my love and interest in Brooklyn I assure you, but I have no thought of ever again returning. I am glad Mary J. Weaver is with you and am sure as you sustain her by your prayers she will do you good. I have a very warm appreciation of her. Give her full place, but do not give her mine.

We are always glad to hear from our dear Brooklyn Friends.

Very sincerely,
JOHN T. DORLAND.

306, Sibley Street,
Cleveland,
23rd 5th Mo., '86.

R. H. Underhill,

My dear Friend,

I am almost glad of the misunderstanding regarding my being at New York Yearly Meeting this week, as it has drawn out several kindly notes of welcome, of which thine is one, that otherwise I might not have received. No, I am not expecting to attend. I do not know how the impression obtained currency unless you interpreted my longing to be with you as a possibility of it. But I cannot come this year. My work here is of such interest I cannot easily leave; the trip is an expensive one, and then I have not received the command, "Go." If I had, the other two matters could have been arranged. I assure thee it would be most pleasant to be with you in Brooklyn over a First-day, and *so* pleasant to be at your table again, and I hope that sometime I may be thus privileged.

You know I have my family here with me now, and we have leased the house of the above number for a year. It is very comfortable, in a very pleasant locality, and near the Meeting House.

My wife enjoys the Meeting and the people, and we are expecting a useful blessed year to be ours here.

The children keep well, and are growing in every way. Sorry that Alice is not so well. Grete remembered her in her prayer the other evening—"the little girl that gave me the dolly, mama, is her name Alice?" She also fervently asks the Lord to "bless my dolly," though this is a new one; she wore out the other.

Will you not want to take a trip west this summer? Do so and visit us.

Please remember me to the Halls, and to your own boys. I wish Harriet could drop in on us once in a while as well as thyself.

Vina joins me in the kindest regards,

Sincerely,
JOHN T. DORLAND.

Wellington,
Ontario,
5th day, 7th mo. 9th, 1886.

My dear Friend,

Harriet Underhill,

I am just settled in our snug little home, and in thinking of those to whom I ought to write, thy name comes before me and so I embrace the opportunity.

After our Yearly Meeting my dear sister Bessie and I went over to Farmington to Quarterly Meeting, and so I was away about a week longer from home than I expected.

We had a very pleasant time, being for some days at the very pleasant home of Mary J. Weaver. I could hardly have gone on there if Vina had not met me at Yearly Meeting so we were a week together there.

An Aunt of hers took the children. They have grown greatly, and Grete says so many cute things that she is a source of continual amusement and comfort. Vina is enjoying excellent health and we are very happy.

My dear parents also are quite well, though the thought often comes to me, saddening our joy, that this may be the last summer we may have together. Our weather is delightful—so cool and bright.

The lake has all its old glory of glister and gloom, and the woods are green as when I was a boy and roamed through them.

It is a great delight to me to come back here, but if my friends were gone there would not be much to call me back to stay. I am anxious to hear how you all are.

If we could only have you all with us for a little while, I am sure Ontario air would put the roses into your cheeks. I fear the warm season will prove trying for you, but it is a great comfort to be assured "that our times are in His hands."

Give my love to Reuben. If he can spare time from the musty volumes of legal lore I should be very glad to hear from him.

Remember me to all.

You have a large place in my heart, and my prayers are for you all.

Very sincerely,

JOHN T. DORLAND, JUN.

It will be seen by the last letter that both John and Lavina Dorland attended Canada Yearly Meeting in 1886, and afterwards paid a visit to Wellington.

On the 15th July, 1886, he obtained a "sojourning minute" for service in Cleveland which became his settled home until the end of the year 1887. The work steadily progressed and the Meeting-house soon became too small to hold those who were gathered in by his earnest and devoted labours, and it had to be enlarged to accommodate them.

While thus engaged he paid another visit to Indiana Yearly Meeting with a certificate from Canada dated 19th August, 1886.

His life in Cleveland seems to have brought him many and varied experiences. He was nearer the great activities of the West, and was doubtless in measure affected by them. His work had been successful and he seems to have been deservedly popular.

In his last address before leaving Cleveland, (if a newspaper report that bears evidence of being very imperfectly given may be quoted), he says :—

> I call on you to witness that so far as in me lies I have declared the old time gospel in the field which God has given me.
>
> The call of the Lord has been such here that I have been obliged to make excursions into dark territories, have been obliged publicly to pronounce upon public subjects, and here you are again my witnesses that I have striven to fulfil the duty as directed.

During a series of Union Meetings he was invited to preach in one of the principal halls where a church organization held regular services, but were without a pastor. John Dorland was waited upon by their committee and asked to accept the position of pastor.

The offer was a remunerative one, but, like all such that came to him at different times, it was declined. Although full of charity for all, he could not leave the church of his choice which he loved so well.

Possessed of a full appreciation of the refinements and amenities of life, and with a nature keenly alive to all that was beautiful and attractive, such offers might seem to have presented strong temptations ; but a deeper chord had been struck, and his heart's desire and prayer became, like that of the Hebrew lawgiver of old, "I beseech thee show

me Thy glory." Seasons of thirsting for the living God brought a deepened humility that pervaded his life increasingly as he looked to the accomplishment of a prospect of gospel labour over the sea, toward which for nearly five years the preparing hand of the Lord had been pointing.

The following extract is taken from his last address given in Cleveland :—

To-day is Christmas—a day of rejoicing in the home circle; a day to commemorate the birth of our Saviour; a day of joyous greetings and tidings; a day which should bring you a message from the angels that the Sun of Righteousness hath arisen. Is it truly a Christmas for you? Christ might have been born a thousand times in Bethlehem, but unless He has come in your heart a personal Saviour, for you He hath been born in vain, and you have no part in the rejoicings which Christmas-time brings.

I look toward this time with shrinking: 1887 will soon become a thing of the past, and I shall enter into other fields of labour across the sea; and another thought which fills my heart as I speak is—it is my last service to you. These two years past have been the best and most privileged of my life. God has crowned them with joy.

I came to you unknown—a stranger and ye took me in—but how I feel your sympathy, the love you have expressed for me, I cannot hope to put in words to you. I came asking the Lord to be with us, while I go praying that the grace of God shall still be with this people, qualifying and preparing you to carry forward in His name unto the end the work of God.

I am not permitted to speak of my return. I know not where the Voice will lead, but my times are in Thy hands, O Lord! I hear and obey. I love you all. May the Lord bless and look upon you graciously. May the Lord strengthen you in His love and life. Believe me, when days shall lengthen into months, and seas roll between us, my heart will still be warm for you as I daily present you before the throne of His grace.

May peace be upon you; may the blessing of the Lord rest with you, and the joys of the faithful be yours, for His Name's sake.

The interval between the time of the removal of John T. Dorland and his family from Cleveland and his own departure for England was partly spent in settling his wife and three children at home in Canada, and in making preparations for his anticipated absence from them.

In the first month of that year 1888, however, he paid a visit to Baltimore; but neither of this—nor of any other visits that he made, are there particulars on record. As usual there were many demands upon his time. At a series of meetings in Poughkeepsie, he remained a week longer than expected, and replying to another pressing invitation for a visit, he writes:—"I was so hungry for home, especially in view of my expected long absence, that I came right here—a move that my friends applaud. I am amazed—my wife more than I—that any of you would ask me to spend a 'few days in —— before sailing.' My dear sir, I remain at home up to the last hour. I have only a few days here now, and here I expect to remain. Can you blame me?"

All his diaries, his early writings, and practically the whole of his correspondence, he seems to have destroyed at this time or upon his subsequent visits home. A remark made at a later date, to an intimate friend, that he "found the keeping of a journal was a temptation to spiritual pride," may give the reason for the absence of any fuller record of these interesting years of his early ministry.

The narrative of the foregoing chapters has, therefore, been drawn from various other sources and information gathered some years ago, with such further particulars as could be obtained, and it is necessarily incomplete in parts that would otherwise have been of much interest.

During the first years of his work in England, and while on his two visits to Egypt and Palestine, he kept journals, giving some outlines of his work and travels, in order that his family at home might thereby share in the interests and labours that were so dear to his own heart.

As these have been preserved, although, as will be seen, never prepared with any thought of publication, they are used in order to tell in his own words as far as possible some of the incidents of the succeeding years of his life.

CHAPTER VII.

Early missionary zeal of Friends—John Woolman—Characteristics of J. T. D.—His Journals—Leaving home—Samuel Rogers—First visit to Ireland—Meetings in Cork—Dublin Yearly Meeting—Strengthened by prayer.

FROM the earliest days of the Society of Friends we find that the spirit of earnest desire to bring light and life to men's souls was unlimited by any barrier of race or country, and that the sufferings so manfully endured in the loathsome gaols of their native land were only equalled by those experienced in long and perilous missionary journeys to foreign countries. Indeed, at a time when scarcely any Protestant body in Europe, and none in England, had sympathies wide enough to send missionaries to the ignorant and degraded in other lands, not a few Friends, women as well as men, could have literally made their own the well-known summary which Paul gives of his experience as a missionary preacher.

But it was natural that the deepest concern should be felt for men of their own blood, and the journeys of the early Friends were taken primarily with a view of visiting the British colonists in other countries. Ever since that time when the Society of Friends began to take root here and there in the American colonies, there has been an interchange of Christian fellowship and missionary effort between the members of the Society in both continents. The visit of John Woolman, the first American anti-slavery preacher, under the pressure of what Friends still call a "religious concern" for his English brethren, is one of the most touching and striking incidents in the history of that truest of saints, and most tender-spirited of reformers.

It was in full accordance therefore with Quaker usage that John T. Dorland, early in 1888, asked and received from his own local centre (or Monthly Meeting) its consent to a visit to Great Britain as an accredited minister. His journals already referred to give a mere outline of incidents which in the memories of very many who met him there for the first time will live for ever not as mere facts but as vitalising and uplifting forces.

As these lie before us, the manly simplicity and single-heartedness of the writer is perhaps the most striking element on what may be called the human side.

But another feature is very impressive. Perhaps that which most struck those who first heard John Dorland was the quiet dignity and absence of effort which was combined with his natural eloquence, and which went deeper than either word or gesture and seemed a characteristic of his spiritual life. And indeed always attached to a complete surrender of the human spirit to the Divine influence by which alone the human personality can attain its own highest realisation is the quality which we, for want of a better name, call self-control, and which lies at the base of all permanent nobleness of character. In the Christian life human character can only reach its highest point under the influence of that law recognised in ethics as well as in religion—the law that in the most perfect service is reached a freedom the most absolute. In the life of the Christian this characteristic of self-control is in fact nothing less than the rule of the Divine Spirit, which substitutes for self-consciousness consciousness of God till the Christian man can find no simpler expression of the central fact of his life than the words : "I live—yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Strength and dignity and quietness were, as has been said, noted as special marks of John Dorland's ministry during that first visit to Great Britain, and were all the more impressive in a man of twenty-eight.

But in these journals we learn that this spiritual force and calm combined were not gained without struggle, which sometimes passed into strong crying and tears, nor without the deep humbling of soul which seems the almost invariable condition of spiritual power.

Again, to the writer it is no light matter to have left those he loves, and in a distant country again and again he speaks in two or three wistful words of his longing for them. Though the difficulties of such work have changed their character since the days of George Fox and John Woolman, yet true missionary work will always present difficulties which cannot be overcome except by the same spirit. In the journals we see the marks of the conflict as well as of the victory and peace, but the well-known tribute of a poet to his still greater father describes the writer's attitude as seen by the world without.

> "If, in the paths of the world,
> Stones might have wounded thy feet,
> Toil or dejection have tried
> Thy spirit, of that we saw
> Nothing—to us thou wast still
> Cheerful, and helpful, and firm!
> Therefore to thee it was given
> Many to save with thyself;
> And, at the end of thy day,
> O faithful shepherd! to come,
> Bringing thy sheep in thy hand."

And a deep and genuine spirit of humility is to be noted throughout a record necessarily occupied with his own inner and outer history. How easily the subtle flavour of self-esteem and love of approbation finds its way into the record of events we know if we have ever kept a diary, or still more if we have read those of others, where indeed such a taint is, if not more present, at least more perceptible.

From the pages lying before us no one could for a moment guess the personal effect produced by the writer on audiences and on individuals. Dr. Chalmers and Edward Irving, who were perhaps two of the greatest preachers the modern world has known, record in the barest outlines and with the most commonplace details the fact of sermons preached which others describe as miracles of magnificent and impressive power. So in a smaller way it is here. Side by side with the most grateful mention of kindness and encouragement received during times of

loneliness from his new friends in Britain, is the simple and still more grateful recognition of his Father's care and thankfulness for souls given him for his hire.

Several times we have a remark to the effect that some one occasion in which he had been the means of showing Christ to men, had been worth the effort of the whole journey.

Among young men during this visit, as always, he finds his special sphere, and we know how hearty a welcome he found among them with his manly ways, his cheery smile, and the fun which was as characteristic of him as his earnestness.

We give some extracts in the order of time, beginning with his departure from home in company with Samuel Rogers, who is the S. R. referred to. It must be remembered that these journals were a private record, meant for the writer's own use and that of his family, and this helps to explain at once the simplicity and directness of the style, and the necessary omission of much that they contain.

April 10th, 1888.

The day so long looked forward to has arrived. Though rainy, within there is peace. Vina read Psalm cxxi. at morning worship. How comforting the six "keeps" or "keeper" are! We took it as His word. On our knees we praised Him that this day, looked forward to for five years, had come. We asked for submission, aye, and more than submission, joy in His will, and in the surrender of each other—for a short season we trust—in order to do His will. Rained nearly all the way to Toronto. Albert Rogers met me.

Toronto. April 11th.

Pleasant time at morning worship. Samuel Rogers in a very tender prayer committed all into His hand. The day has passed pleasantly on the road. I have been reading A. B. Simpson's "Death and Resurrection." The thoughts are very blessed. "He is not here, He is risen." "If ye then be risen with Christ," etc. So may I be enabled, O Lord, to show Thy resurrection life in me.

New York. April 12th.

Arrived in New York this morning after a safe and on the whole a pleasant trip. Read on the sleeper the scene on the Mount of Transfiguration. "No man save Jesus only." Thus

may He fill the horizon of my vision during this whole visit. Came at once from the station here to David S. Taber's home, where he and his wife gave me a hearty welcome. At family worship D. S. T. read I. Cor., iv. chapter, and the Lord comforted my heart in vocal prayer. It is so safe to leave all things in His hands. Upon being shown to my room, read a letter from Dr. Thomas. Then on my knees renewed my vows of consecration. I am beginning to *feel* that I am away from home. More and more the service before me looms up. I have no strength apart from Him. What other strength need I? The Lord's spirit graciously sealed the vows upon me; so I go forth, saying, "Thy vows are upon me, O God."

I echo the dear Doctor's wish "May the message of the Lord have free course and be glorified." And again—"Be vigilant, be faithful, be earnest, and the God of peace be with thee." Now for a day's running round New York. Edmund Titus was most kind. He had secured my tickets, and every arrangement had been made. I am so at rest about everything.

April 13th.

To-morrow morning (D.V.) we start, safe in His hand. W. L. gave me also a copy of Faber's poems, which I prize very highly. I left one with Vina. Well, this is the beginning. What will be the end? He knows.

"So I go on not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him
Than go alone by sight."

The dear ones at home are with Him. Good night.

April 14th.

This is indeed the 20th, but I was unable to write on ship board, and so have to recall now what I can. We were up early on the morning of sailing. Francis Pierce came to see us. His face was the last we saw that we knew, as the gangway was drawn in and our ship pulled out. When she was in position in the river —brought there by four tugs—we felt the first thrill of her mighty engines as we moved down toward the sea. Many thoughts were in my mind at that hour. The memories of friends, and home behind, and thoughts—but not anxious ones—of the service ahead. We had much to cheer us. So many friends came the evening before to see us off, and remembered us in the way of fruit and flowers, the party of dear young men from Poughkeepsie handing me a bundle of letters to read on the ocean. Down the harbour

and bay we passed, the Battery behind us, the Statue of Liberty lifting its torch to light us on, and in a short time we were nearing Sandy Hook, and standing for the clear ocean beyond. Here our pilot left us. It seemed like severing our last link with land. We watched him off in the little boat and then turned our faces seaward.

April 16th, Monday.

Third day out. I was able to be on deck all day, and had luncheon brought up to me. It was quite rough; the chairs were lashed to the iron rail, and ropes stretched for hand support. The sea was fine, great waves that made our ship rock. There seemed such power in them. I was able to read some of my Poughkeepsie letters. They were very cheering and one told me how the writer had accepted the Lord Jesus as her Saviour in one of my Bible readings three years ago. Oh the joy of being a co-worker with Him.

17th.

We saw a passing steamer. What an interest one feels in another speck tossing like ourselves out on the sea, yet making for the shore. No wonder our life is often likened to the changeful, stormy sea.

I have been reading "Donald Grant." It is a very suggestive book, and on the whole stimulating; but some conclusions of the author one might find some difficulty in accepting.

19th.

A foggy day. The whistle blowing every few minutes. Cold winds. I grew weary of the deck, but did not care to go below. Finally visited the steerage quarter. They all seemed happy except those who looked sick. The children would have been sweet had they been clean, and I should then have tried to "make up" with some of them, but dirt repels me. The "sweetness and light" M. Arnold so loves are not found in steerage quarters. At last I found a sheltered quiet spot and had a good time of waiting on God. Blessed thoughts of Him came to me. My heart yearned over a young man, but no opportunity seemed given me to say a word to him. I find that God has His time and it does little good to *make* opportunities. Geo. McDonald says, "God's time sets all things right."

S. R. and I got into a discussion of politics. We agreed, however, to leave them. We cannot agree, and argument does little good. We hope to see Ireland to-morrow.

20th.

A very windy day and heavy sea. I went and lay down about 2 p.m. About 6 S. R. came to call me. The sea had gone down

and we were under the lea of Ireland. Gulls were around our masts, little boats were scudding over the waters, and beyond were "the distant shores and headlands blue" of Ireland. I was glad indeed that our voyage was over. I am not fond of the sea, and am glad to think of the time when "there shall be no more sea."

The tender reached us about 10 p.m., and after an immense amount of mail matter was put on board we followed. Our passage was in six days and four hours. I thought of the weary voyages of weeks and months that some coming on the same mission had endured, and was glad we live in this day. A few yards away from the *Etruria* we could get a full view of her as she was lighted up in the evening. Noble ship! Then we steamed away for Queenstown. We passed the forts that guard the entrance to the harbour, one of the finest in the world. The whole English navy might ride in it. The moon, nearly half full, lighted it up so that we could gather some idea of its size. In about half an hour we were at the dock. We had no difficulty with our luggage in the Customs and were soon on the way to our hotel, the ground seeming to roll as our ship did. I was accosted by a military-looking individual who asked my name, and unaccustomed to such an inspection I deigned no reply but passed on. S. R. stopped however and gave the desired information, and then informed me the man was a detective—a government official. I was distressed at a disregard of authority that might have led to my arrest. It will teach me a little more patience when addressed.

We found a comfortable hotel in Queenstown and were soon settled for the night. Many thoughts were in my heart before sleeping. Thankfulness for mercies on the great deep, and a feeling that I had not been as patient nor contented as I ought to have been. Oh for greater likeness to Him our only pattern.

Ireland. 21st April.

The morning came and my waking thoughts were of the Lord and home and the service before me. We breakfasted in a cosy dining-room, but before it I had time for a walk. Climbed the hill overlooking the harbour. The morning was fine but not sunny. Then to the train where Geo. Grubb came down and gave us a warm welcome to Ireland. It was pleasant to be met by someone we knew. The ride of 12 miles from Queenstown to Cork was grand. The river Lee has several expansions, a large and small island, and the lovely gardens, the sloping green hills, the stately homes, the thatched cottages made up a picture we shall not soon forget. John Charles Newsom met us at the

station and we went to the home of his aged mother who lives in Cork. She knows many American Friends and shewed us interesting autograph letters from J. Shillitoe, D. Sands, W. Savery and others, and some hand-writing of Geo. Fox.

First-day. Meeting in the morning. Congregation not very large, about 150 out. The meeting room is a pleasant one. I still felt the roll of the ship somewhat. S. R. and I both prayed and I spoke from Ps. x. 17., G. Grubb following very nicely on the case of the leper. In the class that followed I gave them a Bible Reading which was attentively listened to. Then we dined at Samuel Henry Newsom's. They have a lovely home and in their grounds an old quarry overgrown with vines and the bottom levelled, a very beautiful place. A family of four lovely children. They were all interested in some maple sugar I gave them and asked us many questions about Canada. A gospel meeting in the Mall Hall at 4. I had not much liberty; and a sweet little meeting in the afternoon at the meeting house. Then home for the evening. Sung hymns and had a pleasant time.

John Dorland much enjoyed an afternoon's excursion to Blarney Castle. His graphic description of this ancient ruin—some parts of it over 1,000 years old—concludes in the humorous vein that frequently appears in his journal :—"Cromwell battered it down when he was engaged in his wars in Ireland. He knew how to use severe measures. The Blarney Stone we did not kiss. It is dangerous to do so, and we were doubtful of our need, and the stone's efficacy."

The first days at Cork were spent in visits to the homes of the Friends living near, occasional drives in the beautiful surroundings of the city, and meetings in the evening. Extreme love of nature and refreshment drawn from it are characteristic notes of the journal throughout. A few notes of family visits may suffice.

April 25th.—Went to lunch with two dear old Friends, the Leckys. Had a delightful time. They are both quite aged and somewhat infirm—but so bright. They, like all, are grieving over the condition of the country. It is sad. We felt it a privilege to have met these dear Friends. Our visit closed with a season of waiting and prayer truly refreshing. They assured us it would not be forgotten.

26th April.

Meeting morning.—I spoke from the incident of the feeding of five thousand and S. R. followed in an impressive manner. A good meeting. Then we came out here to Besborough, the home of Lydia Pike. I can give no description of the place; the lovely grounds, the gardens, the conservatories, the library, &c.

In the evening about 40 or 50 gathered in the great dining room which had been arranged for a meeting, and I gave a Bible Reading on "For Jesus' sake." It seemed to be thoughtfully received. This closed a lovely day in this beautiful home. I often feel very poor myself. I try to be plain and fearless. I spoke very strongly yesterday morning on the necessity of consecration to the Lord—and giving our best to him. I have peace—but oh, to abound in the Lord's work!

April 27th.—This morning S. R. and I went for a long and lovely walk round the grounds. Some conversation with two of the servants who were helped in the meeting, and then a beautiful drive over the hills.

April 28th.—My first letter from home this morning. Yet it was written only two days after I left home, and much may have happened since. But I can only leave them in His hands.

29th, First-day.

Meeting at 10-30, a large and very good one. Then the Bible Class, and I gave them a reading on "Witnessing," a subject they needed. I believe it was blessed to some. Then home with Geo. Grubb a walk of some two miles. After dinner 4 calls on invalided friends and meeting at 5 again. A very good meeting, G. G. thought the best we have had in Cork. Then out to William Wright's to tea, and in again at 8-30 to a crowded meeting in the hall of the Y. M. C. A.; young men only, a very good meeting.

An after meeting with several testimonies. An hour or more in a pleasant chat with J. C. & S. Newsom closed a hard, but good day.

Dublin. 30th.

Wrote and sang, then to Jane Newsom's to lunch and then to train with G. Grubb for Dublin. So I said "farewell" to Cork. It has been a lovely week. The Newsoms have been so kind. I have come on here to Sandford Grove, the home of Frederick Bewley. They received me very kindly, but whether it is the weather or not, I have had my first twinge of homesickness. I don't want to be at home; the Yearly Meeting begins to-morrow, yet—those away from home know what I mean. I shall tell no one. *He* knows, and I am sure He is going to comfort me.

Vina forwarded me a letter from Francis T. King. He advises going away alone occasionally for prayer and meditation, and I must do so. I did not send myself here, He sent me and so I may humbly trust Him for good spirits, and all I need. Certainly I have had every assurance of His blessing and approval. I was strangely silent at worship this evening. I was most willing to pray vocally but no prayer came, and one ought not to "make a prayer," though we use the term so freely. One thing I regret S. R. is not here with me. I miss him. I wonder if I am completely delivered from the fear of man. I dread so meeting new people and preaching to new congregations, but then the message is His—not mine. I have not met the souls to whom I have been *specially* sent yet. I have not any deep sense of fellowship with anyone yet. But they wait for me. Oh that the Lord might be pleased to give me some souls here. So to-morrow begins the work. The Lord give the wisdom and power needed. The dear ones at home—how fondly my heart turns to them now. I will rest now, they are in His embrace as well as I.

May 1st.

Another day over and new blessings to be praised for. How everyone records the faithfulness of our Father. The morning broke over my heart at rest. The comfort came, and I am more than willing to go on. I think it was some dread of the Yearly Meeting but it is all over now. On arriving at the meeting-house, found my second letter from home. It was such a treat. They cannot know at home what it means to a wanderer.

The meeting drew together and I broke the silence in prayer, under a precious sense of fellowship and oneness. Others followed and then I was led to speak from Col. iv. 17—Ministry—its source, sphere, and fulfilment. I had a good degree of liberty. The welcome given us upon the reading of our credentials was most cordial. I could indeed only weep as I reviewed the five years this concern had been on my mind and now I am here. These years are a record of His great mercies. I gave them a message of love from our Yearly Meeting in their very trying circumstances. The meeting was not large—many in the position of ministers and elders being aged and unable to come up. The discussion on the condition of the Society in this branch was very interesting. An infusion of new life in this meeting is desirable.

Amid incidents recorded of the Dublin Yearly Meeting we find these remarks.

T. W. Fisher gave a splendid defence of the American meetings, especially Iowa Yearly Meeting. It was very good. . . . A splendid address on "Peace" from William Pollard. He is an able man. It was an illumination to me; I enjoyed it very much.

The distinction between police and soldiers was made very clear. A merry party home on the tram car. In closing Fred. Bewley read that wonderful psalm. I felt perhaps I had been too light; even fun that is harmless in itself may become harmful if too freely indulged in. I ought, I am sure, to have been more sober, and I should have been in better condition for the time of silence. Our Father bears with us very patiently. He loves us freely. . . . The meeting for worship was large and attentive. H. Clarke, a returned missionary from Madagascar, spoke first, and I followed on the Atonement. I had a really free time. Ellwood Scott enforced what I said. . . . In the evening a meeting for young men. About 160 out, and a most excellent meeting. It was a good time. I am *so* thankful I had it. Several young men came and spoke to me, and one gave himself to his Saviour. I think of Dr. Thomas so often in this young men's work, and feel as if I spoke for him too. Several young men spoke and prayed. God answered prayer. Several expressed their satisfaction with both morning and evening meeting. So the day closed with the reading of the 91st Psalm and prayer that the beauty of the Lord may be upon us. I rest with a very thankful heart.

Several days have gone by and now I must briefly recall them. Seventh-day the state of society was before us and when one Friend asked for a time of prayer in waiting upon the Lord, it was acceded to, and the church bowed in confession, praise and petition before her Lord. It was a very tender, uniting time. I have seldom seen a more melting scene. I asked for liberty to go into the Women's Meeting which was readily granted. I spoke to them on boys in the home and on women's ministry. I believe the Lord helped me. Several prayers were offered in which my dear wife and Gulia and mother were named. I have had much sympathy expressed for my dear ones and myself.

The First-day broke warm and clear. The morning meeting was a large one, crowded. I preached from "A cloud received Him out of their sight." I had a good time; many wept, and I believe God honoured His word. Young Guinness was there. Then to Adam Wood's to dine. He has a lovely home, about four miles out. The garden fine. Meeting there at 5 in the loveliest little secluded meeting-house. Quite a number out, and a comfortable time. George Grubb shared in the service. Fred. Bewley met us there and drove us home, when soon about 100 gathered, and I gave them a Bible reading on "Following." I had some conversation with some young men. Very nice. Went to bed weary, but happy in heart.

The last sentence, recurring so often as it does, is very characteristic of these records, and has a touching significance as we remember a life so vigorous and yet so soon cut short.

There follows the mention of a document, the adoption of which was very seriously debated by both the Dublin and London Yearly Meetings. It was issued by the General Conference of Friends held at Richmond, Indiana, representing twelve Yearly Meetings, including those of London and Dublin. The action of the Conference in preparing this declaration or formal embodiment of some of the views of the Society on Christian doctrine was simply advisory, and in no respect binding upon any of the Yearly Meetings. To many of the members it seemed like an introduction of lines too hard and fast to suit the genius of Quakerism.

After a long and earnest discussion which in spite of intensely strong feeling on both sides, was on the whole marked by a spirit of charity and sobriety, the document was directed to be printed with the Yearly Meeting proceedings, but was not formally adopted by either Yearly Meeting. The emphasis on the work of Christ in Atonement, which to John Dorland (as to all great mission preachers) was the central and most illuminating element in the Christian Gospel, led him at the moment to regret the issue.

To-day has been the most interesting session of the Yearly Meeting. The report of the delegation to the Conference was read and the question of the adoption of the "Declaration of Faith" discussed. A long debate, lasting through two sessions. It was ably carried on and in a good spirit, but while the majority was in favour of its adoption, so decided was the minority that it was decided to enter it on the minutes and send it down without formally adopting it. I regretted they could not have adopted it, but what they did seemed the best thing.

The Lord keeps my heart at rest. All my loved ones are with Him. I look forward, when I do so at all, with some fearfulness. Somehow my heart misgives me about London. But He can keep me there. So my text stays with me, "God is able," etc. Praise Him for the "alls" in it.

May 8th, 1888.

Nothing especial occurred in the meeting. After the Institute dinner, we went with two young men students of Trinity

College over the buildings and grounds. It is in the heart of the city. Some of the buildings date from Queen Elizabeth. The library is most interesting. A copy of every book in England is sent here. Early editions of Shakespeare's works and Coverdale's Bible are there, and the priceless Book of Kells; its illuminations, done by the patient monks, are beautiful. The chapel, dining-hall, and kitchen we looked over. Then a party of young men and women met us, and we had tea in their quarters.

Wednesday, 9th.

A meeting for worship in the morning. E.S. had good service. Preached from the Laodicean Church, a plain message needed I think. I had a few words. Dr Guinness there. In the afternoon was the closing session of the Yearly Meeting. An impressive occasion, closing one of the most important and best Yearly Meetings they have had for years—so several assured me. I have been blessed in it, I am sure. Before my meeting for young men that evening I had a most precious time of waiting on the Lord in a committee room. The burden of souls was on me. I cried unto Him and He comforted me. Never since I have been away have I had such a sense of the prayers of dear ones at home for me, and prayers were answered. It was a blessed meeting. I spoke from 2 Tim. 1, 7. Two young men gave themselves to their Saviour after meeting. I came home with a glad heart. Then to crown it all —— came to my room, and he gave himself up to his Saviour in a very tendering season of prayer. This last I had been praying for ever since I first met him. And I was so thankful he came to me and opened the way himself.

John Dorland greatly enjoyed the spring in Ireland, and writes:—

The twilight of these islands is remarkable, and so soothing and pleasant; their days must be fully an hour longer than ours.

Describing a beautiful drive in County Dublin, he says:—

I heard my first lark. No wonder the bird is so famous. It rained down its melody upon us out of its heart's overflow. Of course I recited "Hail to thee," etc.

During this visit to Dublin he came in contact with Dr. H. Guinness, and helped in some of his meetings for men on social purity.

There are also many notes about individuals who were on his mind, or to whom his quick sympathies had been drawn out.

I was so drawn out for ——, he needs to go on into deeper things. I could hardly sleep over him. This brings me up to to-day. Ah, the Lord has been faithful. If I had no more service in these countries I should feel repaid for coming for what I have had. "Abound unto every good work." Yes, by His grace I will. Mr. Simpson's prayer for me is often in my thought. Yes, my head is on His breast, His arms are around me. Praise His name.

The allusion to Mr. Simpson refers to the last evening he spent in New York, where, attending a meeting, his friend had prayed for him that he might be kept in such close communion with his Lord that "He could trust him with much blessing in England."

Various other Bible readings and visits at Friends' houses concluded the service John T. Dorland had at this time in Ireland.

He much appreciated the kind welcome he had everywhere received and exclaims, "Such a warm-hearted people."

Samuel Rogers, returning from a visit to the north of Ireland, now joined him again, and together they proceeded to London.

CHAPTER VIII.

First visit to England—London Yearly Meeting 1888—Bunhill Fields—Companionships—Visits to Colchester and Norwich—Adult Schools—Letter from Canada Yearly Meeting—Visits to Birmingham and the North of England—Isaac Brown—Yorkshire Dales—Swarthmore Hall—Visit to Scotland—Return to England—Manchester and Liverpool—Lake district—Darlington—Christmas in London—Devon and Cornwall—Brighton and Reigate—Meetings at Bunhill—Visit to Paris—Dublin and London Yearly Meetings 1889—Return to Canada.

ARRIVING in London on the 17th of May, 1888, John Dorland went to the house of Joseph Baker, at Brondesbury, whose Canadian connections made his household and family home-like and familiar to him.

The London Yearly Meeting was just beginning which he looks forward to "with a little dread," but "goes in his Master's name."

We are some 10 miles from the heart of London, and all is very quiet. We can hardly realize that we are in that great city, with its 5,000,000 people. This evening we were at a meeting in Exeter Hall on the repeal of the C.D.A. of India. It was a large meeting in that well-known room, and a most enthusiastic one. Josephine Butler spoke briefly. It was my first view of London.

May 23rd, 1888.

Several days have passed over full of interest and engagements. The meeting of ministers, etc., was large, some 300 perhaps being present. There was not the volume of vocal prayer in the opening that one might have expected. A certain stiffness also characterized it. I had a burden of heart for it, but saw no way of expressing it. Our credentials were warmly received. Next day we had two sessions of the same body. In the morning Henry Stanley Newman laid his prospect before the meeting of

extensive service on the American Continent. It was simply and earnestly done. A large expression of opinion followed and all in entire unity. It was a favoured time and I expressed my wishes for him, and alluded to dear Stanley Pumphrey's visit to us, and the incalculable blessing it had been to us. Others made the same reference. Came home in the evening weary in body but refreshed in spirit.

Yesterday came the opening of the Yearly Meeting—a solemn time. J. B. Braithwaite spoke. William Thompson offered prayer. A large meeting. We received a very warm welcome. Outside too, we have been warmly received. The English have not seemed at all stiff, and while lacking the warmth of the Irish, give the impression of quite as much, or more, stability of character.

In the afternoon the discussion of the Epistles came up, and Iowa's new moves in pastoral work excited great opposition. At one time I feared it might lead to a suspension of correspondence, but better counsel prevailed and a Committee to answer was appointed. In the evening we attended a meeting of the contributors to the "Quarterly Examiner." The new editor, Richard Westlake, was appointed to succeed his brother, the late lamented William Westlake. That shadow was over the meeting. They discussed the management of the magazine, and decided to keep on the old lines of faith that examines with reverence and yet examines. We are having good devotional meetings in the mornings. The time is rather short. To-day the state of society is under discussion. I have sometimes lonely hours, but am comforted in Him. My heart burns so over young men. I cannot understand it—it is not in me naturally. It is His love in my heart. I have no other disposition than just to go right on.

A special interest surrounds his first mention of the Bunhill Fields Meeting where among the members of the Adult School, largely drawn from the artizan class, he was to find a very familiar scene of work in days to come.

Visited Bunhill Fields, and the grave of George Fox. Breakfast, and a most stirring address by H. S. Newman. I was invited to follow, and did so for seven or ten minutes. It was something to stand there and remember the labours of Friends here in other days. It was a splendid meeting. On our way home passed the grave of John Bunyan and Susannah Wesley in the larger Bunhill Fields Graveyards. Both John Bunyan and Ed. Burrough know the truth better now than when they fought each other in days gone by.

He characterises one of the London First-day Morning Meetings as "cold and stiff" but "rose above it somewhat and had some liberty."

June 4th, Second-day morning.

London Yearly Meeting is over. It was a favoured time despite the wide divergence of view. The interest culminated in a joint session that lasted all Third-day to consider the Declaration of Faith. The debate—if it could be so called, was long, interesting and in condescending love. The current set in the beginning strongly against the adoption of the document. It was finally decided neither to approve nor censure it, merely accept it, print it in the minutes and leave it. This was better than I feared for it. There seemed much fear of a creed. One fears that there is behind the objections not a little real unsoundness, and some threats of leaving the Society were thrown out, properly rebuked by the clerk. Well, it is over now, and we can only leave it, but God cares for His own truth, and loves His Church more than we. I had two meetings for young men. They were signally blessed. In the last, several young men professed to find the Saviour, and several confessed for the first time, to His forgiveness and grace. It was hard to close. If I had only had these two meetings I should have felt repaid for coming to England. Then J. J. Neave and I had a meeting for young people. It was a good time. I had unusual liberty in preaching from "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," etc., in defending and confessing the old Gospel which remains to be "the power of God unto salvation." I cannot describe the different meetings. They were very many, and very good. On Sixth-day we went with T. W. Fisher out to an appointed meeting at Haddisdon. It was a good one. A vicar of the Establishment prayed out of his heart.

Yesterday at Bunhill Fields Mission and Adult School. The School most interesting. Nearly 400 men out. I had 15 minutes to address them.

Then the Morning Meeting there. It is regularly organized and held as a Friends' Meeting. It has requested recognition but the conservation of the Mo. Meeting has refused it.* It seems a pity, for it is a noble work. At W. King Baker's to dine. Met some young men there and then to Bunhill Fields for a gospel meeting in the evening. A large congregation and I trust some results. Came home weary but happy. "One more day's work for Jesus."

June 8th.—Holloway in the evening of Fourth-day as I intended. A very good meeting. Gave them a Bible reading on the "Keeping

* Not long after it became a recognized Meeting for Worship.

power of God." A large number took part, several said they were helped. Such a lovely night. I was so heart-hungry for the dear ones at home. How strange it is that when we seem strongest, then is the time we fail. How much need for watching, and complete distrust of ourselves, and reliance on Him. Was rather under a cloud on Sixth-day morning. What a blessing that He loves us too much to allow us to get very far away from Him. The Shepherd's crook is often used to my blessing. But the weakness of the flesh! I wanted———to come and spend the night with me. He could not. It was best so. God must teach us that we are to be independent of others that we may be more dependent upon Him. I have met only a very few men who seemed to live above the creature—who held their joy and companionships entirely in Him. But then these things just show me that I am nothing, and can do nothing. Whenever we begin to expect something from the flesh, then it fails, and we see it is true "in my flesh dwelleth no good thing." It ought not to be a surprise or discouragement to us—these recollections of self—but if we would only hasten to Jesus that He may crucify them and deliver us, we might be "always conquerors."

Many entries in his journal give a partial revelation of a remarkable feature of his character—the indescribable soul-hunger that he had for the spiritual blessing of individuals.

Few, if any, could measure its strength or the power it exerted. It was felt in many a home where he tarried, leading, in not a few instances, to conversion or definite blessing. Nor was it less manifest to the very considerable number of young men who at different times became his companions. The recollections of these times of companionship are still to many of them amongst the most hallowed and helpful of their lives. But no written descriptions of what they were can convey any true conception of these seasons of fellowship and spiritual baptism. His work throughout the various districts (or Quarterly Meetings) of England was now to begin. With one of these companions, on the 11th of June, he went to the Quarterly Meeting held at Colchester, and remarks in his journal :—

I tried to be plain and faithful. I told them I had not come 3,000 miles to talk sweet nothings and platitudes. My credentials were well received.

While at Colchester he visited scenes of persecution and heroism, which took place only two centuries ago.

Saw the dungeon in which over 100 Friends were confined at one time. And then to the "oven," in which James Parnell was confined and near which he gave up his young life through cold and starvation. We gathered in the wretched hole, silence fell upon us, and then two stanzas of "Rock of Ages" were sung, and I prayed. My feelings I can never describe. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." Then we sang softly "Then in a nobler, sweeter song," etc., and went out thanking God that His cross had not lost its power. I think we all wept. Oh how we shame our ancestry and heritage! Which of us is ready now to suffer prison and death? I know I registered my vow of consecration again, to his God and mine. Got home weary, but this work is blessed.

A fortnight later, after a day or two alone, he was joined at St. Ives by another of his companions, and remarks :—

I saw this to be a signal favour from the hand of my Heavenly Father, and all my heart said "Praise Him."

The twilight, the wonderful twilight of England, seemed like God's invitation to us to meet, and we had a very good one. The thought on my heart was "our insufficiency and God's sufficiency." When it was over, dear J. A. Baker, Miss P., and I went for a walk under some lovely elms beside the Ouse, heard the cuckoo's note, and gathered wild roses. England is lovely. Never saw I such lovely lanes and hedgerows and quiet walks.

Shortly after, describing another visit :—

Such a nice garden, where, under the twilight, we rested. Then over here, where we are lodging, a beautiful lawn and a quiet, though grand house. And here is our dear ——, dear boy, he is just emerging into the joy of full surrender. Before retiring I went into his room, and we had a blessed time of prayer and communion together.

Sudbury. June 26th.

A thunder storm has cleared the air, and the morning is cooler. Yesterday p.m. —— and I prepared a Bible reading on "Remembering." The evening came with a small meeting, but a very good one. I had a plain message from the anointing of our Lord by Mary. —— came to my room, and we had a remarkable time of humiliation and prayer. He was blessed, not more than I. How I do desire that I may abide in the fulness of His love.

I found last night a deeper death to die, and I trust I knew of the resurrection this morning. How gracious He is at the voice of our cry!

June 28th.

To-day we return to Ipswich and have three meetings there. So the days go on. I could not endure it were I not in the path of duty and doing His will. As it is there is a secret joy in it all, only I long to have more power and continually new openings and fresh anointings.

June 29th.

Dr. P—— is a guest here. He is the author of "Quiet Hours." A somewhat erratic man, who has walked off to London with my hat. In the afternoon we had a Bible reading on the lawn under an acacia tree. It was so pleasant; and then tea in the house after. Had a large appointed meeting in the evening which was very good. Dear H—— gave a good testimony. I am so thankful for health. This work is so great. But one day at a time. He has wondrously supported me and I can go on trusting. Even where I see no results I can believe Him that His word does not return to Him void.

Norwich. June 30th.

Norwich is the old home of J. J. Gurney. The meeting here formerly was one of the richest in England. Now it is one of the poorest. It was begun almost *de novo*, and is growing from their Adult School. What changes come! We had a Bible reading, attended by about 50 or 60, and a very good time. About 11 Henry Brown called for me and we went to look over the city. The most interesting place was the old Meeting-house, where early Friends worshipped, and where J. J. Gurney's funeral took place.

While here he describes a visit to Earlham :—

They showed me the grand old house. It is very old, dating from the time of Bacon, whose arms are over the main door. I saw the old hall, the drawing-rooms, with lovely views over the Yare; J. J. G.'s study and the dining-hall, a lovely room. It has in it the oil painting of J. J. G., and in the drawing-room is the original of Elizabeth Fry. Mrs. Ripley told me she was with her when she stood for it, and remembers it exactly. Then we went out on the lawn. The park is very large and fine. Some of the trees look very old. I told Mr. Ripley I felt somewhat like a pilgrim visiting an ancient shrine, that J. J. G. was one of our Quaker saints, and canonized in heaven. "Ah, yes," he said, "but he belongs not to you alone, but to us all"; to which of course I assented, with the remark that that was true of any good and great man.

Yesterday morning we began with the large Adult School. It is splendid. About 400 and very interesting. We looked over the classes and then went to Alexander Eddington's class. These hearty good men! It does me good to visit them. To the Women's School of about 200 in the afternoon. I gave them an address. In the evening a crowded meeting. Over 500 present. An after meeting and a very good one it was. Some conversions I trust. The people are so hearty. I am glad to have been at Norwich.

Soon after, we have the notes :—

A letter from home this morning. All well. They comfort me greatly. Dear little Will—so his mother writes me—took a piece of pencil and paper, and said he was going to write to papa and make him come home. Dear lad, his father's heart would break if the dear Lord did not comfort.

About this time he received from the Canada Friends' Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders a letter addressed :—

To our beloved friend and brother, John T. Dorland, now engaged in Gospel service in England:—

Grace and peace be multiplied unto thee through the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord.

During our various sittings the presence and Spirit of our Holy Head has enabled us to thank God and take fresh courage, and has brought us into sympathy and unity of spirit with our labourers in the vineyard of the Lord.

While deliberating on the proposed departure of our beloved brother, Wm. V. Wright, as a missionary to Japan, and on the anticipated service of William J. Moore in Manitoba, our thoughts turn tenderly to thee also, with fervent prayers for thy preservation from all danger, for the present influence and permanent effect of thy service, and for thy coming again with rejoicing bringing thy sheaves with thee.

In records of the past we find that some engaged in service like thine have gone from place to place in continual sadness of heart.

The servant who is in constant union and communion with his Master finds joy in his service. This joy is not inconsistent with a sense of weakness, for when we are weak then are we strong. Sometimes the way may be through deep valleys, sometimes in the fulness of sunshine and gladness—but be the way rough or smooth, the bearer of good tidings is thankful for all the way in which he is led, rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing

instant in prayer, and resting on the promise of God that to the end of his journey he shall run and not be weary, he shall walk and not faint.

Perhaps none are exempt from an occasional sense of loneliness when, as strangers in a strange land, they go from place to place constrained by the love of Christ to tell of His complete redemption and His keeping power.

But the promise is still sure, "I will not leave you comfortless."

Doubtless thou hast been brought into communion with kindred spirits, and you have taken sweet counsel together. But even if these should fail thee there is no condition more safe and blessed than that of being alone with God. From His armoury we obtain our weapons, at His table we are fed, and by His power we are made valiant for the truth and enabled to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

Earnest prayers have ascended for thee, dear brother, and desiring that we may be helpers of one another's faith we send thee this assurance of our remembrance and love.

On behalf of the meeting,

(Signed) SAMUEL ROGERS, *Clerk*.

After a week full of travelling and meetings he arrived in Birmingham and writes :—

The next morning I was up at 5.45 to get ready for the Adult Schools. They originated in Birmingham through Joseph Sturge. There are now some 25,000 men in them in the Birmingham vicinity. I visited five large classes and one women's school and gave as many addresses. Then the meeting came on. They have a large fine meeting here and a number of young people in it. Home and good rest in the afternoon and then a large meeting of 500 or over in the Severn Street Building. This was a precious time. We had an after meeting and some 15 or so requested prayer and several gave themselves to their Saviour.

I am feeling well, only sometimes I fear that I do not get enough sleep; but where I cannot, I hope for grace to trust Him to rest me. "Christ in you."

During the visit to Birmingham, full of busy work he writes :—

On the evening of that day we went out to Dudley. First we went over the old castle. Some of the earth-works were thrown up in Saxon times. The top of the keep commanded a splendid view of the surrounding country. A great fire some 75 years ago

ruined the part of the castle which up to that time had been inhabited. We went through it, then had a meeting in the evening after tea at a funny little public-house. That afternoon I was at Samuel Price's to tea and from there, after addressing the teachers, went to a meeting for young men in the Y. M. C. A. Hall.

It was a good time, two young men said they trusted the Saviour. I enjoyed being with the ——'s so much. Nothing could be greater than their kindness. I had a long talk with——. He seemed penitent, but I could not seem to reach him. London has snared many a poor fellow.

This is one of very many allusions to private interviews which he had with individuals, but does not describe in any detail.

Then to my last and best meeting in Birmingham—a meeting for young men. It was a most solemn time. Some four or five young men testified to having accepted Jesus as their Saviour that evening. I shall always remember that meeting. On the way home —— drove with me, and after a serious talk he gave himself up in consecration and went with a shining face to confess it to his mother.

"I was plain," "I am afraid wealth hinders," "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me," "I was brought low and He helped me," are characteristic notes during many following days full of incident.

In the North of England he says of one visit :—

I had been warned not to expect much response as the Friends here were not demonstrative. Well, I should say some score or more took part and it was felt by all to be a blessed time. Several said there was never such a meeting here before.

In one meeting he records the following experience :—

The meeting gathered and was large. It was an instructive time to me. Thomas Hodgkin engaged in prayer, and during his petition a subject came to me with clearness and power. After a suitable pause I stood up, repeated the text, said a sentence or two when all closed up before me, and I just felt I was to sit down. It was a solemn time. T. H. and Thomas Pumphrey spoke, a Friend prayed. Some testimonies were given and I felt led in prayer. Afterwards T. P. said, "Thou preached us a powerful sermon this morning." I could only reply, "I felt it the Lord's will" and in my heart there was a joy in it, while I was humiliated;

I remembered Geo. Fox "starving a company off from words," and a hymn of F. R. Havergal's "If my silence praise Thee most, then silent will I be."

Perhaps some of the young people needed a lesson. Anyhow, I am content if some one was helped by it and I believe it was so.

A large meeting in the evening, I had very little liberty though Friends seemed to be satisfied. I am learning lessons. I must have the fresh anointing. It is the lesson of "yesterday's manna."

July 28th, 1888.

Arrived in Kendal about noon, and I was soon welcomed and made at home by our dear aged friends, Isaac and Elizabeth Brown. I esteem it a great privilege to know Isaac Brown. He is now over 80, and yet so bright in mind, calm in spirit, serene in faith, with ready sympathy and broad charity, hale for his age—a lovely example of green old age. I was soon in his study and after reading the American papers, we conversed on many matters. He has stores of well arranged facts, has been a Greek and Hebrew scholar for 60 years, and converses in an interesting manner.

The Lake District and the Wordsworth country is described with the keenest appreciation. Immediately after, he describes a visit to Brigflatts, near Sedburgh :—

George Fox preached in the old house, which is very quaint; the date is 1675. This is among the Yorkshire dales where G. F. did such a wonderful work, and from the dales came those 60 young men who spread the truth over Britain and elsewhere. Now the meetings are dying out. Agriculture is so poor the people are moving away, and soon there will be no Friends among these lovely hills. We were within three miles of Firbank Chapel—now gone—where G. F. held that wonderful meeting in which Francis Howgill, John Camm and John Audland were "convinced." The well from which G. F. drank is still shown. Returning, we had in the evening another meeting at the mission, and a very good one. Next morning A—— M—— and I started for Ulverstone. The trains were delayed, so we had only 15 minutes at Furness Abbey, where we hoped to have two hours—but this was enough to show us that the ruins are immense, and very interesting. We met Arthur's brother at Ulverstone, and went out to Swarthmore Hall. It lies on high ground, and was in its time no doubt a considerable place. It is now in a sadly neglected condition, hedges, walls and garden showing a want of care. But the house is most interesting. The dining hall with flagged floor, is a large room and well lighted for those days. What is

called G. F.'s "study" is a smaller room. The hall is very curious with the winding stair and dark oak balustrade. His bedroom is panelled in richly carved oak, and from a door in it he used to preach to the crowd in the orchard. They showed us what they said was his desk. I doubt it. Strange that though Judge Fell was such a considerable man, it is not remembered as his house, but as that of G. Fox, the simple dalesman. From there to the meeting-house. This is used on First-day morning, and is kept in good condition. His Bible is in good condition, chain and all, in a glass case, and the chairs are there in which he and Margaret Fell used to sit. In the women's room is the oaken chest he used in travelling. We came away, having been much interested. In the evening, despite the rain, we had the room in the town which the Friends rent, full—a very devout company they were, and we felt it had been a good meeting.

From there I came this morning here, where I am now stopping, at G. Gilkes'. What a week! Lakes and mountains, meetings and rides, Swarthmore and Brigflatts. I can only outline our goings and must leave any attempt to describe our feelings, the lessons learned, and our enjoyment in it all. "God is good to Israel." I thank Him for these delightful days, and for the service I have had here. Oh for ears to hear the message of His love and judgments, that lakes and mountains and the passing glory of man's works would speak to us. We said so often—

"For the strength of the hills we bless Thee!"

August 9th, 1888.

I feel every time that I open my journal that I ought to begin by saying, "The Lord is faithful," for every day since I last wrote has been filled with His love and care.

One young man was especially in his heart for a considerable time. The second time he met him he tells of long continued prayer for him and with him. Thus we have—

Before dinner——called again. Dear lad. Again we knelt but had no vocal prayer. I had prayed out my heart for him before, and now must wait his surrender, to praise. The sign of encouragement about him was that he could not pray; before he had been so wordy; but the broken heart came not, so I had to leave him. I am clear of him.

At Glasgow he describes his pleasure in meeting Mary White, and continues :—

Yesterday morning came my letters from home and the

chicks' photos. I have so much enjoyed them. Grete's is especially good, Will's makes me laugh, and Arthur's is good no doubt, but he has changed since I saw him last. It gives me a little pang to think how much he will have changed before I see him again. Will looks only half pleased. It is a very natural expression and one I have seen on his little face so often when I have been teazing him somewhat. Greta is quite a maiden, and seems to have an old look for her years. It made me a little home-sick.

He proceeds :—

Near here is Ardrossan where a people are being raised up like Friends. We go over this afternoon to have a meeting this evening. A young man called on me this morning. He is not a Friend, but is drawn toward them. He used to be active in Christian work, but is now very shut up. I had a time of conversation with him and prayer. I hope to see him again. There is quite a stirring among people throughout this country, and an evident drawing towards Friends. I do desire that this young man may not become wrapped up in spiritual pride, nor slumber in spiritual selfishness. Convinced Friends sometimes show a great tendency to an extreme of quietism, and settle down into the very deadness they feared so much in forms and active service. Pauline service attends Pauline experience. "Under the anointing," "In the life"—what a meaning in these words. I trust the Lord may grant me stronger and stronger breathings after Him. Reality comes from *knowing Him*.

There is much among these good people that I respond to. They told me they find Friends nearest the truth, but are not satisfied with any people. It really seems like a divine movement, and is spreading. There seem to be many around Glasgow and in County Ayr longing for *reality*. We came back that evening to Glasgow.

A three days' tour in the Highlands was full of enjoyment and refreshment. "One of the most enjoyable times I ever had," he says. Of Aberdeen, where Quakerism is of a very conservative type, he says :—

The business meeting on Second-day was interesting. Quite unintentionally I referred to the Home Mission Committee. I stirred up a discussion and found the majority of the meeting quite opposed to its work. I hope the discussion did some good. I never had plainer service than in Aberdeen, but it was in love, and kindly received. That evening we had a public meeting and a good one. The next p.m. we rode out to Kinmuck to an

appointed meeting there. It is a charming country; beautifully wooded, rolling hills, and the old grave-yard and meeting-house as neat and trim as could well be. The meeting here has only seven members. Two old brothers are the chief supports. The meeting-house was bought and presented to Friends by the Barclays, and is said to have been originally a Catholic chapel. It is very neat, the yards, stables and caretaker's house in good condition. Friends held the country here in the olden days, but nearly all are gone now, and small wonder when one sees the narrow spirit some Friends have had. The house was crowded, however, and we had a good meeting. I spoke from the message of the angels, "Fear not, for behold I bring you," etc.

After describing the impressive effect produced on his mind by the beauty of Edinburgh, he says :—

The meetings on First-day were good, especially the evening one, and beside those in the meeting-house, we were at the breakfast given to the poor. It nearly broke my heart to see 300 or 400 poor bairns, so poor, dirty and hungry, and some 500 and more men and women in another room. Such sin and misery. I was so glad to tell them of God's great love. Joe closed with prayer. Then after our meeting in the evening we went to the Y.M.C.A. Hall. It was full and we had a *good* meeting. I had much liberty.

Again :—

Met Principal Cairns and sister. He is a splendid man, large in stature, large-hearted and of great breadth of learning. I found he had an appreciative knowledge of Friends. Paid Stephen Grellet a high tribute, and enquired about the Hicksite Friends. We had a pleasant stay in Edinburgh ; I trust some good service was done. But dear me ! how much self mars all our service. I could wish I were more thoughtful and lived in more constant communion. I am often betrayed into a joviality that does not lead to profit. I am thankful for the reproofs of the Holy Spirit. I would I were more instantly obedient. We have had a lovely day to-day. First to Abbotsfield, where we saw the study, library, hall and many relics of Sir Walter. What a genius he was ! Abbotsford is his monument, and he died to erect it. The situation is disappointing, but the view from the river I presume is better. From there to Melrose Abbey. This is the most interesting of any of the ruins I have visited in these countries. It is more historic than Tynemouth Abbey, more beautiful than Furness, better preserved than Bolton.

From here we drove to Dryburgh. This abbey is not so fine as Melrose, but is larger. Sir Walter Scott is buried here. The Erskines also. It is on their estate, and is kept in beautiful order. Then we came eight miles from the railway to this quiet little hamlet of 80 houses at the base of Morebattle Hill and by the little river Kale. It is at the foot of the Cheviots, and the whistle of a train has never waked its echoes. Dear spot of primæval beauty and quiet. The cottages are close together. Three churches almost elbow each other, and behind lie the hills. We climbed the Morebattle Hill this evening, and watched the sun set behind the Eilden Hills in a blaze of splendour, making to a pile of clouds behind which he sank a fringe of fire that deepened and at last died away leaving us in the twilight. We came back by another road, and called at one of the cottages. It is a blessed evolution from these simple cottages to the positions some have gained. Imagine Principal Cairns and Professor Simpson for instance. I am learning a reverence for the Scotch character.

> "From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
> That makes her loved at home, revered abroad."

August 31st.

In the afternoon we went to one of the minister's to tea. They are very kind, but seem really poor. They are giving their children a good education however. Then about 7.30 the people began to gather. The U. P. Church had been placed at our disposal, and we had a good meeting after the manner of Friends. J. A. Baker, at the opening, in fitting words explained the occasion of our meeting, and the reason for Friends gathering in silence. Then a solemn silence fell on us, broken by prayer. J.A.B. read the 55th of Isa. I spoke from "Him that cometh unto Me," etc. J.A.B. prayed, Mrs. B. gave a very sweet testimony, a pause, prayer, and the meeting closed. I think it was to good satisfaction, and we were all very thankful over what was, so far as we know, the first Friends' meeting held in Morebattle.* This morning after breakfast we went for a long walk, climbing "Sleepery Law," and came home weary and hungry. We went about eight miles. To-morrow we go to Sunderland, saying farewell to Scotland, and alas! I have also to say farewell to the Bakers. It has been so pleasant to have them with me. I can never forget these days and whenever their happiness or usefulness has been marred, it has always been owing to my miserable

* A letter lies before us referring to this meeting, full of the appreciation and satisfaction felt by those who attended.

self. But I am not without the humble hope that my visit to these meetings has been of some good, though there have not been the immediate results one would be glad to see. Now to new scenes. "If Thy presence go not with us," etc. That is my prayer.

I have been haunted with a fear that I might grow tired of the work, get nervous and not feel up to things, and have to drag myself to service. That would be most serious. But I have given Him my fears, and do trust Him for health and all I need. So far the work has been *such a joy*. I must not forget "the *joy* of the Lord is your strength." I am trusting for a good work here.

Sunderland. September 7th.

On Second-day evening we had a remarkable meeting. I have seldom felt the presence of the Lord in a meeting in greater power. I preached from Rev. i. 6. B. Binyon followed in a very tender prayer, and we closed under that covering. Third-day evening I had a Bible reading at Thomas Pumphrey's house for young men only. Not a large meeting, but a good time. The next evening a meeting with young people at the meeting house. A very interesting time. Yesterday afternoon a good mid-week meeting at the meeting house. These quiet times I find precious and helpful.

Then to Leeds. Wm. Harvey met me at the station and gave me a cordial welcome to their beautiful house, which his good wife and his mother, the widow of dear Thomas Harvey, heartily seconded. In the evening we had a large drawing-room meeting and I was helped in giving them a Bible reading. The next morning we had a good sized meeting, and a pretty open time, but in the evening we were signally favoured. The Lord blessed me in delivering His message, and I am sure He spoke to many hearts there. Yesterday it rained and I was in all day writing, and studying my Bible. I had a Bible reading for young men only, about 30 or 35, and a solid good time. A dear letter from my dear wife this morning, and photos of our cottage home. So glad to get them, and to know that they are all well. I have been blessed with an unusual sense of the Lord's presence the last few days. The Lord's love in Christ Jesus has been in measure opened to me.

"O Love divine how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up with Thee?
For love I sigh, for love I pine,
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part."

Next to Manchester, and thence to Liverpool, to the house of Dr. Thorp. An entry in the journal, September 14th, 1888, mentions that the Doctor met him in Manchester, and says :—

I am sure the dear Lord intends to bless us together.

There are occasional references to Eliza Brewer :—

I thought so much of her when I was at Manchester. I owe her very much for sympathy and encouragement given me at the beginning of my ministry. I was glad to write and tell her so.

How wonderfully He guides our way. The disappointment about —— gave me the service at Penketh, and I have seldom had a warmer welcome than at Manchester, to which I came in some fear, but I felt liberty in delivering the message. He is better than my fears. I ought never again to dread any service before me. "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee."

"Not I, but Christ—be honoured, loved, exalted,
Not I, but Christ—be seen, be loved, be known,
Not I, but Christ—in every word and action,
Not I, but Christ—in every look and tone."

In a letter to his parents from Liverpool at this time, he writes :—

55, Shaw Street. 18th September, 1888.

My dear, dear Parents,

I have been thinking about you so much lately, and in Vina's last letter she spoke of father's rather expecting to see me this fall. It went to my heart so: I wish I could dear father, but I fear I cannot hope to see thee, and all my dear ones, till next spring or summer. It seems such a long time to look forward to, and generally I do not. I look forward to the winter for you, with such strong desires that you may be comfortable in every way.

You never seem old to me, and yet I know you are, and will have this winter, I suppose, to remain in the house a good deal, but you will have quiet, good times I am sure. It is kind of our Heavenly Father to spare you to each other, and I am sure we children can never be thankful enough that you are both spared to us, and will be, I trust, for many years yet.

Only last night in the Bible reading, I mentioned, dear father, what a change it wrought in our relationship when I first heard thee pray aloud, and the blessing it was to me. I knew thee*

* The use of the word "thee," customary amongst Friends in Canada when children address their parents, is retained in these home letters.

would not mind my telling it. I thought it would be an encouragement to some parents there. As I look back now I can see how wisely thee trained me, and I wish I had been a more loving son to both dear mother and thee. I can never thank God enough for such parents. I am so sure of your prayers and joy in my work, it is a great comfort to me. Dost thou remember, father, writing in my autograph album, 1. Tim. iv. 16, and dear mother, 2. Tim. ii. 15? Perhaps not, but I do, and I have tried to carry these things out; I always feel you are so much a part of me, that the blessings I am having in my work are shared by you also. How much the early encouragement you gave me was blessed to this end only *He* knows.

I am glad my letters give you any enjoyment. They are a comfort to me. I feel as if they were my quiet time when I speak to the dear ones at home and tell them about things as I could tell no one here. I am being so largely blessed in my work! I cannot tell you all. Every day I am having fresh proofs of His care. Everybody has been loving. It is wonderful to me, and so beyond my deserts. Then the mercy of having such good health.

And now I must say farewell, my dear, dear love, to you both,

Your loving and obedient Son,
JOHN T——.

September 24th, 1888.

I have nearly a week's doings to record. Last Seventh-day week we had a little gathering of about 12 in the doctor's drawing-room for our own refreshment, and to pray for the Quarterly Meeting. It was a glorious time of prayer and we were much blessed. I had been just needing such an occasion, and it did me good. Dear ——'s heart was much moved, and he drew me nearer his Lord. All felt it a most precious time. It had hardly concluded when B. Binyon came. It was good to see him again. The next morning we had a very good meeting—a refreshing time. I was enabled to rise above circumstances and had good liberty. In the afternoon —— and I had a good long talk. I have felt so united to him. He is a good man, and like a brother to me. The evening meeting was an occasion of favour, and I was thankful that I had been enabled to get so well through the day. I endeavoured to give a clear testimony to Christ and I felt He honoured me. The next evening I gave a Bible reading to Friends at the Institute, about 130. Several took part, and some were helped. The same day we dined at the ——'s. They were very kind, but it was the first time I have been offered wine in this country.

Then we had an hour or two in the Art Gallery. On Third-day we took a walk on the landing stage and watched the ships in one of the largest ports in the world. In the afternoon we went to Southport, a rest and tea at Friend Thompson's and a good meeting in the evening, then home. I got better acquainted with both B. B. and Dr. T. and love them both more. On Fourth-day at noon the M. and O. meeting sat down. A good time in which a concern to preach the gospel to the large masses around them, took hold of the meeting, leading to the decision to hold a conference to consider the matter. The meeting for worship was at 4 and a large and good one. I had unusual liberty in preaching and had a clear conscience. Business at 6. Was pained and surprised by a young woman making a plea for liberal thought that tended in my judgment towards Unitarianism, and holding up Channing and Newman as men to be admired and followed. She was followed by——who commended what she said, calling her words "serious" and "thoughtful." It was painful to hear such sentiments advanced. Then a Friend replied not in the wisest way, and I felt it on my heart to have a word with them. I told them they must choose between a merely intellectual powerless gospel and evangelical truth. The gospel is the *power of God* unto salvation, or I should be, with Paul, ashamed of it. I deprecated the homage paid to doubt and concluded by advising them to dwell on points of union and saying that the Gospel which Paul said he preached was broad enough for all. Cor. xv. 1—10.

I first dealt with the sacrifice of Christ for sin, then His resurrection and the bearing of these "*according to the Scriptures.*" I think the Lord helped me, and many Friends expressed satisfaction. The next morning at the meeting for worship I spoke of the Holy Spirit's witness to the truth, His pointing to Jesus in His person, work and reign. I knew it opposed the teaching of many, but I could not refuse to say it, and the Lord gave me clearness and authority. When that meeting was over I came home. "Thank God" my heart said again and again, "it is over." This was the service that of all in England I dreaded most. But I have been helped through it with a calm mind, a clear conscience, and a happy heart. I was thankful it was over. In the evening we had a meeting for young people and a very nice time.

Cumberland, Carlisle and Penrith were visited and a second visit paid to Kendal, and then to Yorkshire and Darlington. He says:

I feel most thankful for the work in Carlisle. I came away with quite a lonely heart, but I did not know what I was coming to. The dear Lord is so good to us.

——met me and took me to his house. He has three sons and one daughter at home and one son at Manchester and one young girl at Wigton. Such a nice family, and I had at once a home-like feeling. The boys I liked at once. The youngest one's birthday was on First-day, and in the morning his mother earnestly prayed that it might be also his spiritual birthday. And so it was. Dear lad, I was so glad for him and his parents. I had there three meetings on First-day and all of them favoured times.

Next evening we had a Bible reading at the house of Francis King. It was one of the most blessed meetings I have had in England. Such a presence! Many were broken to tears, and many even among the young engaged in prayer and testimony. There had been some trouble in the meeting previously, that I know nothing of, but the Friends were quite broken and a very sweet service of unity and love was felt. The next day the three Lester boys, Fred, John, Herbert and I went to Derwentwater. It was a beautiful day, and such a lovely lake. I never saw any other that could rival it. We rowed down it, and leaving our boat climbed up the ravine through which "the waters come down at Lodore." It was a very pleasant day. I shall always remember it. Such a vision of mountain glory I had never seen before. Then the Lester boys were so kind, I grew very fond of them. —— came in before evening meeting. He walked down with me and during the whole walk we never said one word, yet I seldom had fuller communion with one I had known so short a time. It was spirit with spirit. I should certainly have been lonely, if I had been leaving Penrith for any other place than Kendal. I look back over the 5 meetings I had there with great satisfaction, and thankfulness to the dear Father through whom came the enabling power.

B. B. and I went out to——and a refreshing, powerful time we had. To——'s to tea. Dear lad, he is coming back. His prayer was humble and longing. My heart is now at rest about him.

It is pleasant to see Yorkshire Friends again. Their welcome was most cordial. This morning's meeting for worship was especially good. I was helped in unfolding the difference between the Law and the Gospel.

This is a lively Q. M. I had a talk with George Satterthwaite regarding Lancashire and Cheshire Q. M. I am glad he is feeling as he does. There is room for anxiety concerning the breadth of thought some profess. One young woman opened her thoughts to me at Lancaster. She wondered if we ought to accept the supernatural in Scripture where we refused our credence to the stories of the early saints, their miracles and marvels. I had some serious

conversation with her and finally she told me the tendency of such thought was towards Unitarianism; that of course she believed on God and goodness, but any revelation was doubtful, etc. Such seems the tendency of the times. May we be preserved from such subtle undermining of the foundations of revealed truth. Yet much of this unsettlement, one fears, is the result of straining out of their symmetry in the Christian system the death of our Lord, future retribution, imputed righteousness and kindred truths. I am very desirous of being preserved in the truth, and preaching only the truth. May He grant me grace and guidance. "Teach me *Thy* way, O Lord."

At Darlington we have the account of a somewhat unusual assembly on Sunday morning. On Saturday the journal tells us :—

This day we witnessed the installation of the new Mayor, who is a Friend, William Harding. On the next day, First-day, there was some unsettlement in the meeting owing to the Mayor and Corporation coming to worship with us. Seats were reserved, and in the procession were firemen, police and volunteers in uniform, besides the Town Clerk in wig and gown, and all the Councillors. The large meeting-house was crowded in every part. Some Friends were tried over the volunteers coming but others thought their presence did not imply a recognition of them as soldiers, and that our meeting places are open to all. The whole audience was reverent and silent. The silence was broken by J. B. H. in a beautiful and feeling prayer. Another long period of "eloquent silence." I spoke, at some length. Theodore West followed; silence and a brief prayer on my heart, and the meeting closed.

A visit to York and Bootham School, Ackworth, the Flounders Institute and other places are narrated, and then London is again reached where he had time to visit the National Gallery ; the Turners seemed to attract him most. Then we have the exclamation, "A whole evening at home ! think of it !"

Next afternoon at annual tea of the Bedford Institute. Several hundred Friends out to tea. Charles F. Coffin gave a good address and I followed and think I was helped to show the need of and blessing of mission work. The meeting was very enthusiastic. Went to the Braithwaite's for the night, and in the morning had a pleasant conversation with J. B. B. and wife over Society matters. Then home. Howard Brooks with me to dine. Good to see him again. Then down to Bunhill Fields to the opening of

the new buildings. About 1,000 sat down to tea. An audience of about 1,500, Joshua Rowntree, M.P., in the chair. J. A. Baker's speech was quite affecting. All the praise was given to the Lord who had given the buildings in answer to prayer. Home with W. K. Baker for the night. J. Rowntree, M.P., there also. Up next morning at 6, and down to the School. Grand time in J.'s class, 157 out—557 men were in the School—"High-water mark." The meeting for worship was a most restful, refreshing time.

Then a Bible reading, with about 400, at 3 p.m., and a Gospel meeting in the evening; about 800 out. This was a full but blessed day.

Second-day morning the party broke up, and "farewells" were said. In the afternoon Jos. Baker and I went down to the Houses of Parliament. Mr. Rowntree took us over them. I sat in Mr. Gladstone's seat. A noble pile of buildings, but not so imposing as the Capitol at Washington, perhaps because of their situation. Then we secured seats in the visitors' gallery and heard the debate on the Irish Estimates. Balfour and Gladstone were chief speakers. We heard also most of the Members of the Cabinet, answering questions, etc., and several of the Irish members, Dillon, Flynn, Harrington and Healy. We left about 8, while Mr. Gladstone was still speaking. I was very glad to have seen the Parliament Houses, and have heard Mr. G., even if I do not agree with him.

A visit to Oxfordshire, Gloucester, and Herefordshire follows. Gloucester Meeting much interested him.

At one place he says, "I had some close work to do; I spoke on refined selfishness."

London, Trenton House. December 22nd.

Christmas time is with us. I remember two years ago, when my dear wife and myself read in Cleveland, "The time draws near the birth of Christ," etc.

Three years ago Charles Ryder was with us at Wellington. Now I am here. I cannot help feeling a little lonesome. I hope they will have a very happy Christmas. I am so glad that I am permitted to spend it here (at Joseph Baker's house). Nowhere else could I have been less lonely. I am to have some days of rest here now, and I trust they may be days of blessing also. I want to go out to service more endued with power, and refreshed in my soul by His life and love. May this Xmas bring me this.

"Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee, thy heart is still forlorn."

We made a jolly big party for "Trenton," and we had a nice time. Gifts, and kisses under the mistletoe for the children; and dinner and a magic lantern in the evening. A headache made the day not so pleasant for me.

The next day I dined at George Gillett's. They were very kind. Gave me a "Daily Light," which I prize very much. Then home to Woodstock. A Christmas tree for the children, some romps, and a time of prayer and the day closed. I remained there that night. The next evening I met some 20 young men of the Bunhill Morning Meeting, at Woodstock, and gave them a Bible reading on spiritual gifts and their exercise. It closed with us all on our knees, some weeping, and, with one exception, everyone in the room took vocal part in prayer. It was a gracious time, and one never to be forgotten. Joseph Allen Baker said it was just what he wanted said to them. The next day W. K. B. and I made some calls, one on Howard Nicholson. Found them well and nicely situated. Another on William Noble; he, poor man, has broken down, and left the next day for a rest of some months. We had a sweet time of prayer with and for him. He was kindly anxious I should not overwork. I trust I shall not.

Such anxiety was but too well founded. The last note of the day is often—"Came home weary," but always with some cheery addition, such as, "but glad in spirit."

On Second-day began to make preparations for leaving. In the p.m. down in the city. Ran in to part of the service in St. Paul's. It was very impressive under that great dome—but not worship. The emotions that music stirs are not worship. Around to Bunhill for the evening, and gave "Class C" a New Year's address. Then home with J—— to Woodstock, where the household from Trenton joined us, and we read a Psalm, and then on our knees watched the Old Year out and the New in. It was a solemn tendering time. The Lord visited us. In the midst the maid from Trenton broke down in tears, and gave herself to her Saviour, and I trust entered into peace. I hope this is only a prophecy of what this New Year is to bring. It seemed a token for good, and we were so glad for it. It was a time of blessing to my own heart I know. I long for more power to preach His word this year; for grace to do His will; and more than either, a heart always conscious of His divine indwelling.

Devon and Cornwall are next visited. At Plymouth he says, after speaking of a busy programme of meetings:—

I am happy in my work, and content to go on. My New Year text was, "He shall be as a spring of waters, whose waters

fail not." I trust it may indeed be "Out of him shall flow rivers," etc.

Of this journey he says :—

We were 12 days in Devon and Cornwall, and had or attended 20 meetings and Bible readings, with a good deal of travelling between. I am thankful for the preservation of health, though I found the engagements rather numerous and severe. The Quarterly Meeting was one of the largest they have had for years. It was a solid time, and I was helped in putting before them the contrast between the Law and the Gospel, and the perfection of Christ's priesthood, sacrifice, and salvation. There is some doubt as to the Atonement in the minds of some in this meeting. Indeed I was helped so to speak to the condition of the meeting that some Friends were asked if they had been telling me the condition of things. Of course they had not.

Later on he says :—

Now comes the joy of having my dear wife join me for some months, and the Lord put it into a friend's heart to open the way. So good of Him. He gives so liberally. I greatly trust nothing may prevent her joining me. Yet I must not build too greatly on it. Oh, I long for a more constant heart—more holy and more lowly, more like His.

Very interesting visits to Bristol, Bath, Bournemouth, and Southampton follow :—

Southampton. February 14th, 1889.

Kind letters from two young men in Bristol. One tells me of a conversion—a young man—through the evening meeting, First-day. Praise the Lord! I can trust that there were others though I have not heard of them. I am not the Recording Angel. There is no need that I should know. My privilege is sowing the seed. A Bible reading this evening.

Here he is interested in meeting Miss Gordon, sister of General Gordon, and an attender of Friends' meeting. She asked him to see her, and showed him sketches by her brother.

Besides these she showed us his journals written during the siege of Khartoum, many relics from China, letters from the Queen, etc. There were the votes of thanks from the Lords and Commons, and the beautiful memorial from the women of England to her, on vellum and illuminated, the autographs of the Queen and Princesses, peeresses, other ladies, and wives of the members of

the House of Commons, the women of England represented by that one sweet name, "Florence Nightingale." The book is unique and invaluable, and is heavily insured. Miss Gordon gave me a copy of her brother's 'Letters' with her best wishes. I have promised to read them. I shall disagree with him no doubt, and one wonders how so evidently a Christian could have been a soldier. He seems to have been a fatalist like Napoleon in his views, and this is a good soil in which military weeds may grow. Nevertheless he was a man of God.

From Brighton he writes :—

This morning a Churchman who was at our meeting called to thank me for the message. He said I spoke right to him, and he had been so helped. I am very glad I am sure, but felt no more convinced after he told me this, than before, for in the meeting I had such a sense that I was giving a message to several there. Let Him be praised. Another meeting this evening and then on to Dorking.

From Reigate :—

February 23rd, 1889.

The evening Meeting was a most favoured time. House very full. The Marsh's came over in the p.m., and A. W. Marsh had some good share in the service. Watson Grace also. We walked home under a very bright starry sky, and with very full hearts. Altogether this was a very sweet day.

I have been humbled this morning before the Lord. His service is not Himself. One may be so busy about meetings as to forget communion, and how useless anything not in the life. "There is yet much land to be possessed." Yes, I am only a borderer, how many green pastures and coverts and springs I have not yet known! Am I letting Him lead me as He would? Not so rapidly I fear, impeding my march by my own haste and unbelief.

Here he held a series of meetings.

1st of March.—The meetings have continued all the week growing in size and interest and power. The weather has been unfavourable but it has not seemed to affect the size of the audiences. Bible Readings have been unusually well attended and marked by searching and power. To-night closes the series except one on next First-day evening. There have been a number of cases of professed conversions. Beside the regular meetings, I have been at one for postmen. Very nice time. These gospel meetings begin with a hymn, Mrs. Crosfield leads the singing. It has been simple and helpful, and I think has given no offence

to any. It was at the express wish of several of the Friends that hymns were introduced. I could not take any responsibility for I have to use my voice in other ways so much. I am very glad to have had these meetings. I am sure they have been owned of the Lord.

London. March 5th 1889.

On Seventh-day last I had a long walk with——and we talked over Socialism, Missions, etc. He is a 19th century cool observer, a Christian I believe, but chilly; I think he thinks me a mild fanatic.

On First-day we had very good Meetings. In the morning the word was one of "rest"—"Come unto me," etc. A young lady wrote me afterwards that she entered into rest as I spoke and "It seemed almost too good to be true." In the p.m. I had some conversation with the coachman, but he did not yield: when the footman came to my room with the hot water I had an opportunity with him. I knew the Lord had been working on his heart and the result was he yielded there and then. It was a very sweet conversion, and before going to meeting in the evening he told me one of the maids was anxious and wished to see me; I thought this a good sign. The meeting was a very full one, all the standing room was taken and many went away; it was a solemn time. Several came to me after it was out to tell me they had found rest, among them the maid the footman told me of, and at evening reading her face shone with the new light.

Friday, 8th March.—This is my birthday, and I am 29 years old. How the years are going by! Not that I feel much older, though the dear ones at home say that my photo says I look so. Perhaps I do, but my shame and sorrow is, that in 29 years I have done so little. I have no doubt they are thinking of me at home, and I wish I could see my dear mother and father. I am their "boy" still. Well I hope that this year may be marked by more devotion and more success in my work. To think that I am getting toward middle age: no longer a boy. How strange! Well, we went to the F. C. F. U. and a very good time it was; though we indulged rather too much in self-congratulations. When I think of our principles and the way we carry them out I can only blush. Yesterday the morning was spent in writing; p.m. to a meeting for policemen; and a good meeting for the workers in the evening at Bunhill. I spoke on Elijah on Carmel as an example of persevering prayer, and I think by faith we heard a sound of "abundance of rain." A woman came to me at the close of the meeting and said "Oh sir I wanted to see you when you were here last, my husband and four other members of our family were converted," etc. She seemed so grateful for it.

These things are encouraging. I trust there are many other such cases hidden from my eyes. It might not do for me to see them, but mine is the blessing of sowing beside all waters. His the harvest and the praise. When one has faithfully spoken the word one can only then leave it with Him who has said "My word shall *not* return to me void."

This evening we have a meeting at J. A. B's. Hope it may be a time of real prostration and power.

Yesterday, Sunday, began with class B. 156 men out and a good time. I am sure the Lord spoke to the hearts of many. Then a few words at the close of school and in the meeting at 11 a very marked time. S—— offered prayer, L—— spoke, J—— read a few verses and I took up L——'s subject and the Lord gave me power. It was a searching time and showed the unity of the spirit in a very marked way. How confirming and beautiful such a meeting is: I could not help remarking that in no other congregation could such a thing be seen, for we are the only Church that is organized on a basis that admits it. About 400 out to the Bible reading in the afternoon and in the evening some 600 people in the large hall. It was a time of power and I think some 12 or more professed to have found the Saviour.

We have taken a room at this family hotel so as to be nearer the work this week—it saves so much time and strength not to have to go to "Trenton"; and this is a quiet spot—as such places go—in the heart of London. So our meetings have begun by prayer abundantly answered, and we look for greater blessings.

Monday, 18th of March.—The Meetings have continued through the week with a large amount of interest, and several conversions every evening. One mother told me five of her family—including her husband, were converted last December when I was here. Praise the Lord! Yesterday was the crowning day. I was in Class "A" in the morning, and I am sure the word went to many hearts. The morning meeting was a precious time. I spoke on the words, "There am I in the midst," and the testimony was sealed on many hearts. The afternoon Bible reading was very large, and the congregation seemed most attentive. But in the evening there must have been 1,000 out, and such a good meeting. It is thought there have been 50 conversions during the week. Well, they have been seasons of power; and I am most thankful for them. So many have come to me and told me of blessing—and last evening the youngest and only unconverted son of the mother I have mentioned was changed in heart. I can fancy her joy—her whole family one in Him. It was a scene to remember, when that young man stood up and gave himself to the Lord. Well, I hope I have not been

puffed up over the commendations given, and the success that has rested on the work; I know it is His power, and the blessing is His; let therefore my place be at His feet—let me be hidden and Himself only seen.

April 1st.—I have been unable to write a line for a long time, and an outline must suffice. Second-day evening we had a Bible reading and closing Meeting at Bunhill. A very good time, but we were all almost too weary to enter into it fully. On Third-day I went to Rochester. Stopped with Fredk. Wheeler. The M. and O. Meeting that evening and a very good meeting for worship. Next morning the Q.M. small, but a living seed in it, and though so many of their meetings have grown small, in each one there seems a stirring of new life. Came back to London the same afternoon. Next morning started for Liverpool. Dr. Thorp met me at the station, and in the evening I met about 45 young men at his house. It was a very nice Meeting, and I trust two young men entered into assurance and rest.

The next evening my dear one came. We were at the dock to meet her; a fairly good passage and she kept very well. The Doctor was so kind to us. The next day we started for Cockermouth. Mrs. Harris gave us a very warm welcome and there we remained until the next Fifth-day.

London. April 5th, 1889.—The week has gone by quickly. On Fourth-day evening I was with J—— at the Annual Meeting of the Penge Adult School. The evening was damp, but the attendance was good, and we had a good time. The men were most responsive, and when I declared my belief that the working men of London were not the atheistical class they are supposed to be but responded to the old Gospel of Christ I was cheered to the echo.

On Fifth-day heard Dr. Parker again with interest and profit, and in the evening, with Vina and Joseph Baker, went to hear Spurgeon. There must have been 2,000 people present. Spurgeon, though his hair is now grey, speaks with much force and fire and seems very fresh: has a fine voice, and is quite what one would expect him to be, to do the work he has done. May he long be spared to do it. A noble man doing a noble work. There were several baptisms at the close of the service, and we remained and witnessed several of them. They were the first I had ever seen. To say the least I was disappointed. To me the ceremony lacked solemnity and meaning, bordering on the ludicrous. If it is merely a confession of Christ it is *temporary and limited*, and is insufficient in every way, "With the mouth," and by love—("By this shall all men know")—these are the confessions of Christ's servants.

Paris. April 13th, 1889.—Here we are in the gay capital of "la belle France." We started as we intended, on Fifth-day evening. The journey was not a specially pleasant one, though the Channel was not rough. The ladies slept quietly through it, but the men's cabin was so full that I stayed nearly all the time on deck with my thoughts; in the occasional moonlight, when the moon struggled through great clouds, it lit up the vanishing "White chalk cliffs of old England," and before long showed us the long line of the French coast before us.

We were sorry George Baker could not come with us; but Joseph Schaller met us at the station and we were soon enjoying "café au lait" in our rooms. The ladies turned in for a rest and I, unable to sleep, roamed around Paris. Past the "Chambre des Deputés," along the Seine and finally into the Madeleine. A most splendid church, unique, imposing and ornate. We are to have three meetings. Friends' meeting, Y. M. C. A., and one of the McCall meetings in the evening. I hope some blessing may come from our visit to Paris; besides the blessing and joy of it to ourselves. We got in time to Mde. Dalencourt's mothers' meeting to have a little word for them translated by Mde. D. and the poor people responded with tears and "amens." Tea at Mde. D's, and then back to the city on the top of an omnibus giving us a fine view of the river and city and the Exhibition buildings. The Eiffel Tower rises over all, a remarkable but useless structure. No elevators in it so we are not tempted to the top. Then to a meeting of the McCall mission workers in Salle Philadelphia. It was a gracious time and I felt cheered by it. Several thanked me for the little word of cheer I gave them which was so well translated by M. Saillens. On First-day morning George came and after "café au lait" we went to Depôt Central to our meeting. There were only 6 out, but it *was* a precious season. They are intending to have them there every First-day during the summer season, or rather while the Exhibition is open. I hope it may serve as a rallying point for Friends in Paris. The French gentleman who has the charge of the British and Foreign Bible Society Depôt was with us and spoke in a very feeling manner. In the p.m. I went with Joseph Schaller to the English Y. M. C. A. Met about 25 or 30 young men and had a very nice time with them. Several came to me and thanked me for the message I gave them. Then in the evening we went to one of the McCall Missions in Rue St. Denis. There were about 300 out and a good time. M. Saillens gave them a very earnest address and then translated for me for 20 minutes. The people were very attentive and I trust a simple message from "Him that cometh to me," etc. was not given in vain. M. Saillens translates in a

splendid way and enters so into it himself. This closed our first and probably only First-day abroad. These continental Sundays are very trying. Everything in full swing and more going on than on other days. One pities the horses and poor workmen ; I believe the physical life of the nation suffers because of this non-observance of a divinely ordered day of rest. This morning we have been at the Exhibition. It is on a very grand scale and will eclipse everything else of its kind that has ever been held. The exhibits are not in their places yet, but we saw the buildings and about all we wish to see.

What need in such a city of the McCall mission. The Lord bless it and its workers. So little of the English home-life. Ah ! the music of our English speech ! I shall go back never more able to appreciate both our homes and our mother tongue.

London. April 20th, 1889.—We are home again in our old quarters, and our Parisian experiences all lie behind us. I am glad we have had them, but a week is quite enough of Paris. On Third-day we visited the Panorama of the Bastile. It gives one a very good idea of Paris 100 years ago. Beneath are several dungeons illustrative of the horror of the Inquisition. They are horrid, and no doubt are quite in accordance with facts. In one place a man racked, in another one on the wheel, in another a man fast in the stocks, the iron being heated to burn the soles of the feet—they were almost too horrid to look at and Vina and Martha quickly left. But let them be shown I say, and let the rising generation learn to distrust a church that by claiming infallibility seals with her authority these hellish things, and has never denied and disowned them. In Notre Dame we saw the treasures, religious and secular.

What moved me most were the great rose windows in the transept. They are very fine, 50 feet in diameter, 13th century work In the afternoon we visited the Louvre. The paintings by the old masters are very fine, and these galleries were all we tried to see.

In the afternoon we met some workers at the Depôt Central, and had a very nice meeting with them. M. Saillens interpreted again for me. Then in the evening we were at Salle Philadelphia, where we had a very nice time. A Russian Princess, a sweet Christian woman, was introduced to me. They have very hard times in Russia, but the truth spreads nevertheless. Thousands in the south of Russia are turning to the Saviour. Paschkoff, who is an exile from Russia, was not in Paris, but this Princess told me of his faith and devotion. Again M. Saillens interprets for me. I spoke to young Christians on the formation of Christian habits. We stayed long enough in Paris and saw enough of Parisian life. Give me English life and English ways.

After attending some meetings in Bristol, and spending two days at Abergele, Dublin Yearly Meeting is one of the next scenes of his labours.

May 13th, 1889, Sandford Grove.—The Yearly Meeting has been so full, I have had no time for writing. It has been a very good one, better than last year on the whole. What a year it has been to be sure!

As far as we were concerned we carried out the same programme as last year. The opening meeting for worship was a favoured time. George Gillett and I had the vocal service. That evening I gave a Bible reading on "The Nature and Character of Spiritual Gifts." There were some there not Friends, and some who had left, and I fancy these did not enjoy it. One person spoke to me, and another sent me a letter on the questions, so I think it did some good. The next evening I had a large meeting for young men, and a very solemn time. The meeting for worship on Sixth-day was a very good one, Jane Richardson and G. Gillett having the vocal service. G. G. was very especially helped in laying before us the doctrine of the Atonement. Everyone acknowledged the divine covering. On First-day it rained, but about 800 were out. The first part of the Meeting was not very impressive, but the life rose toward the last under a very simple, impressive sermon from President J. J. Mills—who had been travelling in the east, and arrived a day or two before—on, "The Lord is my Shepherd."

A very sweet but small meeting at Church Town in the afternoon. In the evening a large number at Sandford Grove, and a very nice time. Several took part and one young man told me he was converted in my Young Men's Meeting the year before. It rejoiced my heart. I ought to remember that sometimes it is best we should not know the fruit of our work, and that "*His* word shall not return unto Him void." On Fourth-day evening, the last meeting of the Yearly Meeting, I gave a Bible reading to a large congregation, and a large number took part in prayer or praise. A beautiful close to the Yearly Meeting. The Meeting for Worship the same morning was a sweet time. I spoke on, "To me to live is Christ." The next evening I was at S. Allen's at a Bible reading. At its close a gentleman told me that he had given himself to his Saviour, and gave me £10 for the Indian Mission, which I had the pleasure of sending on to John H. Williams the next day. He was impressed to send it through a remark in the Bible reading.

Our service here for the present is about completed, and then away again for London. We have enjoyed our stay in Ireland, but

are finding an increasing tug at our heart strings in the direction of home. We have felt the Lord's blessing on our services in this island, and thus have our baptisms and prayers been fulfilled. To *Him* be all the praise.

June 1st, 1889.

Here we are in London, and Yearly Meeting is over. A most interesting occasion. We stopped with J. B. Braithwaite, Jun. We had during the Yearly Meeting five meetings for young men, and they were seasons of much blessing. Sometimes over 200 young men at them; our last one was peculiarly impressive.

S.S. City of Chicago,

June 9th, 1889.

We are on our way home, and all our work, friends and memories of England are behind us. Many of them are very pleasant, and over all lie His forgiveness and mercy—tender mercy may I not say? A week ago to-day we spent so happily at Bunhill—were there all day; five meetings. Class A in the morning, 139 men out, good time. Then a few words to the School. The meeting was large and interesting. I had a message for them from "as the eagle stirreth up her nest," etc. I believe the time has come when some of their men will be going out to other fields of labour after their training in Bunhill. Bible reading in the afternoon, about 300 out. Then a large gospel meeting in the evening, followed by an after meeting in which 8 or 10 professed conversion. It was signally blessed, and a most happy time. The good men shook my hand till it was almost sore and it really ached. That night we spent at W. K. B.'s, and he and I had a sweet time of prayer together before the Lord. This was my last First-day in England, and very pleasant to look back upon—the Lord's seal upon it in the conversion of precious souls. Our hearts desire to praise Him.

CHAPTER IX.

Second visit to Great Britain—Dedication to service—Welcome in Cork—Visits to Limerick and Waterford—Mount Mellick School—Bessbrook, Dublin and Belfast—London, Nottingham and Lincolnshire—Northampton and Cambridge.

JOHN AND LAVINA DORLAND reached their home at Wellington shortly before the Canada Yearly Meeting of Friends in 1889. He attended it and was appointed Clerk, *i.e.* presiding chairman, whose duties continue throughout the various sessions of these annual gatherings, which extend over some days. The heat of that season was unusually great, and he was much exhausted by this engagement and returned home quite prostrated.

To a friend he wrote :—

We had a very good Yearly Meeting. Pickering College is the burden now. They have raised about $10,000 in Canada which we think very good. It is about $8 and over for every man, woman and child in our membership.

The visit of Lavina Dorland to England greatly deepened her interest in her husband's labours in Great Britain, so that even when returning to her home and children her letters repeat the message, "our thoughts are with you in England."

Soon after their arrival John Dorland wrote :—

Here I am really in our own cottage home. It seems as if I had left only yesterday, and all my English experiences were only a dream. But the memories are too vivid, and the blessings too lasting for me to think it a dream, and a return already seems near, to the dear ones and myself. England will never again seem a "far off country."

He had a great desire to visit the old home where the family had first settled in Canada.

In a letter he wrote :—

I am just home from a two days visit to Adolphustown—the dear old home of my great-grandfather and my grandfather, and where I spent as a child so many happy days.

It was sad to see the old meeting house and grave yard so run down. Father was with me and I think he will never care to visit it again. We were glad to get home, but I wanted to see the old place again; now I am satisfied.

Shortly before leaving for his second visit to Great Britain, he wrote :—

I am thankful to say that I look forward to the service with no small degree of pleasure; while I never dreaded more leaving my dear ones. But He knows how to soften things to us. Do pray for me—I want to be made a blessing—and for my dear ones here, may the Lord comfort them.

The short period of rest over, he landed again in Ireland, and his journals began again.

Cork. September, 1889.

I am once again in Ireland, at the beginning of another period of service for my Master. Home and friends behind me, and what before? "Who is so blind as Thy servant!"

I have had no time to write in my journal till now.

I left home again on the 16th of Ninth month, 1889.—The second parting was no easier than the first, though I am not now exactly a stranger in a strange land, and though I left them all in good health, my dear father especially.

A rainy and unpleasant trip to New York. Was met there by Watson Grace and we soon had our luggage at the dock, and then spent the day in doing some errands. Called on David S. Taber; his last words were, "Don't stay in England." It is very unlikely I shall.

A nice meeting with Friends in the meeting house. Quite a number out. Some serious conversation with a cousin of——; I feel sure the Lord is calling him to a higher life and service. He thanked me most affectionately. The evening was spent at ——'s, and closed in a very sweet time of prayer. How beautiful to see him, who when I first knew him was a sceptic, now kneel in prayer and ask blessing and guidance for me, thanking God for me as an instrument in leading him to the Saviour. I too thanked Him for such a privilege.

The next day we sailed at noon the 18th. A rainy day. The trip was on the whole rainy, cold and rough.

W. G. and I had precious seasons in our room together, but I was very heartily glad to land at Queenstown and be again on *terra firma*.

If two oceans lay between my home and my work I should, please God, pass over them, but I am glad there is only one.

This morning I am here, and quite at home with my old friends.

"His mercies are new every morning," to me, and to the dear ones at home. On our last morning I read, not without some chokings, Ps. cxv. It was such a comfort. Truly our God is no "idol," the work of men's hands. He is the living God. His eyes see, His ears hear, and His promise is to increase us more and more, "you and your children" Praise His Name! We could say, "Ye are blessed of the Lord," *ver.* 15. Then in prayer the Lord gave us the witnessing Spirit as a seal of His blessing on our separation. Grete seemed to understand more than Will and Arthur, my going. May their lives be precious in His sight.

The dear parents! Mother said, "Long ago I gave thee to the Lord for any service, and I cannot take thee back now." So for months I am from them. I have been asking to be made a great blessing in this land. There are some hearts being prepared for my coming; may I find them and minister in His name!

Here and now I renewedly give myself to Thee my blessed Saviour. Dwell in me by thy Holy Spirit; enable me to walk softly before Thee, give me Thy message and Thy power to deliver it, let men take knowledge of me that I have been with Thee; clothe me with the garment of praise and true humility and let me constantly find grace in Thy sight I humbly pray for Jesus' sake and in His name. Amen.

September 26th, 1889.—Last evening George Grubb called, and we were considering future arrangements. The tried condition of Friends in this Island, has my sympathy.

This morning we were at the regular meeting. Not very large, but I trust a helpful time. Barrow Cadbury gave a very nice message. He and his brother are on a little tour in Ireland. My subject was "Prayer," and G. Grubb spoke beautifully on our Lord's words to Peter "*I* have prayed for thee." Blessed thought; and shall not *His* prayer be heard for *me*, also.

I am preparing a Bible reading on "Joy"; and I do desire to have *His* joy fulfilled in myself.

Such kind letters of welcome from several friends. Surely the Father is tender of me. I, so undeserving, can only wonder, and, I trust, worship.

Have just written home. The dear ones are much with me—more with Him.

Seventh-day, 28th.—Yesterday morning we drove out to Passage to call on an invalid Friend, dropping the children on the way to pick blackberries, a pleasant call, and a climb up a hill to find the children, with wide views of the country just putting on

its Autumn robes of "glory and of beauty." In the evening the Bible reading in the meeting house. Not many out, but a very good time. Several took part. This morning to the funeral of a Friend of the name of Wright. Quite a number of Catholics present, and George Grubb improved the only occasion Protestants have of bringing to them the gospel. It was round the open grave. I had a supplication.

September 30th.—A good day yesterday. Meeting in the morning fairly well attended and a good time. Mr. Hind Smith, the English Y.M.C.A. General Secretary, and Mr. McCann, the Irish one, were there. Mr. H. S. took part in prayer. A Bible reading immediately after meeting, and a good one. In the afternoon at 4 in the Assembly Rooms. A very crowded meeting—some six requests for prayer, and I trust some were really saved. Then to our own quiet sweet meeting at 5.30. It was small, and a very refreshing time. Mr. H. Smith there also and spoke, G. Grubb closed in a very solemn word of prayer. We could but acknowledge that the prayer H. S. Newsom offered in the morning had been answered, it was a blessed day. The young people from Temple Lawn were in to supper, and the evening passed pleasantly with hymns.

This was my first First-day of service this time away, I trust it is a pledge of the First-days that await me. Praise the Lord!

A letter from home, written the day after I left. They are all well though lonely.

The silence of Friends' Meeting he always finds more refreshing than any other form of worship; the frequent references to "helpful," "solemn," and refreshing times of silence must, with much else, be omitted.

I think I have been feeling a bit lonely this morning, yet I am straightened till this work be accomplished. I have no desire to look back, but I crave power and wisdom in dealing with souls. Oh to know how to help those who come to me for it—help them to Him.

October 7th.—On Seventh-day spent the day with the Strangmans at Shanagarry. They live on the estate that belonged to Wm. Penn, and is still in the hands of a descendant of his. We visited his castle, now mostly in ruins. A lovely place, with only three other Protestant families in the parish. They seem however much respected and have never been molested. Returned to Cork in the evening much refreshed by the day by the sea-shore.

Yesterday was a very full *but* happy day. Our meeting in the morning was large and very solemn. I had good liberty and I believe was enabled to minister to the condition of some there.

In the afternoon a very large gospel meeting, some professed conversion in the after meeting. In our own meeting at 5.30 we had a favoured time. I was led to speak on "What is my place in this meeting?" There were some voices heard in prayer perhaps never heard before. So concludes my service in Cork. I can only praise Him for fruit seen and trust Him for more.

From Cork he goes to Limerick.

Limerick is very Romanist. It has a population of about 45,000 and only 3,500 Protestants.

In the afternoon we had a very good Bible reading and then in the evening a large and favoured meeting. There were some Catholics present, but it was very quiet and solemn. The next morning was the regular mid-week meeting, followed by the select meeting. I had some very close words for them. Indeed my hostess felt it her duty to inform the meeting that I had not learned the condition of the meeting from her. She and others assured me it was the needed message. The very small select meeting was a time of blessing, we "poured out our hearts before Him." I was so drawn out towards one Friend.

At a later date he writes :—

One Friend where I am stopping has had many trials with his tenants. Their incomes much reduced. His own life threatened, and his business much reduced. These are very trying times for them, and there is much need for patience and love. If Protestantism must expire in the South of Ireland I hope it may have a clear sun-setting, and to the last show forth His praises. We are intending to go on this afternoon to Waterford to the Quarterly Meeting. Hoping for a time of blessing there.

Of the Waterford Quarterly Meeting he writes :—

There is a very decided conservative element in this meeting, but the business has been conducted in brotherly love. I am conscious of strength given me for the service of these meetings for which I desire to render thanks.

"God with us." Then we cannot fear for strength, wisdom; all is in this fact.

October 26th. Girl's School, Mountmellick.—I have been going too constantly for the week past to write in my journal. Yesterday Bible reading at 12.30, meeting in the evening, and am expecting a meeting with the girls this morning, making in all—12 meetings this week. This is only an outline, it is filled in with kindness and love and blessing that I cannot express.

One case of conversion that I did not know of before came to my knowledge. The young man told me he was converted in the

first young men's meeting I held in Dublin. Two other cases have been told me of in writing, where the Friends have now applied for membership, helped very much they say. All these make me so thankful, and humble me so before Him. I record them here, not for vain glory, but that I may remember to praise Him, and that any who learn of them may be encouraged in the belief that the Lord can use very weak instruments to His glory. I have enjoyed being at this school. It is not large, but the students seem happy and hearty, and are in every way well looked after. The meeting is in a poor way—very few Friends left and little ministry.

At Clara, the recent death of Jonathan Goodbody is solemnly felt. In the evening he says :—

We had nearly all the Protestants in the town at our meeting, and a favoured time.

I much enjoyed my stay in Clara. Then on to Carlow, coming in just in time for a cup of tea before the public meeting. It was a good size and I think I was helped.

Then I came on to Dublin in time for a Bible reading at the Strand St. Institute at 7.30. The evening was wet, but about 200 or 250 out and a very good time. It was pleasant to see friends again and they gave me a cordial Irish welcome.

This morning at meeting again, and this evening we are to be at Thomas W. Fisher's. To-morrow I start (D.V.) for Bessbrook. So the time has gone by. I am thankful for the grace given, but oh that I made more room for Him in my heart! I have had sweet service with several young men this week, and must leave results with the Lord. I had been wishing that someone might turn up to accompany me to the North, but way does not seem to open, and I must go alone—"yet not alone." A heavy programme in the North. "Yea, all I need in Thee to find O, Lamb of God I come."

Bessbrook. November 4th.

The evening at T. W. Fisher's was a very pleasant one, I was busy writing and arranging the next morning, and at 2 p.m. with rather a lonely feeling started for the North. A pleasant ride, much enjoyed the Mourne mountains. There is nothing in nature more elevating and suggestive to me than mountains.

Am stopping at J. F. Harris's. The Richardson's are from home. An interesting temperance town this. The school and three meetings yesterday. A heavy but happy day. God gave the messages and blessed in the delivery. This morning is pleasant and I went out for a walk. One feels much freer in Ulster. There is not the heavy cloud of Catholicism over it.

From Moyallon he writes :—

Altogether these days have been busy and happy—but I have a hungry heart. I have been thinking of the words "Thou hast given him his heart's desire, and hast not withholden the request of his lips." This I trust to be able to say after our time of waiting this evening. "He shall baptise you with the Holy Spirit and with *fire*."

Another visit to Dublin follows :—

Sandford, Dublin. November 27th.

The Q. M. is over and our prayers have been answered. The morning and evening meetings on Seventh-day evening were precious times. The chief thought was the need of the power of the Holy Spirit in our ministry and testifying the gospel. It seemed a pledge of the rest of the meeting. On First-day morning a large congregation in a Hall in Sackville St., owing to the repairs the meeting house is undergoing. It was a favoured time. I spoke from "Unto Him who hath loved us," etc., and dwelt on the place of power of spiritual priests. I did not feel so much liberty as usual but just leave it. Friends expressed satisfaction. There was one confirming incident, Mary Edmondson told me of a young friend who told her she had waked that morning with that text in her mind, was wondering how she could be a "priest" and was wishing it might be made plain to her, and feels her prayer was answered, she could never forget that meeting.

The afternoon meeting was not large—it was in the library, but a very good one and the Lord was with us. In the evening a gospel meeting at Strand St. The rain came on heavily, making the meeting smaller than otherwise it would have been, but in the after meeting there were several professed conversions—making our hearts glad—and His also. Yesterday morning I felt I ought to visit the women's meeting, I wished it for some time, but when it was expressed it met with a very hearty assent. I felt F.W. ought to join me, and said so. He at once said he had been feeling that I ought to go and that he ought to accompany me. It seemed very sweet to have such a united leading. We went, and were I think, helped to give them a message from "She hath done what she could," and then I had such an out-pouring of heart in prayer on their behalf. I was much comforted in this service. In the evening was the closing meeting of the Q.M., and after Geo. Grubb had spoken on "I must work the work," etc., I spoke on "Ye shall receive power," etc. It was a searching time and the meeting closed under a solemn feeling. This evening I am to meet a few young men for a time of social intercourse and prayer; and to-

morrow (D.V.) I leave for Belfast, a large work seems before me there. "Master help!"

At "Bonaven," Belfast. December 2nd.

J. Pim met me at the station, and I was soon in his kind home. That evening we had a prayer meeting at the Institute, and a very refreshing time. The meeting and its needs were spread at His feet. On Seventh-day were down at Mrs. Thompson's to dine, and back in time for the meeting for young men in the Hall of the Y.M.C.A. It was a good time. Some eight or ten asking prayer.

Yesterday, the 1st of December, I was at the Adult School and addressed the men; then came the large meeting for worship. It was a solemn time. At Forster Green's to dine with some six young men; a profitable time. Conversation on plain dress, tobacco and tea—their use and abuse. The day closed with a time of prayer, and then to evening meeting. We had a little time of prayer before it, and I think prayer was heard. It was a large meeting and solemn time. There are a large number of young men in this meeting, some very devoted ones, some not so; oh that they might be reached this week and brought to the Life and Truth.

I have felt the lack of power in my own heart in giving the message lately, though it seems as if the Lord blesses, and many express satisfaction who I believe are qualified to judge. I know I am given up to Him, and so I just rest in Him. May be He could not trust me with much conscious power, but I am at His feet, and as long as blessing rests on others why should I mind for myself.

Lisburn. December 3rd.

My service in Belfast is over It was as hard work as ever I did: I was there eleven days, and had twenty-seven meetings. I can humbly say they were under the blessing of the Lord. The after meetings were times of surrender. I do not know how many professed to conversion, but a large number were quickened. This among Friends. The young men's meeting at the Institute was a very precious one. About thirty out, and some conversions. On Seventh-day John Pim, Junr., and I went out to the "Giant's Causeway." I have written a poor description home, and cannot attempt one here. It was a magnificent day, and I enjoyed it exceedingly. The same evening I was again at the Y.M.C.A., and we had a large and solemn meeting. At the close some five young men remained, and, I believe, really gave themselves to their Saviour. It was the crowning blessing of a sweet day. The after meeting on First-day evening was a very solemn time, and many bore testimony to blessings received. The Pim's were most

kind, and I enjoyed being in their home. I came on here yesterday, and had two meetings. The one last evening a social tea and a Bible reading. I was plain, but loving. There seemed to be a good feeling in the meeting. I am here with a married son of Mrs. Hobson of Toronto with whom Vina and I stopped when we were first married.

There are known to me no conversions during these meetings; there has been blessing I am sure, and another week would have brought results, but I am clear of the meeting and I never had closer work in my life.

Dined at James N. Richardson's on Seventh-day. He has a sweet spirit, and as he has visited Canada twice we had much to talk over.

Hillsborough, to-day and to-morrow, then (D.V.) I am done and sail from Larne next Fourth-day for England.

London, Trenton House. Dec. 27th, 1889.

Once again in the metropolis of the world, among my old friends and in my old quarters. Had a very nice time at Penrith. The two meetings on First-day were, I trust, good times. I came up here on Second-day. Found them all well. Spent Third-day in the City, chiefly in book shops making some purchases for Xmas. On Xmas Day we were all at W.K.B.'s. Had a very pleasant time; thoughts of home often with me.

New Year's Day, 1890.

Another year upon us. The first of the last decade of this century, and no doubt the most important one of this important age. Does it hold the coming of the Lord? One can only pray in the presence of such sin and misery as one sees in London, "Come quickly, Lord Jesus."

Last First-day at Bunhill was a grand time. I was at Classes B and A thrown together, and we had a solemn time again in the meeting for worship when J. B. Braithwaite, Jun.'s voice broke the silence in supplication.

The next evening I was at Hart's Lane with Howard Nicholson. I dined with them previously and heard tales of their work among the poor that were most harrowing. About three hundred out to the meeting. I spoke early, as I had to come away. I understand some twelve professed conversion. I came home and was somewhat disappointed that we did not have our gathering at Woodstock, but they seemed too weary, so J. Baker and J.A.B. and Walter Leitch and I waited together on our knees and had a time of power. So did the old year pass and the new come in. It is a merciful thing that we cannot see the future, but how gracious He has been in the past. I think with gratitude how largely our

prayers for the past year have been answered. It has been a year of blessing, and under the guidance of the same Hand we face the future.

Last evening I was at Bunhill at their quarterly tea. We had a favoured time. To-night I am purposing to go to Holloway. I have had many kind remembrances from friends this year. Yesterday at his request I had an interview with W. L. Barclay regarding my moving my family here and giving more time to my work in England. I want to see my way clear, and that I ought to remain longer, so the matter has been left. I see no end to my work yet, but it may be clear by Yearly Meeting time. We are looking to our Syrian visit with animation, and I am hurrying as fast as I can to get all done before leaving for it. To move my family over here means so much in so many ways; I can only wait and see. I am not sure my dear wife would think it best, unless it was for several years. But I am able to leave it where I have been leaving all my care for so long now, "for He careth for you."

Nottingham. January 13th, 1890.

I am in the North and over a week has passed since I came. I left London last Seventh-day week and had a dreary journey to Mansfield, feeling ill all the way. In fact for some weeks I have been unwell, but now the cold seized me. Dear Dr. T. came to me in the evening. I think he felt anxious. I submitted at once and took the medicine, remembering Ambrose's words "I tend him—God cures him." Even so, but on First-day I was up and went to four meetings, the last in the Town Hall, a Union one. Next day a Bible reading in the afternoon and a large Union Service in the Methodist Chapel—a very good time—and the next day came over to Nottingham and to Dr. H.'s to dinner and back to N. to a very sweet and quiet meeting in the evening. Such a time of overshadowing. The next day I was worse—more cold—and he decided I must not go to Derby, so he went instead, and I was in bed till Sixth-day. It was a very sweet time and a blessing to me. It was His own "come apart and rest awhile." No household (the Hartase's) could have been kinder and I can never reward but I can never forget them.

Brandon, Grantham. January 26th.

It has been a long time since I was able to write in my neglected journal, and not a little has passed. The meetings in Nottingham were much blessed. We felt our way and took the meetings in unity as we advanced. They continued to grow in size to the close and I think in interest also. Two a day. The Bible readings seemed much appreciated. One man said "I likes sermons as goes through a man's clothes." On First-day we

had large and exceptionally favoured meetings, I think all felt them so. The Meeting House was over-filled. On Fifth-day, dear T. Burtt came and was with me till Seventh-day p.m., and then Friend Brown from Matlock Bank came and was there over First-day, so I had a helper all along. We made sundry excursions too, one day to Clifton Grove and Wilford Village, where Henry Kirk White lived for a time and wrote. The Grove is very pretty, on the bank of the Trent. On Seventh-day we went to Newstead Abbey, Byron's old home. We could not get in the house, but walked around the park. It is a very fine old place, and redolent with the memories of that brilliant but perverted genius. The Hewitt's were very kind, and indeed all friends, who loaded me with invitations to tea I was obliged to decline. I kept getting better all the week. It was a pleasure to meet Celia Armitage. Her long invalidism certainly has given her a most heavenly face, and her very presence is a benediction.

We came away on Second-day morning to Lincoln to the Q.M. M.M. at 2. M. and O. meeting in the evening and the regular Q.M. next day. The Meeting House at Lincoln is very quaint and old. George Fox preached from its gallery, and at one side there is a kind of alcove in which the women and children used to sit so they could easily escape, when the meeting was broken into by soldiers, by a back door. There are no Friends in Lincoln now.

My young friend Theodore Burtt is a farmer, a bachelor, a good fellow, and my companion through these meetings. I have been resting at his home and have been enjoying it much. I caught cold however, and have been confined to the house a day or two, but there were one or two bright days in which we did some driving over the country. Theodore has told me some curious legends of the countryside. I have enjoyed going with him and the intelligent collie, over the farm, shepherding, etc.

Brandon Lodge. February 5th, 1890.

We have been around the meetings in this country giving to the service just a week, and having ten meetings beside the amount of travelling done. First to Sturtone. Here we had two public meetings and a Bible reading. They were favoured times, and my message on "Regeneration" was listened to most attentively.

At Grimsby.—A Gospel meeting, stormy night, but one may hope some good was done. This was the only meeting that we did not feel quite satisfied over. From Grimsby to Alford. Here a young Friend and Theo's. cousin, who is in a bank, got up the meeting for us. It was a very good one. So far as we know the

first Friends' meeting in the place. We felt very weak over it, but as we waited on our knees the assurance of blessing came, and we went to the meeting in quiet confidence in the Lord. They seemed so to enter into the silence and were so attentive and thoughtful. We ended the meeting with hearts full of praise.

On Seventh-day morning we drove over to the poet Tennyson's birth-place. It is at Somersby, nine miles away; we had a pleasant time, lounged on the bridge over the identical "Brook," and came away with the feeling that the place in its lack of the beautiful and romantic only gave one more proof that poets are born, not made. That same p.m. we came on to Spalding.

That evening was a rare time of conversation on best things. The next day we had three meetings, driving over to Gedney, twelve miles away, to an afternoon one. The evening meeting at Spalding was one long to be remembered.

Lincolnshire is an interesting county, and the meetings though small have a living seed in them. Surely we have been conscious of strength given for every engagement. Theodore Burtt's companionship has been most pleasant and helpful, and his part in vocal service helpful and lively. Another stage of my journey over, and our desire for these meetings has been granted us.

After visiting Derby he reached Nottingham.

March 1st, 1890.

Seventh-day visited Cowper's old haunts at Olney. On First-day adult school, meeting for worship, Bible reading, and evening meeting. This last large, fifteen requests for prayer and eight or ten professed conversion. Next day to Kettering. Meeting that day; Bible reading and evening meeting on Third and Fourth days, and mid-week meetings, Wellingboro' mid-week and young people's Fifth-day evening.

At Cambridge I had three meetings and three Bible readings. Very good times. It is a hard field.

The Holmden's were most kind to me, but I was glad to come up to London on Third-day. Since then I have been lazing here. Only have had four meetings with policemen, besides one at Holloway, and one at the adult school. Three meetings to-morrow will conclude all we shall have before leaving, as we hope to, for Syria on Second-day. It is wonderful how things have come round. I trust we may be preserved on this trip, and that it may benefit us in every way; I hope I may be able to preach Christ better for it. I leave ourselves and the dear ones at home with Him.

CHAPTER X.

First trip to the East—Rome and the Coliseum—Naples, Pompeii, and Vesuvius—Services on Shipboard—Alexandria and the Nile Delta—Impressions of Egypt—Cairo—Mahometanism—the Great Pyramid—Sakarah Pyramids and Tombs—Memphis—Bazaars—Leaving for Palestine.

THE tour to the East anticipated in the last chapter was a prospect that gave John Dorland much pleasure.

It was the result of a strong desire on the part of a Friend that he should visit Palestine, and obtain while so doing a complete change from the frequently very exhausting labours of his gospel service.

Many months elapsed before an opportunity presented itself at the beginning of March, 1890, when his personal friend J. Allen Baker, (referred to as J. in the following pages), wishing to take the same journey, started with him for the East. They were accompanied by George S. Baker as far as Naples.

John Dorland's journal begins :

Rome. Thursday, March 6th, 1890.

Here we are in Rome and thus beginneth the account of our journey.

We left London on Tuesday in a dense fog, and one of the coldest mornings we have had this winter. It was well that it was so or we might have minded more coming away. But we were fleeing to warmer skies and shed no tear. George B. is our companion as far as Naples. W.K., J.B., and Howard Brooks saw us off at Cannon Street, 11 a.m. We had soon left the fog behind and were speeding through a snow-covered country toward Folkestone. It was cold indeed, I never saw more snow and cold in England. We got the boat at Folkestone and were soon out on the Channel. Here we could see clear away to the coast of France and the shores of both countries were covered in snow, giving to the chalk cliffs of old England a whiteness not their own. Fortu-

nately for us it was beautifully calm, so our "sea legs" were not tested, and with a bright sun everything was what we could wish. I was on deck all the time. So far, our photographic instruments have occupied a good deal of our time, George is enthusiastic over them and has one of his own; ours is in a case and carried by a strap over the shoulder, so it is very little trouble. It will take forty-two pictures without changing the plates. We have been practising all the way.

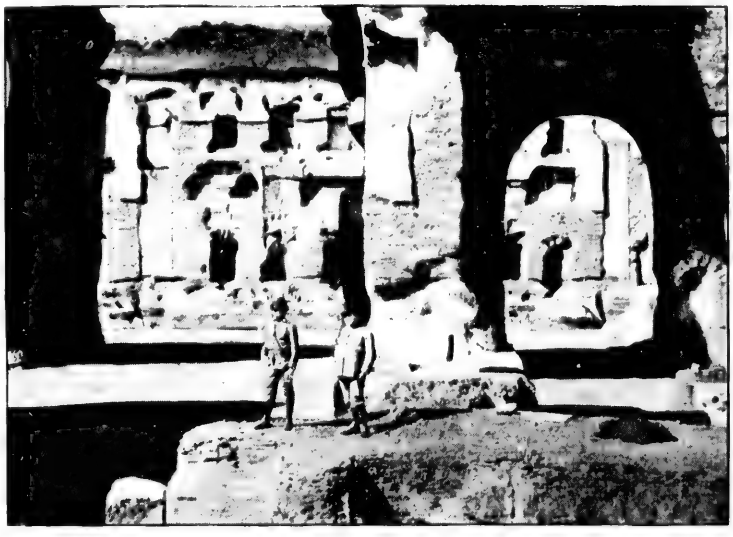
Boulogne has a very strongly fortified harbour. On a hill near is a monument to Napoleon. I do not know what it commemorates, but to me it was the thought of impotent rage against "the nation of shopkeepers" so safe behind that strip of blue sea. We got into Paris about 6.30, and at nine started for the "sunny south." We, selfish mortals, thought we were going to have our compartment to ourselves, but a man and wife and two children came in. However they were not bad companions, and after we had settled for sleep as best we could, they gave up talking.

The Mont Cenis railway is described in detail. We give a few sentences:

I do wish I could describe that valley; I never saw anything more beautiful. Mountains by our side and across the valley, vineyards sometimes half way up them. Jagged tops against, oh *such* a blue sky!—a true Italian sky—the river winding down; villages—they too were Italian. Grouped together in some setting of hills as if an artist had arranged and placed them, the square church tower standing above them, and the bright costumes of the people—it must be seen to be known, and once seen such a vision never fades away, but remains among the pleasures of memory. We reached Genoa about sunset, and the light on the fair city was lovely. This city was chiefly associated with the birthplace of Columbus in my childish mind. His statue is in the square near the station. From there we skirted the lovely shore of the Mediterranean. It was my first view of that sea, and by this time the moon was up and at the full. White villas on bold cliffs set against olive groves, and under a flood of such bright moonlight!

We got into Rome about 6.30, and have taken up our quarters at this hotel—a very good quiet one. We looked with great interest, as we drew near the eternal city at the old walls and ruins, and a distant view of the dome of St. Peter's.

We refreshed ourselves, had breakfast, and then started out. Hired a carriage and drove to the post office. Then Trajan's Column and the Mamertime prison where it is said Paul was imprisoned. The dungeon looks old enough, then to the Forum, where the great columns remain, and over it ruins of the Palace of



RUINS OF BATHS OF CARACALLA, ROME.

the Cæsars. The ruins of this great palace are massive walls of brick—small brick—but the Romans knew how to make brick and mortar. From there we went to the great baths of Caracalla. The ruins are immense. Luxurious fellows these noble Romans were. Then to the Catacombs. These were of great interest, forty or fifty feet we went down into a series of passages lined with spaces cut out of the rock large enough to receive a coffin—some sealed up and some broken open—bone dust covering the bottom—strange characters and rude drawings—little chapels, and some skeletons of the 2nd century.

Friday evening, March 7th, 1890.

We did as we intended and saw the great ruins of the Coliseum under the moon. It was worth seeing. The monument of a nation's glory and shame. It is simply colossal—immense. We walked, and on our way passed the Forum, on through narrow streets and winding ways until before us casting black and immense shadows the moonlight pouring through the open and sometimes broken arches, rose in ruined but solemn grandeur, the Coliseum. Fancy made the building whole again, filled the seats with shouting thousands, made the arena echo to the roar of lions and the prayers of martyrs—all is over now, and the same moon shines as brightly now as then.

The Vatican and its wonders are described and many other of the sights of the city.

We promised ourselves an early start but were too lazy, and only got breakfast over at 8.30, and then were off for the Vatican. Rome has taken on new life since it was taken out of the Pope's hands and made the capital of Italy. Its population is about 450,000 and is growing. Large blocks of buildings are going up, and some are erected right against an old ruin, the old and the new being strangely mixed. There is a brisk air about it that I did not expect to see; I thought Italians lazy—judging from the organ grinders I had seen in America. The people seem very loyal to King Humbert and hate the old Pope as strongly. There is some good gospel work being done in the way of missions and nearly every large Protestant body has a church here. I did not say I think that we visited the English grave yard. It is a sweet spot, and the flowers are so beautiful, with camelias red and white, and dark green cypress trees. Near here lies the young Keats, and we read the mournful inscription he wished to be placed on his stone—"Here lies one whose name was writ in water!"

Another birthday comes round.

On our way home we went into a photograph shop and made some purchases. G. and J. each gave me such a beautiful picture for my birthday. Yes really my 30th birthday spent in Rome! If any one had told me it would be so 10 years ago, I should have thought almost anything was as possible, but it is a fact—it is the "exceedingly abundantly," that He loves to give. We were in our room for the evening and I read the party the Chariot race in "Ben Hur." We could the better fancy it after seeing what we have. Edward Sparrow told us of some Friends from Dublin living in Rome, and it struck me that it would be nice to invite them to a meeting in our room here, so at 11 this a.m. they came, seven of us, and we had a Friends' meeting and a refreshing time it was. I think we all enjoyed it.

In the afternoon we went for a drive. We wanted so much to see the "Aurora" of Guido Reni and could not go yesterday, so with all assurance, though his gallery is not open to-day, we presented ourselves at Prince Rospigliosi's, sent in our cards, said we were leaving Rome to-morrow, and were admitted. We saw the magnificent picture, to my mind one of the finest in Rome. It is a fresco on the ceiling and a large mirror is arranged on a table that most beautifully reflects it. These are red letter days to me. There has been nothing to mar the pleasure of them. My companions are so kind to me; J's French carries us through and anyhow many speak English.

There must be a great many English and American visitors in Rome. We have several Americans at this hotel. One party, parents and daughter, are something to be wondered at. The daughter is—well, *vulgar*, and one can understand how English people form opinions of Americans from meeting such people. Sitting opposite her one could learn her family history in a week. She embellishes her conversation with such expressions as "you bet," "the whole business," etc. Why could we not have had some really representative people from the U.S.? The clerk in the office said, "We much prefer English," and I share his opinion. It was very pleasant to get a letter from home this morning, I think it helped me to enjoy the meeting. Certainly we are having a lovely time. I was telling J. we are favoured to be able to answer the query clearly, "Are Friends preserved in love," etc.

The last two days have been somewhat gray, but we hope for bright Italian days at Naples. J. and I look dreadful with our beards a quarter-of-an-inch long, but we have resolved to keep our half-made vow and let them grow. It saves time and trouble.

Of Naples he writes :—

There were some rare and curious things in the museum there, but what appealed most to me was the magnificent view. First the city, large with bright coloured houses and long streets —the sweep of the splendid bay—the unmistakable form of Vesuvius, the smoke from the crater blown in a long line down its side, the point of Sorrento reaching out to the Island of Capri, blue beyond—all made up a picture once seen never to be forgotten. The city is not so fine as Rome—but the situation is of course much finer. Here is Italy, and here are Italians—such as we see in New York. They seem different from the people in Rome—so much more dirty and ragged, so many more donkeys and garbage, and garlic.

Pompeii was visited from Naples.

I had a strange feeling as I turned into the paved street, with chariot ruts in the pavement and broken houses on either side—shops, bakeries, mills, wine shops, houses, farms, temples, theatres, all the life of these people spread out before us. Roman life in a fashionable town—in all its glitter, and in its shame—disgustingly and flagrantly sensual—no wonder it was overwhelmed. We wandered about an hour and a half among the ruins, and would have liked to remain longer but wanted to make an early start for the summit of Vesuvius ; so we got a lunch at a restaurant, hired four horses, and one for our guide, and mounted. We might have rivalled " Buffalo Bill " who is in Naples now. These Italian horses are small, and not very spirited, unless indeed the whip is freely used. None of us had been on horses for years, and our poor young Englishman, whom we dubbed " St. Mary," was a very timid horseman, and several times quite delayed us. Our pockets were stuffed with great oranges—our wine bottles—for our refreshment on the way. We soon began to feel some confidence and got up a smart gallop, the clatter of our horses' hoofs bringing old and young to the doors to gaze and wonder and admire (?) Well, we had a jolly ride—so much better than going up by the railroad on the other side.

First we held our way through small villages and between vineyards in which worked brown men and handkerchief-headed women—and then mounting higher we found ourselves in the region of lava—but so pulverised that it makes, they say, good soil—anyhow miles of it were planted with vineyards. Then beyond this to the hard lava. Here our horses chose their own steps in the trail and up we went. The lava would be sometimes higher than our heads—rivers of it cooled in the most fantastic

shapes—great convolutions of it like mighty serpents coiled, sometimes resembling men and ships. When we got to the foot of the crater we dismounted, leaving our horses to the care of some boys—ate oranges, and girded ourselves for the climb. It was steep, hot, and the worst of it was that one's boots sink in fine dust, and then slip back some distance. I was glad to avail myself of a guide's strap, held over his shoulder, and thus was helped up. It would have taken me two and a half hours otherwise, instead of the one and a half hours it took. We rested, ate oranges and snow, and mounted again, over the rough jagged lava streams, and finally, hot and weary, reached the top. Such a view behind us! the whole bay and the valley at our feet, and before—over some gaping seams from which came sulphur fumes that nearly choked one—a few yards and we stood on the edge of the crater. It gave me a feeling of awe. Such a sight! the steam filled it and came out in a volume as if all the boilers in Lancashire were letting off steam in one place at once. Hidden by the steam was a sound of heavy waves lashing the shore—the molten lava, and then a sudden upheaval and a quantity of the lava would be thrown up 100 feet, and fall away from us, borne by the wind. Such tremendous power! It was almost overpowering. The wind was so keen I took shelter behind a bed of cold lava, but the others explored, and I was thankful that they came out all right; Joe lost his handkerchief in the crater. The guides dipped copper coins in some of the melted lava—I hope to bring one home—bent it over, and then let it cool, imprisoning the coin. We were not long on the top, and were only ten minutes coming down to the horses, then mounted and came merrily to the station and so home. It was a day never to be forgotten; I think I got enough exercise to satisfy even Dr. Thorp—peace be to him.

I have enjoyed Naples. To-day is glorious; sky, bay, all in such sunlight! I hope we shall have a good voyage to Alexandria. My next will probably be from Cairo. We leave George here, and shall miss him!

Some notes of the voyage to Alexandria may be given:

By this time we became somewhat acquainted with some of our fellow passengers. There were some of Gaze's and Cook's tourists—about forty in all, and, including ourselves, thirteen ministers, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and Friends. Nearly all Americans and generally "Western." They were however agreeable. There were several D.D.'s in the party, and a Dr. Leake, who comes from Pittsburg, and who sat next me at table, was very nice; none of them drank wine, and we constantly astonished the Italian waiters by our tastes. It seemed such a novel thing that

we should not take wine. We had some pleasant times singing hymns, and when First-day came we had three "services." Dr. Leake in the morning preached eloquently on the Spirit. They asked me to give a Bible reading in the afternoon, and I did; I hope it did some good. Several thanked me, and in the evening Dr. Hayes gave a lecture on Egypt and its relation to Syria. It was a pleasant First-day. When it was found that we were Friends, we were objects of general interest, and several asked us questions and knew Friends. Even the guide of the Gaze party told me his grandmother was a Friend, but her goodness must have been exhausted in his father. We are thus far very glad that we are not in any party.

Our passage was so favourable that we got into Alexandria this morning (Monday) at about 8.30. The first thing I saw from our port-hole was the lighthouse occupying the site of the old world wonder Pharos.

This is Africa. We engaged a stalwart-looking Arab and were soon down the gangway, in our carriage and on our way to the Custom House. Such a scene on the dock—such costumes and colours. Turbans, the red fez, semi-Turkish, blue, scarlet, yellow; shouting, gesticulating, and in the dirty streets by our noses we know we are in the East.

The business part of the city is quite like Naples or Rome—good streets and fine buildings, and many French and English shops. We left our bags at the station, and then came the settlement with these beggars. Such swindlers! "*backsheesh*" is even now a familiar sound in our ears, and will be till we are out of the country. We are waiting for our train to Cairo and are writing in a café. Such noises—as if about twenty men were just on the verge of a fight. One will get used to it I presume. One is glad the English are in Egypt, and that there is now something like law and order. Mr. Allen, who was here at the time, said the bombardment did not injure the town, it was Arabi Pasha.

Cairo. March 18th, 1890.

I long for the pen of a ready writer or, as I use a stylus, the practised one of an old Roman, so that I might describe this wonderful city to you. But first I must go back to Alexandria. It is hard to believe that it had an ancient glory so great as we are told. There are no remains of it now—libraries, schools, all gone—an uninteresting place, dirty and low. We left it at 4, and were soon in a most interesting district. I have taken many railway journeys but never one of such absorbing interest. We were in the Nile delta—flatter than a prairie—bitter lakes on our right, and sand-hills on our left. These

belonged to a canal, and clear cut against the sky picturesque Arabs with camels, and asses or buffaloes in single file, passed along it. Then the country opened out, and we began to understand why the Nile is deified in Egypt. Where there is no water the ground is hard, dry, barren; but where the water goes it blossoms as the rose. There is a vast system of irrigation by means of canals and in rills; the water is thus carried to almost every part, and all is verdant. The soil must be almost inexhaustible, and as the Nile fertilizes it every spring, it gives rich crops. I never saw such green, even in Ireland.

The delta swarms with life. Villages are very frequent, but such villages! mere mud hovels of the poorest description on raised plots—each with its graveyard, and most have a group of palm trees or the feathery tamarisk. These are islands in the season of the Nile floods, now there are mud roads leading everywhere. I have seen dirty shanties in Ireland, and huts in Scotland not o'er clean, but for dirt these are the worst. Mud and dung are the walls; the roofs are low and flat; goats, chickens, donkeys, seem to be numbered among the inmates. Over some there rose the graceful minaret of some mosque, or the dome of some sheik's tomb. There were engines pumping in some places, sometimes the water was raised by the simple and ancient wheel, and then again two naked figures with a large basket—it looked like one—on ropes, scooped up the water and skilfully flung it into the channel.

We bought oranges, oranges—and such oranges! so tender and juicy—I never ate such. Our train was an express, and we made good time; but the day fell, and the last third of our run was made in darkness. The trains are like English ones, only there are not compartments in them, and all are smoked in. We came second class, and found them quite comfortable, after one got used to the tobacco smoke. We passed one or two branches of the Nile. How large it must have seemed to Jew or Greek, and seems even to me, accustomed as I am to American rivers. It is of a rich brown like the Tiber, and flows slowly down between mud banks. So we got into Cairo without seeing anything of the city; but were soon at our hotel, and found it a pleasant exchange from our narrow cabins on shipboard. It is a very nice one, and in true Oriental fashion is built around an open court. The halls at every landing open out into it like an open bay window, and every story has its covered passage like a verandah. In the middle of the court below is a large aviary, and the mornings are vocal with the matins of the birds. Vines grow all over, nearly covering the trellis-work, and when lighted up, as it was when we first came into it, it seemed like fairyland. We have such a nice room,

our two beds hung with muslin because of the mosquitoes, though I have only seen one as yet.

We had a bath, after dinner a short walk, and then offered our praise and retired. A long, lovely night. I was waked by the birds. No wonder ablutions were so important a part of Eastern religions—there is nothing so refreshing as a bath. Breakfast over we waited for the coming of our donkey boy. He is one whom Clarkson Wallis recommended and we especially wanted him. He speaks English, and has been at Paris. At last he came, and we have engaged him for our stay here. It is too hot for much walking, and carriages cannot go through the narrow streets, so donkeys are in great request. Our guide's name is Achmed Ali—a devout Mahometan, an abstainer, and a good fellow. We are already quite attached to him. He is twenty years old—has been married two years, and in a burst of confidence quite unusual in an Arab, told us his wife is thirteen. He seems fond of her, and his brother-in-law was our other donkey boy—for every one of these long eared, obstinate, patient creatures has to have a boy to run behind and drive it on by blows and shouts. Achmed seems grieved with the loss of much of the old religious life among the people—they do not pray, he says, and they drink wine. With many gestures he told me that he only takes café and smokes; he insisted that tobacco does one good, and he much wanted us to try it—not opium he explained. Well I am glad to have such an intelligent fellow.

The English occupation of Egypt is not an unmixed blessing; drink has followed, and in such a passionate nature as the Arab must work havoc, and sooner than with us. Achmed is a devout fellow, and would put to shame some so-called Christians in England. They are very polite. He several times shook hands with a friend and then both kissed their hands. I think it is the ordinary mode of salutation. He got two good donkeys for us, and behold us mounted and *en route*. We visited two mosques—the architecture is *as* I expected, rough but striking. We put on slippers over our shoes. They let J. photograph freely, and a young man saying his prayers in a loud voice swaying forward and backward as he prayed seemed not disturbed at all by our operations.

But the streets of Cairo! Who can describe them? Such movement, colour, and cries, such shops, such beggars, such camels and asses, such sweets and vegetables. It is like a dream, or a chapter from the "Arabian Nights," and now that we have been some hours through them, I feel as if it might be almost a vision, the tangled and unsubstantial fabric of a dream. Where else could you see such sights? Bagdad? No, not on such a

scale. Cairo is the witch city, the meeting place of east and west, two civilizations struggling in her womb, on every hand symbols of old times and memories, and round the corner the modern villa and the French gardens. Narrow dark streets a constant offence to the nose, dirt and shame, and neat wide boulevardes and French and English fashions, I wished I had eyes in the back of my head and the steady push of the camel, so that I might see on all sides and go where I cannot now. Our donkeys are after the usual sort, but they are easy riders and I enjoy mine. The name of Joe's is "Ginger," and mine "Rosenita."

After the mosques this morning, came the Tombs of the Caliphs. They are outside the walls and over sandy hills.

The finest one has a name I cannot remember. In the school connected with it some children were learning to read, each one rocking backward and forward and droning out the Koran in loud and unmusical tones. Is Mahometanism a dead faith? No, in one school here there are 3,000 students, and you should have seen Achmed's face light up when I asked him if he had ever been in Mecca, "No sir, but I expect to go." He is saving money for it. He says "Good men are at home after 8 p.m., bad men go out drink, etc." Much the same all the world over.

Evening.—We are just home from such an afternoon—and tired! been on donkeyback for hours—think how we shall feel to-morrow! Well two p.m. came and with it Achmed, and the donkeys, and we were off. He is determined that we shall see all that is possible in the four or five days we have here. So we have been on the gallop most of the time. Dinner just over now; I must finish and then to bed as we are to be up at 5.15. to-morrow to get an early start for the Pyramids. We met a funeral, and it was no more absurd in costume than one in Rome, but the women made more noise, it was really wailing. There seem to be so many women about, and the way they chatter is wonderful. Mary Thorne is nowhere (English readers will excuse a local Canadian expression). Two nearly came to blows in a group to-day—but Achmed was unmoved—it is such a daily occurrence. First we rode to old Cairo and crossed to the Island of Roda, not in a boat but on the dry river bed, for this branch of the Nile drys up in the dry season. On this island is the Nilometer which indicates the rise of the Nile in ells. It is a post in a square well with Arabic figures on it; and a sheik is sworn to keep a correct account of the rise.

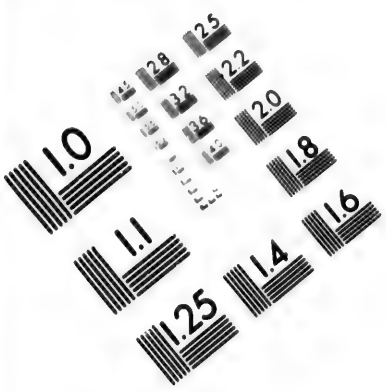
Returning we visited the Coptic church in the same quarter, it must be very old and as ugly as it is old. In the vault, we were gravely assured, on a certain stone Mary sat, Christ sat on another, and Joseph on another. Another mosque, having in it three hundred and sixty-six pillars and one miraculously brought to

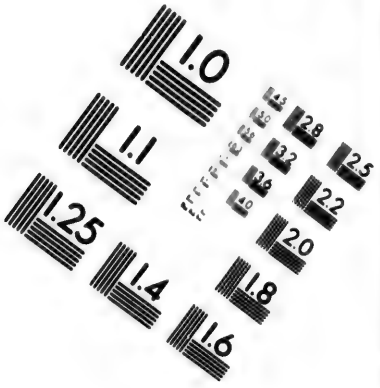
Cairo from Mecca; by a freak of nature it has a white vein, which the Arabs say—and Achmed believes it—is the stroke of the prophet's whip as he commanded it to transport itself to Cairo, and struck it with his whip for not moving at once. Then over the dusty rubbish hills to the graves of the Mamelukes, much the same as those of the Caliphs, as dirty, and as obscure in their origin.

All this afternoon that donkey boy has kept up with us and "belted" those poor beasts, I wonder how he does it. Mine had an invincible desire to edge on to the pavement and I nearly knocked one man down. My hand is sore pulling on the right rein. I tried to assume an easy and free position riding home, but I think onlookers would see I am not used to riding. Please excuse this writing I am so weary and after offering thanks I will right to bed, good night.

March 21st, 1890.

We came home so weary yesterday, that I could not undertake to write last evening, and I have risen at 6.15, so that I could tell you of the pleasures of this memorable day. First, we rose at 5.15, so it was a long day. Breakfast in our room, at six we were on our donkeys and making our way toward the Great Pyramid. At the bridge over the Nile began the procession toward the city. They pay toll there, and camels and donkeys and chickens and goats, etc., were countless. We pushed on; sometimes the way seemed blocked by camels, loaded with clover in such quantity that they looked like small moving mountains of green, but we dodged between, though frequently I came unpleasantly near the heads of these creatures and felt some fear lest they might bite. We were on a broad fine road, shaded by splendid trees leading right to the Pyramids. They rose before us, growing in size, in a silent grandeur that impressed one, as no other building does. A Bedouin tribe seems to have taken possession of the Great Pyramid, and every traveller who goes up or in it must pay the sheik one shilling. The old rascal must get quite an income. At the end of the road is a large European hotel. It strikes one as very incogruous in such surroundings. Of all the beggars in the East that we have met, these Pyramid fellows are the most rapacious. The extortions at Niagara are nothing, but J. stood firm, Achmed came to the rescue, and we got off fairly well. Of course we went up and into it. It is over four hundred and fifty feet high, and commands a wide view. It and the two smaller ones stand on the rock plateau overlooking the Nile and on the other side is the wide bare solitude of the desert. Life and death side by side. The facing of the outside was once of white polished limestone making a smooth surface, but now torn off to build the palaces in Cairo. The top stone is gone and many of the corner stones. It was at one corner





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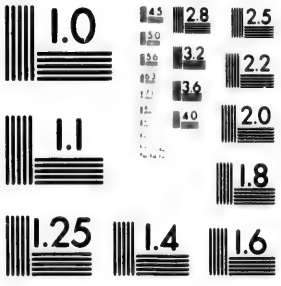

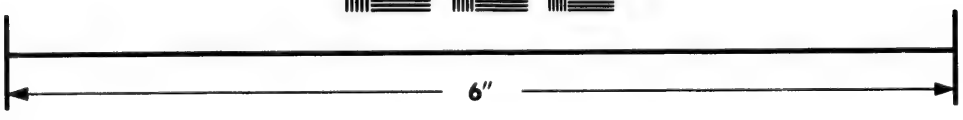

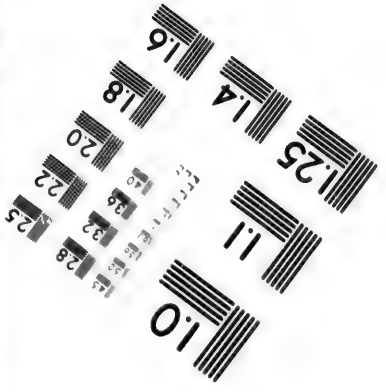

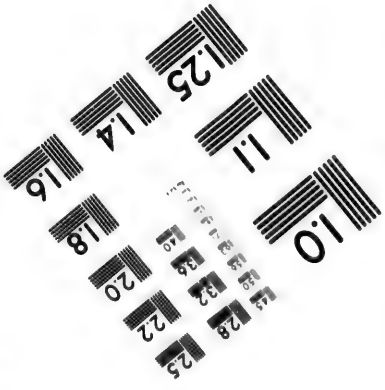

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we made the ascent. The tiers of stone are very high, three feet perhaps, so they are difficult to climb, but with two men to drag, and one to push, one goes up quite easily. To go inside is the most difficult matter. First down an inclined opening about three or four feet high, then up another, over polished granite so smooth that one is in constant danger of slipping and spinning down like a ball in a bowling alley, but here your barefooted Arabs are necessary and trustworthy. We had candles, and the place was awfully dark. There were bats flying, and we could hear the noise of these creatures disturbed by our lights and voices. Then we came to the Grand Gallery, twenty-seven feet high, into the Antechamber, and under a very low doorway into the King's Chamber. This is a fine large hall, all in polished granite, holding only the empty sarcophagus of the King. There are no hieroglyphics on this pyramid. We did not go to the Queen's Chamber, it is small and nothing but bare walls. I was glad to breathe once more the outside air. So here is another boyish ambition gratified. This pyramid is supposed by many to have been divinely built, that is, that the architect was inspired, and while the measurements are certainly most peculiar, one hesitates to accept Piazzi Smyth's conclusion. I suppose it is the oldest, most enduring, and most wonderful work of man. It is the nearest approach to a mountain that the art of man ever achieved. There it stands, old when Joseph came to Egypt, and making Rome, ancient Rome, modern. One might almost safely say that it will stand as long as the world endures, for it would cost millions of pounds to destroy it, and its hard granite will endure as the hills themselves. We did not attempt the smaller pyramids, but saw the Sphynx. This whole plateau was once a great burial ground, with avenues and walls and gates, and it seems certain that up the steps between the fore arms of the great Sphynx was one way of approach. The figure is sixty-six feet high, but partly covered with sand and the face and head are much mutilated. The face is thirteen feet broad, the ear four-and-a-half feet long, the nose, gone now, seven feet long, and yet despite the disfigurement there is an expression of calm and almost beauty—certainly majesty—in the stone lines, of that great face. An old ruined temple is near it, but leaving these behind us we struck into the desert for the Sakarah Pyramids and tombs.

It was like "the way thou goest down to Gaza which is desert." It gives one a very faint idea of travelling in a caravan. Desolate brown hills with lonely valleys between them, bare, with beautiful pebbles, but no sign of life.

Nearer the Nile were occasional tents of the Bedouin with camels grazing if such it could be called, and baby camels with neck and legs ridiculously long. Dogs barked at us, and some-

times a lonely figure watched a group of camels. It gave one a spasm of fear—such a waste howling wilderness. There was a fresh wind, but the sun was hot as we toiled on on our patient donkeys. Before us were the fifteen pyramids of Sakarah, some in ruins and some well preserved. What could perish in this sand and air? At last when we were growing weary and sore, we saw a house, I call it such by courtesy only, and were glad to find that it was our noon halting place. First however we went to the temple of the sacred Bull Apis. Long dark corridors hewn out of the solid rock, with twenty-five chambers, hewn out on the sides wherein were immense sarcophagi, in which used to lie the bodies of these bulls after being ferried over the sacred lake. It was hot in there and a fine place for bats. Then to the tomb of Ti, and another somewhat similar, where the hieroglyphics are as fresh and sharp as though done yesterday. These must be of great interest to the student of Egyptology. To us they were figures of the King, sitting, or crossing in his boat, of fish, gazelles, ibis, etc. Then in the bamboo covered porch of Maritte's house we ate the lunch Achmed had brought from the hotel in the saddle bags for us. Thanks to our good filter, we were able also to enjoy the water. We had enough lunch to give Achmed and the two donkey boys a good portion. These poor boys. I do not see how they can run all day. The donkeys, after eating their clover, laid flat out in the sun, and I followed their example till a kind of insect made me assume a standing position by threatening to climb my trousers.

At last we start again and have several miles before we come to the Nile valley with its green grass and wheat and barley quite headed out. The usual dirty villages, but all the inhabitants seem at work in the fields, and every waterwheel going. We wound around till we came to Memphis. The only thing to see there was the colossal statue of Ramses II., forty-two feet high. It has a wall built around it, and one goes up to a platform from which he looks down on the grave calm face. It is like the Sphynx and is supposed to be of the same king. Both legs are broken. This and one corner of a wall are all that remains of the once great and populous city, the "Pride of Egypt," with its temple and 12,000 priests and attendants. Only mud-fields and dirty villages. The careless traveller would not know that he is on particularly historic ground. This I suppose was the capital of Egypt when Joseph "was next to the king." A mile or so beyond we took train, donkeys and all, and arrived at our hotel at about 6.15. Oh! we were weary. We have only one day more here, and looking back over the nearly three days we have had it seems almost a fortnight. We have seen so much and it has all been so new and strange. I should think that there is no city in the world like Cairo. I had

no idea it would prove so interesting. Dream-land, it seems to me, like things one fancies in boyhood, and never supposes will come to pass. I am almost tempted to pinch myself, only J. does that or something equally awakening often enough to convince me that it is really I, that I am in Cairo and having all these pleasures. I do not deserve them. I hope I shall benefit by them so that it may not be a mere "lust of the eyes." They will always be among the "pleasures of memory."

Friday morning.—We "did" the bazaars and they are worth doing. No adequate description of them can be given. It made one wish for a long purse, such pretty things there were, and the work in brass and silver too was very fine. Of course much is in a semi-barbaric style, but only the more interesting on that account. Achmed led us through these mazes, and saw that we were not imposed upon. The streets were full of people and one just had to elbow his way along. They are so narrow too, and covered reeds or boards that make them very cool and shady. Smells? Yes, no wonder the oriental smokes. It is a much pleasanter odour than many others that would otherwise meet his olfactory nerves. We got some little things. Among other things we bought one or two small bottles of attar of roses from an intelligent young perfume merchant. He could speak some English, and J., I think, enjoyed chaffering with him. They do expect such an amount of jewing and jawing, I can't do it. The merchants sit cross-legged at the front of their wee shops, everything so in reach that they do not have to rise to show goods, and so save all their strength to haggle with.

Then follows an account in his diary of howling dervishes, "a sad and disgusting sight."

Achmed brought us home through these indescribable streets and halted near his own home; inviting us to have a cup of coffee. We could not refuse. His hospitality was extended to us in the streets. We did not see his wife, but she may have been one of the several women with covered faces who were around us. The children gathered round us, Achmed's brother was introduced, and we formed the centre of a group that I am sure felt more amusement than *admiration*. The coffee is good. We have grown to like much this black Eastern stuff. I never supposed I should.

Achmed's wife has made a band for the veils and nose pieces we bought. Very kind of her. We got these and came away in state. Achmed seemed much to enjoy doing us this honour. We have settled with him, and besides the regular agreement, gave him, the good trusty fellow, a few shillings extra and a couple to

his wife. He is coming to-morrow morning to see us off and to get the letter of recommendation we are leaving for him. He is a very decent fellow, I hope to meet him in Heaven, and though he speaks English very well here—there, there shall be one speech, and he can understand me.

To my surprise his brother showed me letters from the Richardsons of Ireland highly recommending him, so goodness must run in the family. I am to take back letters to them from him. Achmed said: "I care not so much about money, but I care for my good name." I have been encouraging him to read the Koran and to go to Mecca on a Pilgrimage. Was that right? Well I thought so, and do still.

So now to-morrow Cairo becomes a thing of the past. Well, I never spent days in this way more pleasantly. I wish I had the Eastern art of telling stories. I saw a group of eager listeners round a man to-day. He was telling some tale, I should have joined the group if I could have understood. But I cannot describe facts, so I fear I have given you no real notion of this unique oriental city, next Constantinople the largest, and next Mecca and Medina the most devotedly Moslem in the Turkish Empire.

From Port Said we have some jottings, of which we give some extracts:

Ismailia is a most uninteresting town, and we were detained there an hour. The canal has no stonework at all.

We saw the new moon last night. The sky is so clear here, we could see the whole faint outline, but only the bottom part seemed dipped in silver—a thin but so bright crescent—no wonder Moslems have chosen it as the symbol of their faith—it was so beautiful. We arrived here about 7.40, and are at a not very comfortable hotel. Port Said seems to be quite a town, but such a dirty low place. I am glad we have no longer to stay in it. There is only a Catholic and English Church in the place, so we have had our own worship. I wonder if I have told you how very quickly the darkness comes in these countries. We noticed it last night. There is no sweet hour between the daylight and the darkness, the dark comes at once. We have been thinking of you all.

CHAPTER XI.

First visit to Palestine—Jerusalem—Jericho—Jordon and the Dead Sea—Mar Saba—Bethlehem—Friends' Mission, Ramallah—Tent Life—Nablous—Samaria—Orphans' Home, Nazareth—Galilee—Damascus—Beyrout—Friends' Mission, Brumana—Branch F.C F.U.—Bible readings on board ship—Ephesus—Friends' Mission, Constantinople—Athens—Sympathy for Greece—Foggio—Venice—St. Gothard Pass—Holland—Return to London.

Jerusalem. March 25th,

AT last I am able to write that name of so many associations, and tell you that we have reached the goal of our travel, and it will seem as if, when we leave Jerusalem, we are turning our faces homeward.

The run to Jaffa was a smooth one, and we had a long and good night, but in the morning we ran into a dense fog, so the ship could only run at half speed, and things looked dismal. But at last we ran out of it and before us lay the long low range of sand hills, and behind them the blue range of the mountains of Judah and Benjamin. It was the Holy Land with all its memories and histories and its peculiar interest for Christians in all times.

We were soon putting in toward Jaffa. The town has no harbour, but it is a most picturesque place. The houses climb the hill, and behind are dark groves of orange and olive. Soon a fleet of boats puts off to us. Cook's and Gaze's men in red and blue, and any number of howling natives. It was an animated scene.

Any pleasant opinions one had formed of Jaffa from the ship's deck are dispelled on closer acquaintance. It is a filthy, evil-smelling town. We were out however in the German quarter, where thirty years ago a number of Germans colonized, and their thrift and cleanliness are apparent.

Behind Jaffa is a low district which Mr. Lloyd told me was a harbour in Solomon's time. Here are the gardens, and very fruitful and green and pleasant they are.

Leaving Jaffa, we cross the plain of Sharon. The "rose of Sharon" is a flower in dispute, but the plain has many beautiful flowers growing on it. It is very green now, and seems well cultivated in an Arabian fashion. Their ploughs are light wooden things just shod with iron, and they merely tickle the ground.

Watch-towers are built at certain intervals, but seem needless as the road is so fine and safe. It is a good road, and besides the one from Beyrout to Damascus, the only one in the land for carriages. Two hours out we passed Ramleh, and in another hour were on a small height where we overlooked the valley of Ajalon, the scene of Joshua's victory, and where the moon stood still. It is now a peaceful vale, the other side bounded by the blue hills over which we must climb to Zion. God not only made His people a separate people religiously but geographically—desert to the south and east, mountains to the west and north, and many an army has traversed the plain from north to south and never attempted the rocky defiles. At last about 4 p.m. we started again, and began our climb. The road winds around following the defile and there are on it many excellent places for waylaying travellers. The hills are rounded and rocky, rising as if in terraces, and on some of these there are patches of ground and perhaps an olive tree. There are many of these, and they very closely resemble an aged willow. Two hours brought us to the crest of the main ridge, and as if our arrival were timed for sunset, we reached the summit just about ten minutes before it. Behind us lay these round hills, down the defiles we looked, across the plain of Sharon to the broad belt of the sea shining in glory under the setting sun. We stopped the carriage, climbed to an elevation above us, and watched.

I shall never forget that first sunset in Palestine from the mountains of Judah. It was too hallowed an hour to talk. The sun touched the rim of the horizon—sank lower, out of sight now. The west is glowing purple, and gold the hill tops, the valleys below are in the shadow, the silence is broken only by the tinkling of the distant bells of camels out of sight or the occasional shout of some donkey boy coming up from below—with us the light lingers, and the whole scene is as quiet as a worshipper breathless with adoration. It is the shrine of God, and my soul bowed before Him in this chosen land and thanked Him for this hour, and the privilege of treading these hills and beholding these valleys. We were quiet as we resumed our journey and the sudden darkness fell on us before we had climbed the next lower ridge. Then the moon came out, and under her pale silvery light the rest of the journey was accomplished. We dipped into valleys and wound up hillsides expecting every moment that the city of our search would burst on us. We really got no view nor idea of the city on coming into it, so we cannot describe emotions we had not. Anyhow had it been daylight the view of the city is impressive but disappointing from this side. It is over the Mount of Olives the finest views are to be had.

Well, now I must close, as we want to "go about Zion and count her towers and mark well her bulwarks" before lunch.

We followed the walls. The Zion Gate, David's Grave, Dung Gate—any of them might be termed that—then we climbed a tower and got a view over the Kidron and to Olivet beyond. The city we see is new, the one our Lord knew lies in ruins twenty-seven or fifty feet below. This city, it is said, has stood twenty-seven sieges and captures, and while perhaps the general features are the same, it must be very different to the one our Lord knew. Of course that had magnificent palaces and fine architecture; the present city looks as if it were just recovering from a siege and bombardment. But still though "on heaps" and "trodden down of the Gentiles," it is the city of the thousand memories. There is only, can ever be only one Jerusalem on earth. The city is divided into quarters, not in any arbitrary way, but by those of the same faith naturally settling together. There is the greatest jealousy among the great churches. The Greek seems to be exercising more influence than any other. They hate the Latins. There is a great deal of charity in the way of hospitals, dispensaries, etc.

The Jews are returning in great numbers. A gentleman told us that there are 35,000 or 40,000 now in Jerusalem. They are known by a curl or tuft of hair before either ear, and many of them have good faces.

We find considerable building going on, and on this side of the city, villas are being built and churches and schools going up. No doubt in a few years the city will be greatly changed. So we are seeing it in the right time, but for the sake of the people one can but wish these changes may come soon.

A description of the Mosque of Omar follows.

Very brief notes must be given of the further stages towards Brumana.

Then to the Jews' wailing place. There were not many there to-day, but there are the great stones of the foundation of the first temple. On Fridays they gather here and have a sort of responsive service: Leader "For the palace that lies desolate": Response "We sit in solitude and mourn," etc. Well I believe it will yet be theirs, "when they see Him whom they have pierced."

"I told some of them in their Synogogue—a dirty place—that I looked for the Messiah also. Then we came to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is divided between the sects, the Greek and Latins having the lion's share. Such mummery,—I can't describe the marble over the Sepulchre; Pilgrims were coming in kissing the marble, while candles and lamps were burning. We neither kissed nor backed out. Then there came an almost

endless succession of absurdities, Calvary, Adam's grave, Nicodemus's grave, the Chapel of the True Cross, Candles, Crosses, *ad nauseam*. How very convenient to have all these places under one roof! it saves the time of pilgrims. It was a relief to get with J.'s banker, and to go out to his flour mill. He is doing a very good business—engines, etc., all from England. Such work as they had getting them from Jaffa; the engine fell into the sea, but was not much damaged. He also took us to what General Gordon believed to be the true site of Calvary. I believe it is too. It is outside the wall, and in shape curiously resembling a skull, and called by an Arabic word meaning skull; at its base is a tomb hewn out of the rock, in what must have been a garden; in every way it satisfies my imagination. Many have come to think with Gordon. He had the tomb cleaned out at his own expense. I plucked some flowers from the top. It commands a fine view of Jerusalem, Olivet, etc. I am very glad we were shown it. To-morrow we start at 7 a.m. for the Dead Sea, Jordan, etc. We will be away three days. Then I shall have more to tell you. I must to bed now to be fresh for to-morrow's ride. We shall have six hours in the saddle and our first experience of tents.

On First-day next we hope to get out to the Mission at Ramallah—twelve miles.

Jericho. March 26th.

We have had a long day of it. Were up at a little past six, hurried our dressing, tied necessary things in towels to be put in the saddle bags—breakfasted at railway speed and were soon on our steeds and away. There are five horses, we have each one, the dragoman one, the luggage and muleteer one, and our Arab escort one. His is his own—a beautiful one. The road seems safe, but they say that from scripture times it has been notorious for thieves, hence our escort with his gun over his shoulder, quite an imposing personage, while we trailed after. First past the city down into the vale of Jehoshaphat, and over a road leading along the face and around the end of Olivet. A little past the end we came to Bethany. It is now a very dirty ruinous town. The ruins of the house of Martha and Mary are shown, and the grave of Lazarus. Then the new-made road winds on down to Jericho. And it is down. The spire of the Greek church followed us in sight nearly all the way. They are making this road so it is only done in parts. Road making in Palestine is a primitive business. There is no iron scraper, no mules are used, all is done by picks and blasting, and the rubbish is carried away in baskets by men, women, and boys. In the first deep valley there is a fine spring called the Apostles' Well, and there we begin to climb to the next

height. Here we lunch in a caravansari. Our muleteer has gone, arranged a table, we sit on chairs and have eggs, chicken, beef, sardines, bread, jam, oranges, figs, nuts, cheese and hot coffee, so we do well. While our dragoman is eating his we climb the hill just above to the ruins of an old castle that commanded the pass. The view was fine, just range after range of rounded hills, with deep valleys, occasionally a flock of sheep, and the watchful shepherd near. That was about half way. From there to Jericho the way is much wilder but I was somewhat disappointed in it. The cliffs do not overhang the road, there were not the deep dark defiles I had expected to see—though there were places enough where one could be way-laid. Soon we came to the bank of the brook Cherith (1 Kings xvii. 1-7). It is a mountain torrent almost dry now, that has cut a very deep channel through the hills out to Jordan. Sometimes the banks are very steep and always very high and in some places we went on the very edge. A Greek monastery has been built down near the stream, under the cliff in a very lonely spot. A hermit once lived there and the narrow path that wound to it on the other side we could follow with our eye for a long distance. At last we caught sight of the green groves and fields around Jericho, and to the south the Dead Sea. We came down abruptly into the plain.

Of the country near Jericho he writes :—

Jericho—the present town—is a most wretched place, the old city stood nearer the hills and we passed over mounds and plain stone walls. We could not trace the walls, and indeed the whole plain must have been covered with buildings. It is wide here, and beyond is the wall of mountains, blue and purple, of Moab. Indeed all day they have been before us, for they can be seen from Jerusalem. We have come down 3,700 feet to the level of the Dead Sea. This plain, Jordan, and the mountains must be yet as Joshua saw them when he led the Children of Israel over, and "camped over against Jericho." Before coming to Jericho, we skirted the plain and visited Elisha's fountain. It is a beautiful one and irrigates a large portion of the plain. We drank and washed. It was the most refreshing thing we have seen. This is the spring the prophet made sweet, by casting in salt. We passed under the reputed Hill of Temptation. There are numerous caves in it, and a Greek Church is perched half-way up. From there over the well-watered plain to this plain but clean hotel. We have been in the saddle over six hours. I have a very good horse, and to-morrow we shall have a harder ride still. There are two encampments of tourists near Elisha's spring, and the tents and flags look very jolly. We gathered some

apples of Sodom and sat under a fig tree, but "the time of figs is not yet." It may very truly be said of this plain —

"Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile,"

for in spite of fig and banana trees, fields and water, Jericho is wretchedly dirty, and the inhabitants, "vile indeed." We have been reading some of the Scripture references to Jericho, Elisha, Jordan, etc., and I am sure the Bible will always have a fresher interest for us because of this visit. We shall, if all be well, reach Jerusalem again on Seventh-day afternoon, and we hope we shall find letters, by the post that comes to-morrow or next day. But Turkish mails are very uncertain.

Convent of Mar Saba. March 25th.

We have had a long day but I must do some writing or get hopelessly behind. Our evening work was interrupted at Jericho by a dance of the natives. About fifty men, women, and children came before the hotel door and performed. Such weird noises accompanied by clapping of the hands and grotesque movements of the body. One person generally stood before the circle, whom they imitated, once it was a woman with a drawn sword; the children danced last and best. Children are children all the world over. I wish you could have seen the gardens around our hotel, and the lemons in bloom. The bloom is white and so sweet. This morning we were off again by 7 a.m. I managed to get a good night's rest, by a wise and large use of Keating's Powder—blessings on the inventor of it. Our first route was to the Jordan. Two gentlemen joined us—one of whom is a German Count—and a most crabbed man. His poor dragoman has been complaining to us. Our way lay over the plain going gently down and growing more sandy and dry as we went on. There were only two diversions, one when the Count's horse collided with the pack mule and nearly took away his bridle, and the other, when in full tilt the dragoman's horse stumbled and went clean over, falling on the fellow's leg, but the soft sand saved it, and neither was hurt. It really seemed a remarkable escape, and when I said so to him he said in a very devout way "Yes sir, I do so thank God." I was very much pleased with his spirit. Two hours brought us to Jordan at the fords and the supposed spot of the crossing of the Children of Israel. The banks of this ancient river are covered with tamarisks, balsams, etc. It is very muddy and flows rapidly. The banks on the other side are rather steep and perhaps one hundred and fifty feet high in places, but just at the ford it is low. We tied up our horses and had a lovely swim in it. The dragoman had towels for us and we found the bath most refreshing. In this very spot the evening before several poor Russian pilgrims were

robbed and left naked. We were not in any way molested. From there we came to the shore of the Dead Sea. Ere we reached it, the salt began to cover places on the ground and encrusted some of the branches of the low shrubs, the only things that grow there. The hills are bold on either side and sometimes jut out into the sea. Owing to the immense evaporation a mist seems always hanging over it, hiding the distance. Such a dreary spot, forsaken, dead; the curse of God seems over it yet. The strand where we were is pebbly, and the sea shimmered away, in colour a dark blue. The mean depth is over 1,000 feet. I tasted the water and except for a memory of wormwood taken when I was a child, I never tasted medicine nor mineral water so disgusting. Stinging, briny, sharp! I could not be tempted to spoil the effect of my Jordan bath by going into the Dead Sea, but J. and Mr. F. and several others from parties that came up while we were there, went in. It is an actual fact that you cannot sink. J. stood straight up in water over his depth, and his head and chest were out, but one's feet are very light and one can hardly keep them down. The water is oily and though both of them said they experienced no discomfort, I noticed that J. had a great time with soap and water, and the salt was on his beard dry and white. Then came a hard ride. We began our ascent over rocky ways and along rather dangerous hill-side paths where a mis-step would have sent us below. At noon we halted where a large rock cast its shadow over the road, or more accurately, bridle path, and had our lunch. It was literally "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." We had just fallen into a sleep when we heard "Come gentlemen, please, we must be going." I have such a good horse. I call him Tommy. A capital walker, so careful. He has put and kept me in the first place, behind our "Arabian (k)night," as J. calls our escort. It was a very hot and long ride—seven-and-a-half hours in the saddle. Sometimes the way was very rough and we led our horses. A part of the way was over a large plain enclosed by mountains and with fine views of the sea, etc. Nebo beyond—where Moses "viewed the landscape o'er," the portion of country where David spent his outlawed life, and beyond we could see for miles and miles away north—over ridge after ridge of hills. It is an exceedingly rough broken country. I confess when we came to the rough road that leads to this "Mar Saba"—made by the patient labour of the monks—I was rejoiced. My hands and face are nearly blistered. I shall be as brown as a nut. This is a fortress as well as a convent. Great walls and towers, and the buildings seem to hang on the face of a cliff, over the bed of a torrent now dry. It is a remarkable place. A hermit Saba lived for five years in a cell here, in the seventh century, with a lion. He founded the place, planted a palm, the fruit of which is seedless,

etc. Now there are over fifty monks here, and it must be a pretty rich institution. They have a very fine church and several chapels. It is Greek. But the stairways and courts and flat balconies, the little gardens, the monk's cells, the tiny rooms cut out of the rock, the dry river bed far below, the opposite side in which there are also cells and caves, all make up a picture one can never forget. The monks seem very kind, but rather ignorant. We have had a good dinner and are to sleep on divans that run all around this large airy room. It *is* an experience. I was hardly ever in a more romantic place. I hope we can get photos of it. The bell rings at midnight for prayers, and all the monks assemble in the chapel. I hope it won't wake us. To-morrow we do not make so early a start. We are not allowed to go into the Mosque at Hebron where the graves of Abraham and Joseph are, so we go to Bethlehem and then on to Jerusalem. These days have been splendid, let praise be given.

Hotel Feil, Jerusalem. Friday.

Here we are again and have just finished washing, taken some rest and are about ready for dinner. I have been putting some vaseline on my face and hands, they burn so, I think the skin will come off. Our ride to-day was not so long, and we are feeling in good trim. The bells did awake us, and the mosquitoes were so industrious that my rest was considerably broken. We were up at six-thirty and away by eight. We climbed up toward Bethlehem, and soon only the great watch towers of the Convent were visible.

At last we climbed another range of hills and Olivet and parts of Jerusalem could be seen on one hand and the Dead Sea on the other. Then we dipped into the valley and soon crowning the next crest, the broad valley between us and it, lay *Bethlehem*. It is by far the cleanest and prettiest town we have seen in this land. It is built on two hills and the valley between and lies "toward the sunrising." All around the hills are terraced, and vines, and olives and figs—hardly in leaf yet—grow on them. The chief feature of the place is the Church of the Nativity and the great buildings clustered around it. We passed through the fields of Boaz where that sweet pastoral was enacted, and past the reputed spot where the announcement was made to the shepherds. The Church of the Nativity is the thing to be seen. It is divided among the churches and often very fierce are their contentions. The church is nothing—gaudy and yet bare—but here is the earliest spot localised by tradition, and I presume in that rock grotto Christ was really born. It is covered with curtains and has a marble altar and candles and lamps, etc. There are absurd stories connected with it useless to mention. Not far

from it and down a passage hewn in rock we come to the cave of St. Jerome, where he fasted and prayed and translated the Scriptures into Latin. But even this cave, from which came the Vulgate, the Catholics must arch and whitewash and put a marble floor in, and hang a lamp and have an altar, till no one would ever guess it was a cave. I do get so sick of the ritual and nonsense and sheer absurdities of the churches. The quiet and plainness of our Quaker Meeting Houses would be a positive relief.

We lunched at Bethlehem at the house of our dragoman. He has lived in England three years, and is a Christian I believe. He introduced us to his wife, and their sitting-room is in very nice semi-English style. His wife is pretty. They have no children.

We reached our hotel about five after three delightful days over the mountains and desert of Judæa. Burnt and weary but well repaid. My little horse kept up to the last. I was proud of him. All this is a good preparation for the time when we expect to have eleven or fourteen days of it right on. Plenty of dogs here. As I write they are making night hideous, and are worse than cats in Liverpool or Cleveland. Nobody owns them, and they lie in the shade by day, and bark and fight all night I should think. One took up with us and followed us for two days. Don't know where he is now.

Sunday Evening.

Yesterday morning we were in nearly all the time getting our letters off our hands, and in the afternoon we went with Mr. Singer to the Mount of Olives and Gethsemane. We were disappointed, and intend going alone to-morrow morning early to see the sun rise over Jerusalem. The garden is enclosed by a high wall, and then again inside that is a paling which shuts off the gnarled olive trees and the flowers, so it leaves only a narrow gravel walk round it marked by the stations of the Cross, in small plaster reliefs. It was most disappointing. The olive trees look very venerable, that is all. It is spoiled.

Rose at 6 and were on our way at 7.30. There are some remains of a Roman road, but the path to Ramallah is the roughest I have been over. It seemed as if in places they had gathered the stones out of the vineyards and thrown them in the path. I was reminded of the text "cast up a highway and gather out the stones." It is twelve miles and we were about three hours going. At last the little town came in sight. It is pleasantly situated and good views of the Mediterranean Sea can be had from it. I at once chose a neat, nice roomy house to be the mission. However we saw no one, so passed it and went on till arrested in

a street by the sound of young voices singing Arabic words to a Sankey tune. We stopped and enquired and found it was the Meeting House. We entered. In the front of the room sitting on the matting of the floor were about seventy children, bright, mostly clean, whose voices we had heard. Behind them on forms sat forty-five or fifty grown-up people, and from a facing seat Miss Johnstone rose and welcomed us, and next dear Mrs. Leighton's good face beamed on us and she took our hands. We were soon in our seats, as the meeting had been in progress some time and we were late. The native teacher of the girls' school interpreted for us, and seemed to do so correctly and reverently. A capable woman. It was a novel thing to address these children, and the turbaned heads beyond them on one side, and the heads decked with silver coins and strange head-dresses on the other. However, we had a happy time. When meeting was over, the way they crowded around us to shake hands and welcome us. I had three hands in mine at once. We went in a sort of procession to the house which I had thought was the right one and found everything so nice, garden blooming, rooms cool and airy, an organ and books—it was a home. There are three women from America —one female native teacher and three men native teachers. These latter are such nice fellows. After dinner I felt a concern to have the workers together, and dear J. and I had such a sweet baptising time with them. It more than repaid us for our long ride. Then we had a meeting again at 2.30, and came away immediately after. The farewells were lingeringly said. They wanted us to stay several days and we would gladly do so if we had the time. These young men are lovable fellows and seemed to want us much to stay. They sang "God be with you till we meet again," as we rode away, and from the last ridge ere we lost sight of them, we waved our farewells. They have three day-schools, and a training school is in operation, and about 30 names have gone forward to New England for membership and the establishment of a Friends' Meeting. Things seem in a good condition and growing. This is one monument to the memory of good Eli Jones. He is the patron saint of the place, to speak in Catholic phrase. The Thompson's have been a month with them lately—have only gone on North about three weeks ago. We shall see them probably at Brumana. Well, this has been a lovely First-day, and we enjoyed our ride home, or here. The scenery around here is much the same as I have tried to describe. The hills around, and rocky and terraced vineyards with watch-towers on them. To our left going was the reputed tomb of Samuel. But he was buried at Ramah, and some think that Ramallah is the ancient Ramah. On another hill is Mizpah,

where the witness between Laban and Jacob was built, and where Samuel gathered the Children of Israel together to pray for them. I can never read of these places again without a vision of them rising before me.

I believe we have grateful hearts. We have thought of, and prayed for you not a little to day.

It is very sweet to have His blessing in all our pleasures, and to feel that they come from Him.

Second-day Evening.

I wonder if you will be surprised when I tell you that the good resolution we made to rise at four was not carried out. Of course you will, for you all know how easily we get up in the morning. Well the reason was that it was cloudy and threatened rain, but between the showers we have managed to get some things done.

We are glad that we have not been riding to-day for it has been wet. The large party of fifty, when we rose this morning, had "folded their tents like the Arabs and quietly stolen away," and wet they must have got too before reaching Jericho. We are now sitting opposite a man and his wife from Australia. What such people want to come to the Holy Land for I can't see. He is disappointed in Jerusalem streets—so narrow, etc., in fact it is not like his dear Melbourne, nor the Heavenly Jerusalem, so, though he was intending to stay three weeks, he will not stay one.

The sight-seeing of the morning was in Solomon's quarries. These are huge, and extend away under the city for miles I suppose. We entered by a door in the rock forming part of the city wall, and passed down a low passage into a series of large chambers and passages. There were huge stones all quarried but never taken out, niches where the workmen's lights used to be set, and in one place a beautiful spring of water. Of course we did not go all the way through them, but they are very large. This was the explanation of how no sound of hammer, etc., was heard in building the Temple; it was all done underground. The stone is a fine white soft stone, just such as would look beautiful in such an edifice. When we came out we went to leave an umbrella Miss Farquhar had lent us, at what she called the "American Family," on the wall near the Damascus Gate. We found the place but it turns out to be a community of about twenty persons living here from religious conviction. There are several families practically under one roof. They have no head, live by faith, do not observe the ordinances, do not believe in endless punishment, are students of prophecy, and have been here eight years. In many ways we found them much like Friends. The man who met us seemed a very nice person, and not a mere

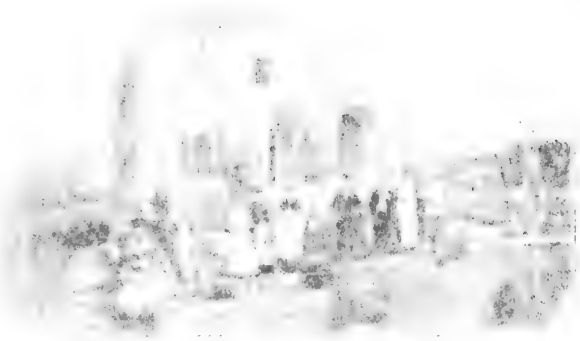
visionary. They love their Moslem quarter and find the Moslems good neighbours. They feel that a large part of their work is witnessing by their life to them. They have sundry meetings also. We felt a fellowship with this man, and came away feeling that if we were not called to such a life, it might be right for them. Their house stands very high on the Hill of Bezetha, and from its roof we had fine views of the city. Prof. Harris knew them when he was here. The old olive-wood dealer in whose shop we were to-day knew him also, and said, "Goot man, very goot man." It was pleasant to have this testimony of him. We feel we have seen Jerusalem fairly well now. To get anything like an intimate acquaintance with it one would have to stay months. We shall probably be going the day after to-morrow, but I have seldom if ever spent a pleasanter week.

In Camp, Singil. April 3rd.

Well we are really on our way. Our last day in Jerusalem was spent in negociations. We are alone. There were no others going just now and we could not wait longer as we feel we want all the time we can get at Brumana. We left without any especial concern for it, but I think we must confess that we feel strong drawings towards the mission, and are looking forward to some sweet service there.

I have decided that there are some advantages in not understanding Arabic, as when to-day as we were going through a valley a boy up on the hillside cursed us as *Christians*, and our dragoman, I am afraid, returned it in kind. It was all in Arabic so our minds were tranquil and we should not have known it had our man not told us. I told him of the English proverb "Curses like chickens go home to roost." There seemed as we were leaving Jerusalem a break in the bad weather, and we thought of a nice spin out to the mission. The road is rough and the run generally takes nearly three hours. But we had not been fifteen miles out before a shower came but we thought only a shower. At last it *came*, a pitiless dousing rain. We had left our poor muleteer behind. The dark was coming on and we were desirous of reaching the friendly shelter in good time. Mud and wet and stones, but on our good horses went. Sometimes it was hard for them to face it, but it was hard for us also so we made them. Fortunately we knew the road, and despairing of the muleteer and supposing he knew the way we pushed on. At last a mist crept up and shut us in. There was no use thinking of going back, we were almost as near Ramallah as Jerusalem—we must go on. I at least had some serious thoughts. What if we missed the turn? What if we were out all night wet and cold? Can you

fancy our feelings? But on the other hand we felt that the Guiding Hand was over us. It began to grow darker. The driving mist lifted and then shut us in again. At last we came to a path leading from the main one. We stopped and consulted, our muleteer was nowhere to be seen. We had met only one or two persons, and one party of tourists now all far behind us. We both felt it was the right path, so into it we turned, J. saying "This is our best judgment." Sometimes I hummed a hymn and sometimes I heard J. do the same and then we were silent and only the wind whistled and the rain beat and our horses' hoofs struck the loose stones. Good beasts! we could not see the rough places and so often trotted over very rough ones. The conviction grew on us that we were in the right way and at last we came to the well-defined lines of stone walls that marked the road to R., and never so welcome was the sound of dogs barking in the distance. Ten minutes more, wet but thankful, we dismounted at the mission door and gave our friends quite a surprise for they had given us up in the afternoon and wondered how we could have come over a road so rough and so hard to find even in daylight. We thought we knew and offered thanks accordingly. I soon appeared in a Syrian suit much to the amusement of all, but J. seemed not so wet. A good supper and we were very comfortable. About an hour after our muleteer appeared. We learned this morning that he did *not* know the way, so it was well that we did not wait for him—but he was wise enough to give the mule his head, and the beast with a cleverness I never suspected in donkeys, brought him in the horses' tracks, safe to the house. We had a very pleasant Bible reading in the evening. It was pleasant to be with these kind friends again. This morning we talked and J. took several photos of the Mission House and the teachers grouped on the steps. It kept getting finer and finer till all the sky became blue, and we were sure the rain was over. About noon our dragoman came. The camp had gone on. We stayed till about 1.15, had dinner, and then a nice time of general hymn singing and prayer. J. had a nice and fitting message for them and then we said our final farewell. But I shall always feel an interest in this Mission I could not possibly have felt had I never made this visit. Huldah Leighton seems a most devoted woman, and with no small amount of sagacity and common sense. She is judge and privy councillor and mother confessor, etc., to nearly all the village, for these people are in many ways like grown-up children. She told us many amusing and some sad stories of her work among them. She feels most drawn towards the women, and poor things they need her care. Their treatment is one of the saddest things one sees in the country. One woman within a short time of her confinement was



FRIENDS' MISSION, RAMALLAH.

carrying a large water jar on her head from a spring twenty minutes away and over a hill, while her lord smoked his pipe and lounged, and he a professed convert to Christianity! No wonder dear Mrs. Leighton very eloquently expostulated with him. He had never thought of it as wrong, and the poor woman probably never had either. Another sort of Christian had just sold his daughter to a man to be his wife. They are not married yet as he has only paid half the sum asked and the girl is nine years old!! When he has paid the other half she is his. But things are getting better. I wonder if we at home pray for our missionaries as we ought.

From just above the village of Bethel we got the last view of Jerusalem, seventeen miles away. The road has been very rough and we have met I should think several hundreds going up to Jerusalem. The Jews have their Passover, the Christians Easter, and the Mohammedans a pilgrimage to the grave of Moses—so they say—so the city is full of strangers, and Passion week is a lively time. We are glad to miss it all. It is a Passover moon so bright and full. J. and I have just had a turn out under her light. To-night in Passion-Week, so many years ago, the garden witnessed the Agony of our Lord. I have been in thought following Him through these days. To-morrow the Crucifixion. It was this very moon at the full that saw it all. There have been no other places in our route to-day that we knew to be of Scriptural interest. We got about 4 p.m. into the favoured country of Ephraim. It is more beautiful and more fruitful than any part of the country we have seen except around Bethlehem. Some of the views are really fine. The road down into the Robber's Valley is so rough that we walked. People constantly meet us hurrying towards Jerusalem. A swell party with a sort of bed on either side of their camels, covered with a frame and scarlet cloth, a man and woman on a donkey, luggage on one side, a sweet child in a box on the other, a blind man with a mule that would not go and resented the blows given by kicks, women barefooted and some with heavy burdens, Moslems from Damascus who say "*Bon jour*" to us, old men and young boys—all interesting—were in the procession we met. So in the old days and right up to the present, at this season throngs went up to the City. We could quite understand the mention in the Psalms of these pilgrimages. Our road led across a beautiful plain, and then up and round the face of a mountain. The green valley lay below us, and away to the north the mountains of Samaria. When we came around the shoulder of the mountain, we saw first the village of Singil, and above it the men pitching our tents. The whole town seemed to be out to watch the operation, and indeed it was not without considerable interest to ourselves.

Our tent is a fourteen cord one, and very roomy. It has a double cover, and the inside is decorated something like the old patch-work bed quilts, a great deal of yellow and red in the monstrous lilies and astonishing leaves. Our beds look inviting, we have washstands and every convenience. We have just finished dinner. The cooking tent is the other one. We have had hot soup, lamb and young beans, chicken and salad, bread, stewed apricots, oranges, dates, nuts and coffee. Alexander may have had a more imposing retinue, he could not have been more comfortable. Here we sit at the table, candles lighted, and are writing almost as comfortably as in a room. I think we can manage ten days of this very well. All this display and these servants for two Quaker ministers. Well, they wonder and feel most unworthy, but they are enjoying it, I assure you. Here we are under the care of the sheik whose men patrol the ground all night, as the sheik is responsible for anything lost or stolen while we are here. That is certainly the best way as otherwise he would probably be the first one to steal from us. As it is, we carefully put things in the middle of the tent, where no grasping hand inserted under the tent curtain can reach. Strangely enough our dragoman acted in the same capacity for the Albrights of Birmingham and some of the Wilsons who were with them, so he told us to-day he thought he should be all this season with Quakers. We have been out to see "Laddie" and "Lassie" (our horses) picketed, and they seemed to be enjoying their oats. I hope things will get quiet outside before we want to sleep, but just now the men are chattering, dogs barking, occasional donkeys braying and not much prospect of quiet. How I wish you could run in and see us for an hour or two this evening! Come on, we have three camp-stools, and would gladly stand for anyone to whom this comes. So here we are in the heart of the Holy Land—living in tents as the Patriarchs did, and like them, we shall soon set up our altar and then retire, for we are to rise at 5 a.m. to-morrow and shall have some eight hours in the saddle. The country grows more interesting as we go north. Those weary pilgrims we saw to-day, surely we have things to be thankful for—so *innumerable*. "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." So say our hearts, Good night.

Nablous. Friday.

This is quite a large town. We have not been down in it. I presume it is "Oriental," *i.e.* dirty. Our camp is beautifully situated on this side of a hill overlooking the town which just fills up the valley. This is Friday, the Mohammedan Sunday, and the town seems *en fête*, and all the minarets are lighted up. We

IN CAMP BY PHARPHAR.

hear the singing in the distance, and are thankful that it is as far off as it is. Our muleteer sings occasionally, one's taste for Arabic singing would have to be cultivated, it is so peculiar. I nearly always think of "Hark from the tomb a doleful sound!" Our camps were pitched when we got here, and everything ship-shape. After a cup of tea we began our ascent of Mount Gerizim. This is the sacred mount of the Samaritans; "this mountain," of the woman at the well. The Samaritans have dwindled very much till they are now only about 120 or 130. They have a quarter of the town, a small synagogue and an old parchment.

The view is fine. We could see the sea, and over nearly to Jordan, and behind us long ranges of mountains partly shut out by the shoulder of Mount Ebal. At our feet was the entrance to the valley with Jacob's well at its head and Sychar in the other valley beyond it. There was only one man with us so J. and I read the conversation at the well and had a sweet time of quiet. Ah, there are wells of communion all along our way and no noon-tide is so hot and weary but that if we come to them we shall find the "Master" and the "Water of Life."

Of Sebastien, the ancient Samaria, he writes :—

It is certainly one of the most beautiful situations we have seen. The plains all about here are marked into fields by piles of stones that might easily be removed, and recall that ancient word, "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark." There were many women in the fields and some of them had their babies with them in cradles. Some were crying and being rocked, and one woman was carrying hers, "rock-a-by-baby, cradle and all, on her head. When we climbed the next ridge, we came in sight of Carmel, but it was not specially striking, but far away, dim in the blue mist, rose Hermon. He was unmistakable with his fez of snow reaching the sky. This was our first sight of him, but now he will be hardly out of our sight till our ship leaves him under the rim of the ocean.

I never saw so many wild flowers before and every rocky slope rejoices in them. We cross to-morrow to Nazareth the plain of Esdraelon or Jezreel. It is the old battle ground of this country. Canaanite, Hebrew, Roman, Moslem, Crusader and Napoleon, have all fought here. It is large for this country, very fruitful, and in going north or south must be traversed, so no wonder it has been the scene of so many battles. We passed near Dothan to-day, but did not go to the few ruins that mark the spot. It was near here that Joseph was sold into Egypt, and that later the Prophet saw chariots of fire and horses of fire round about them, when it seemed as if the Syrians had enclosed them.

He describes the Orphan Home at Nazareth :—

It is under the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, and is an excellently managed institution. Miss Adams received us and showed us over the beautifully kept house. They have over seventy orphan girls, and they do all the work. It is about fifteen years old, and some of their girls are married, and their clean homes testify to their training in the Home. They train them to teach also and have some seven day schools in villages near here, taught by their trained teachers. The Home seems to be doing a capital work, and the children look bright and happy. Women are doing the best mission work in Palestine ; no wonder, they can understand their sisters' degraded condition here, and then two such women ! Miss Dixon the founder of the Home is a heroine. She raised the funds, superintended the building, and organized the work, all in the face of much opposition. Here is an instance : In the plot of ground back of the house she had wheat sown. The Moslems used to come and reap it before her eyes, and even ask for refreshment while doing it. When she protested they said "Allah made us stronger than you." So this energetic woman went to England, raised money for a wall, came back, put on an apron, arrayed the girls in the same way, and carried the stone to the masons and made the high strong walls that surround the place now. So they reap their wheat in peace, and the fruit of the trees she planted with her own hand. During the times of the trouble she refused a guard, and her only precautions were piles of stones on the flat roof to fire at the mob if it came. They were not molested however ; Miss Adams seems to inherit her spirit ; for some years Miss Dixon has been in England from poor health, and Miss Adams "runs things." To meet cultivated English ladies was a real treat. They professed the same feeling and asked us to stay to afternoon tea. We did so, excusing our lack of company attire, and enjoyed the tea and cake immensely. They knew some Friends, and we found much to converse upon. The children sang for us. Then they let us out by the garden door and we climbed the hill top and had fine views. We saw Carmel, and the sea, the great green plain, Tabor, and Nain, and Endor, with thoughts of the happy mother over her risen son, and poor unhappy Saul at Endor.

I do wish you could see how cosy we are in our tents. And this is really Nazareth ! The village spring is near here. I wonder if Joseph let Mary carry a large water pot on her head up the hill, as the Moslems do ? Well here were passed the scenes of His boyhood, and all the hills are as He saw them. There are a number of camps in Nazareth and pilgrims like ourselves northward bound. Easter Sunday, though it is, there seems to

RUINS OF CAPERNAUM (TEL HUM).

be no service in any of the churches or we would have tried to go. But it is nice that we can always have a Friends' meeting. I have been thinking of so many meetings—Wellington, Cleveland, Bunhill, Broughton, Liverpool, Penrith, etc. I trust all have been times of blessing.

He describes the surrounding country and then they camp on the shore of Galilee —

Dinner is over but before we retire we hope to see the moon, waning now, shine on the waters of this dear lake, the always beloved "blue Galilee." It looks to us much as we expected only one cannot think it could be so rough as we read it was, but one can see how the hills would serve as a funnel to pour down the winds on its surface.

So this is Galilee and these are the scenes He loved so much. One feels like thinking instead of writing and talking, thinking of John and Peter, their nets and their "leaving all to follow," of the cities, the storms, the swine that were preferred to Him, and then of one's own need till it ends in prayer.

He refers to the site of Capernaum and says :—

I got a photo of J. among the ruins. I was showing some of the men about the tent the photo of Vina and Greta in the little locket I have. They were very curious and I thought perhaps a lesson on how we love and treat our wives and daughters at home might not be altogether lost on them. So I put my hand on my heart in quite a theatrical manner and made gestures towards the west and with the dragoman translating for me, made them understand, I hope, my deep devotion to *one* wife. They stand out in the darkness and peer into our tent, but are generally very respectful and every Arab has a dignity of manner, arising, I suppose, from his belief in Allah's decided choice of them to all other peoples, that we Englishmen might imitate.

We are now nearing Damascus. One pleasure in leaving the country will be that we will be beyond that tiresome cry of "backsheesh! backsheesh!" and I ought to say too, the braying of the donkeys. Our three have just been giving us a salute. One wonders how so small a creature can make such a great noise. It seems an effort, a crescendo that dies away in moans of sheer exhaustion. So our nomadic life ends with to-night. Well it is soon enough to save us from weariness with it.

The entry to Damascus is thus described : —

Our way lay over small hills, and with some slight exceptions, barren. We were getting down to the plain. On the last ridge we got a sight of the city, our second one, and this far away.

The great plain stretched away in a north-easterly direction, bounded by Anti-Lebanon on one side, and opening into the plain of Bashan on the other. The end away from us seemed enclosed by mountains, and almost the whole extent of it covered with green. Across this, was a white broken line, *Damascus*. It was like the foam crest of a wave, on an ocean of green. But a weary hot plain lay between us and it, and it was twelve before we came to the first clump of trees, where we ate our lunch. Then the plain grew more cultivated. Irrigation is used for many gardens. We keep to the north-east edge of the plain and every mile, the city, its minarets and groves grow clearer. The plain is a beautiful one, and the circle of mountains around it reminds one somewhat of the mountains around Rome, or the plain of Rome, but these are nearer, indeed one end of the city is almost on a mountain. After crossing such a barren plain, one grows eloquent over the rivers, the delicious green, the shady groves, the cool and quiet of this city embosomed in verdure. But how must it look to Bedouin and Arab from their deserts? It is said that Mahomet, when he beheld it, turned away, refusing to enter, saying "Men can have but one Paradise, and mine is above." I choose with him, but do not refuse to enter. This is not such a Paradise on earth as I should choose. But the age of the city and its constant importance testify to its beauty and fruitful situation. We entered a shady road at last. Over the mud walls came visions of fig, apricot, pomegranate, walnut and olive trees in park-like places, and sweet odours of blossom caused by the recent shower that had made everything fresh and sweet. It did not reach us on the plain but its clouds made our last hour's ride much more comfortable. We had often been thinking of another ride by one "Saul," breathing out threatening and slaughter, and we passed the traditional site of his conversion. I could but think how profoundly that one changed life had affected the world. The Abana runs through the city and is crossed by several bridges. Our hotel is beside it, and a very comfortable, pleasant one it is. A letter from Dr. Beshara Manasseh. He cannot meet us here, but has sent us some letters of introduction, and one to the proprietor of the hotel, which has made that individual most obliging. We have been out for a walk this morning, but decide that it is not nearly so interesting a city as Cairo. There seem no regular hours at the post office. The arrangements of this Turkish Government are most trying. They have no idea of western punctuality or of the value of time. J. has been three times to the post, and twice to the bank. "Not open yet." He is now lying down reading and inwardly sighing for an English occupation of the country.

First-day afternoon.

We found Mr. Phillips and presented our letter of introduction. He and his wife were exceedingly kind and seemed glad to see strangers. They are here under the Irish Presbyterian Church—have several schools, and a fair native congregation, with several outposts in villages around. They have such a pleasant house. There is something very taking in the Oriental style, the court with its flowers, the open rooms with many divans and rugs. There are not many English in Damascus, and they seem much alone. They do not reach many Moslems, the Government will not let them come to their schools, so their work is mainly among the Greeks, and they need it. He was not here during the frightful massacre thirty years ago, but the same spirit exists, and the Mussulmans are proud and fanatical to the last degree. We did not enter the Grand Mosque, but we got a look through its four doors. It stands, Mr. Phillips thinks, where the temple of Rimmon stood, then a Roman Temple succeeded it, then a Christian Church, and now the Mosque. There is nothing special about it. Then Mr. Phillips took us to the house-top of a friend of his to get a view of the city. It may be termed "a city of mud," for stone is a rare exception, nearly all the buildings being made of mud-bricks, sun-dried, and plastered over with mud. As you may suppose, the architecture is not striking excepting for its ugliness. Take away the gardens from Damascus, and you would have nothing left of beauty or worth. Then we got a carriage and Mr. and Mrs. P. went with us for a drive.

Mrs. P. has seven sons and one daughter. This is to Eastern people a mark of very special favour so they call her "the blessed woman," and envy her. How different in the west. There a "*poor* mother" with seven sons, or seven sons and daughters, is, in the eyes of many an object of pity. Have I told you that Miss Adams told us one of her orphan girls is named "Enough" as they had four daughters before, and another "one too many." Poor unwelcome things, and reminded of it all through life by their names. We drove up on the side of the hill, so as to get a view of the city. The Phillips' made us keep from looking till we got to the right spot, and then we turned, and it was a vision of beauty that burst upon us. One mass of green, 40 miles in circumference, orchards of olive, apricot, pomegranate, fig, walnut, almond, peach, and other trees, and embosomed in them, the white city. The contrast is greater because of the barren dry hills around. It was certainly of its kind—the most beautiful sight I have ever seen. Mr. Phillips says the site of St. Paul's Conversion is three hours' away, out on the old Roman road.

We drove through the street called "Straight." It is "straight" still and is called so, and is the chief street in the city, The old street of Paul's time is buried under 15 feet or more of rubbish, as some columns found when the street was widened proved. We have heard many things about Turkish mis-government. For instance, the Pasha wanted to widen one street, and gave notice to the shop-keepers to move by a certain time. They did not, so in a night or two that part *was burned.* Another part was notified and did not move, and that too was burned. After that the Pasha had no more trouble, they moved when told. The taxes are awful. The Government farms them out and of course the men who take the collection must take the amount promised to the Government and as much more as they can for themselves. So the poor people have no chance, and every device is used to extort money. Land, houses, trees, horses, everything is taxed. When the grain is threshed, the Government claims one tenth, but they seal the threshing floor till the poor man is starving and will give them much more in order to be able to use the rest for bread. One year the almond crop failed, so the valuators waited till late and then valued each tree as though it had borne as usual. If a Pasha is at all liberal minded, he is not suited to the work, and drinks the Turkish Coffee, in other words, he is poisoned, and thus he is put out of the way, like the good and enlightened Midhat. It is an abominable system, and the sooner it is wiped out the better. But the English people here do not want the Russians to come. They are almost as bad.

Dr. Manasseh, of the Friends' Mission at Brumana, met J. Dorland at Beyrout.

S.S. Senegal, off Cyprus. 23rd 4th mo., 1890.

Here we are on the blue bosom of the Mediterranean once more, and Syria has faded out of our sight. Our faces are turned westward and our thoughts are always there. What would make a man live in the East but work for the good of others? Many do, but "Westward the Star of Empire," etc., and I go that way. I have not written a line since that first night in Beyrout. How am I to tell you all that has happened? I can't, for so much of it cannot be put into words. It is a matter of feeling and spirit, and these cannot be described. It seems stupid to be always going back and saying, "Well, on such a day we did such and such things," but how else can one register events? So I must begin with Fourth-day last. And is it only Fourth-day last? Just a week yesterday! If one is to measure his life by feelings and experiences then it is certainly two months at least. It has been packed full. After breakfast Doctor Manasseh came for me, and

we called on some of the various missions in the city and saw several of the missionaries. Dr. Vandyck is now very old, but his mind is very active. He is just celebrating the fiftieth year of his work in Syria. The crown of it was his completion of the work begun by Mr. Smith—the translation of the Scriptures into Arabic. He is among the finest scholars in Arabic. We had a pleasant call, seeing also his wife and two daughters. We had the usual cup of coffee, the little china cups held in the beautifully chased silver holders. Mrs. Vandyck complimented me on my use of them. They were very pleasant. All seemed to know the Doctor and respect him. Then we called on Dr. Post, who was out, then on Dr. Bliss, the Principal of the American College here. He gave us permission to meet the students at their prayer meeting. I was glad to accept. We went over the buildings and grounds. It is really a fine institution, and much larger than I supposed. There are medical, theological, preparatory and college departments. They have turned out some good men. The buildings stand on the edge of the cliff to the west of the town overlooking the sea, in a commanding position. The buildings have an American "smart" look, and they are building an immense church. My Quaker instincts revolt against any unnecessary outlay in this land, where workers and hospitals need money so much more. We looked into the really splendid hospital. Dr. M. was a student here, and all seemed to know him. The nurses here are German, and belong to the "Kaiserworth Sisterhood." I believe that is the name, but I cannot verify it here. Strange that this order of Protestant nurses should have originated with Elizabeth Fry, but I was told that her life and work suggested such an order of nurses to the German pastor who started the first home, and now they number 7,000, and their ministrations have blessed not only Germany, but many other countries. Here they are in charge, and dress still in something like the Friendly costume. Sister Louisa is the head, and I have almost never seen a woman who impressed me as having more executive power combined with sagacity and general ability and sweet Christian cheerfulness. I came away undecided whether my impression of her was not more vivid than of the hospital. A rare woman. I met there too a young Canadian, Dr. Graham; he comes from near Ottawa and I quite "took" to him. For some time he and his young wife were in a far away post in Armenia. He said, "Oh, Mr. Dorland, don't think it is mission work in Beyrout. Why here we have English society and comfortable homes—it is like home. But where we were, we saw no European from year's end to year's end. I have attended patients and had to come home and change every thing on me, my clothes were so full of vermin." But he

said how well rewarded they felt when a revival came and 600 professed conversion. He so much wanted us to come and take tea with him, but we had no time. It was good to meet such a good Canadian in such a good work. In the p.m. we called on Miss Taylor's school for girls. From this good school came the head native teacher at Ramallah, whom I mentioned as so favourably impressing me. Miss Taylor seems very earnest, and I was drawn to pray for her and her work. We parted with a most friendly feeling. But perhaps the most interesting school is the last one we went to, where there are only Mohammedans and Druses. Some fifty or more, and *boarders*. It is unique from that fact. They are well trained. Dr. M. interpreted for me. Then it was time to go to the Diligence Office to meet J. He came all right and full of the glories of Baalbec, but I have a comfortable feeling that it was right for me to have come on, though I shall never now see that splendid ruin. After dinner we went to the College and I had the pleasure of speaking to seventy or more students. It was a good meeting. Three young men spoke after me, and all seemed touched.

We took tea at the house of our friend Abdelnoor Fakir. He has a nice French wife. He is a Friend and a prosperous merchant in Beyrout, always glad to do all that he can for Friends. All the houses we have been in have such a nice air. One cannot help fancying Oriental furnishings. It is a mixture of east and west that is quite charming. The next morning we started at 7.30 to go to Brumana. One leaves the city, crosses the river and soon begins the ascent. The road is a new and good one but winds almost like a corkscrew, so that although Brumana is only ten miles from Beyrout it took us three hours to get up. Along the river and climbing up the mountain sides in terraces are groves of mulberry trees, and the cultivation of the silkworm and silk weaving are the occupation of this part. The trees are a beautiful green. The worms are kept and fed in the houses of the people and sometimes in reed houses built among the trees. The people are all busy feeding them, and soon all these green trees will have all the branches cut off them and stand like stumps.

There are numerous villages too, and all Lebanon, under European protection and with its own governor, enjoys more peace and prosperity than any other part of Syria. Round we went, with every turn getting a wider view, till at last we rode along the crest of the hill looking towards Beyrout on one side, and down into a steep valley and across it to another range of hills, snowy peaks beyond them on the other, and on the face of the next hill, to which the ridge led, was the Mission, with its

substantial buildings, windmill for raising water, and large pine trees. The village of Brumana lies on the eastern side of the hill and crowns the top. Our Mission lies on the western slope overlooking Beyrout and the sea. The situation is very beautiful. There are seven buildings in the Mission. The Meeting House is highest up and nearest the village. It, like all else, is well built of stone, and has a little belfry and bell—a necessity among such an unpunctual people as the Arabs. Next and to the right looking down the slope is the large Boys' Home, where there board twenty boys, three teachers, as well as Theophilus Waldemeier and his family. Lower down and to the right is the Girls' School. There are almost the same number of girls as boys, mothered by Miss Bishop and two native teachers. To the left of this building is the Hospital and a few yards from it the Dispensary. Ellen Clayton lives here and has charge of the Hospital assisted by one native woman and man-nurse. With her also live Dr. Manasseh's two brothers—the older is the dispenser, the younger is studying medicine and helping dispense. Then below and on a sort of spur of the hill face standing out in a very prominent position is the Doctor's house, where live himself, his wife, Theo. Waldmeier's daughter, and Maria Feltham. Miss Feltham is a lady of taste and means, a minister, and she really mothers the whole Mission. She has good judgment and for her daily works assists Dr. M. in treating the out-patients, and has a care over the Girls' School. I met her in England the summer before last. The Doctor told us they had been looking forward to our visit for some weeks, and I think their prayers as well as ours were answered. I never had a happier time. When the carriage reached the path we saw Theo. Waldmeier, Maria Feltham, Miss Bishop, and some others to welcome us. It was nice to be among Friends once more. We had soon walked down to the Doctor's and were feasting on our letters from home. After dinner I went to the Girls' Home and had a little talk with them. Joe went for a ride with the Doctor, to visit some patients. I found the girls well taught and intelligent. They knew about Canada and its government, etc., and then we had a little meeting with them. After tea all the teachers and workers met at the Doctor's and I gave them a Bible reading. So closed our first day at the Mission. I wish I could describe the Doctor. He is greatly loved and respected all round here, and he well deserves it. He is tall and well built, dark, wears his beard trimmed close, dresses very neatly, has a great deal of quiet dignity. The Doctor communicates with the Governor about roads, calls village meetings, etc., etc. They sometimes have eighty patients in one day at the Dispensary, so you see the good man is very busy. Indeed

he needs help, and has had to give up much of his outdoor practice, or he might go for miles to patients. On Sixth-day morning we went with him to reading to the indoor patients. There are about fifteen now in the Hospital. Ellen Clayton goes among them like an angel of mercy. Dr. M. interpreted for me, and then we looked at them all. There is much disease of the eyes, resulting from uncleanliness. We saw one interesting young man who has rheumatism, and several young children with enlarged glands, which the Doctor operates on. J. witnessed such an operation, but I had no wish to see it. Then we went to the Dispensary and I spent the time watching the patients come in to be examined or with Dr. M.'s brother as he made up and sold medicine to those who could pay. A pitiful train trailed through that morning—over thirty men, women, and children. The Doctor seemed very patient and efficient with all, and Maria Feltham knew just what to do. One way these poor creatures have of expressing their gratitude or love is by kissing the hand, and poor Maria Feltham used to go with her hands behind her back to prevent it. The Doctor's wife speaks Arabic, English, French, and German. She is most kind. She uses French to talk to the Doctor so that Dick their boy can't understand. He is a fine fellow, and they have a baby girl Irene, nine months old. She scolds Dick in Arabic, loves him in German, and instructs him in English, so he is learning three languages and does not know it. Such a boy! Most mischievous. On the Sixty-day afternoon we went to their regular Friends' meeting in English, and a nice time it was. Their other meetings are more of Gospel meetings and either in mixed tongues or all in Arabic, so they felt the need of a meeting where there would be time for silent waiting, and started this one. Tea at the Girls' School, and then a meeting for boys and girls and all who could understand English in the waiting-room of the dispensary. It was such a sweet time. I tried to speak simply, and the children said they understood me perfectly. That meeting will never be forgotten. It was one of those unusual times so beyond our command. Thos. Little, the devoted English teacher of the boys, told me they were all much helped and blessed. He talked with several afterwards. Next morning we went to the Boys' School for breakfast, and had an opportunity of deepening any impressions by a reading with them and dear J. offered prayer. They are a bright lot of boys, as manly and clever as English boys. Then we played croquet and tennis. The two native teachers are nice fellows. The younger has joined Friends, and seems a very sincere Christian. I became quite attached to him. It has cost him much. He gave up the law, and his parents are turned against him, and when he goes

home this vacation he does not know how they will receive him. All for Christ's sake. How his simple faith and courage puts many of our young men to shame. On Seventh-day evening a meeting in the Meeting House, and another good time. On First-day a large meeting. The oldest teacher, Lotfallah Rizcallah, translated for me. He is a fine man and did it very well. J. had a message also and when meeting was over T. W. said regarding the translating and the length of our sentences that it was another illustration of "rightly dividing the word of truth." Another meeting in the afternoon, Dr. M. translating for me. Then in the evening we were at the Boys' Bible Class. When it was over J. and I called the young men together and proposed a branch of the "Friends' Christian Fellowship Union." They decided to start one, and we took nine names among the teachers, etc. It is very nice to think of leaving a branch behind us on that mountain. I think it will be a good thing for them. We got one of the finest sights that same evening I have ever witnessed. Soon after sunset clouds began to gather, soft billowy clouds. We stood high above them. Up they rolled blotting out Beyrout and the sea, and sweeping up the valleys, till a new coast was formed, and it looked as if one might launch a boat and sail away to the low new moon that cast its silvery light over the scene. It was as if the sea had suddenly risen about 2,000 feet, and its immense waves had become almost fixed. With a slight motion, and all fleecy and soft, the clouds then slowly changed positions. On the edge of the cloud bank there was one place that looked like Niagara, but soon lost its form. I stood on the balcony of the boys' house and gazed, not caring to move nor speak. It was a beautiful scene.

On Second-day morning Miss Clayton was with us to breakfast, which we took outside. That morning the schools broke up. They had held them for some time longer than usual, so that we could see them, and in the midst of our breakfast we heard a sound of feet, and there filed into place both the schools with their teachers, and sang "God be with you till we meet again." It was very sweet and touching, and I fear my few words to them were with sundry chokings. Then we saw them ride away with their friends, who came for them on asses and horses, etc., for a vacation of three weeks. One girl remained that day also. Poor thing, she was converted, and her friends who are Druses were so infuriated with her, that she has a sad time when at home, and fears now they may not let her come back. So girls and boys here learn to suffer for His sake, and many of them so cheerfully. That afternoon I gave a Bible reading on Communion. It was a very solemn time. Nearly all these meetings were attended by

Mr. Baldwin or some of his family. He is the man who wrote a series of letters not long ago for the London "Christian" that attracted so much attention. He has some young men with him and they have all come to Brumana to learn Arabic. His small children are in the Mission school. They were wondering if he would understand the ways of Friends. Then in the evening we had a sweet fellowship meeting again at Dr. Manasseh's. Several voices were heard in prayer and either in meeting or out every teacher and worker told me how thankful they were for our visit. Well, it was a lovely time, and we were watered in watering others. If ever I had a concern for any place, it was for that Mission. Our hearts were so united to them.

S.S. Senegal, off Alexandretta. 26th 4th mo., 1890.

I was unable to write any yesterday owing to a rather severe headache. There was no sea and therefore nothing to make me sick. It was, I presume, from my sudden change from the activities of the land to the laziness of the sea. However, I am about myself again to-day. We sit at table with an elderly English clergyman, his daughter and their friend. J. had an animated argument with them yesterday on "fasting" and church things generally. I alas was in my berth, and could render him no assistance. But I think he needed none. While I was lying there with my eyes closed and the windows open, I felt something flutter over my face as if the wind had blown a loose leaf of my Bible over it, but looking I saw a little bird. What made it come in there I cannot fancy, but I caught it and put it out. We were near the shore and I thought it had best make its way home before we were further out and the distance made its wings weary. It roused all the poetry in my nature, and I *felt* a poem, but could not write it.

They had now the pleasure of again meeting a number of the American passengers whom they had met on the way to Egypt, and the Christian fellowship then begun was continued. These ministers of various denominations were urgent in their request that John Dorland should give them Bible readings. He did so throughout the voyage, much to their satisfaction, and friendships were formed with a number of them. The Journal says, "Several of the nicest of the Americans that we met on the ship from Naples to Alexandria are on this ship also."

To-morrow will be the Sabbath. I have been invited to give a Bible reading in the afternoon, and probably shall. We cannot it

seems get official permission to have meetings, but we are going to have them in an informal manner. The officers are Catholics. I fancy our Clergymen will be shocked at my "unauthorized proceedings." What matter? To-morrow we expect to be near the Port of Tarsus, our thoughts will be of Saul, and Saul changed to Paul. Dear me, how empty and vain my life seems in contrast with his. How hard to have the central self unthroned, and Jesus first in every thought. I noticed in several rooms at the Mission, hung up as a motto, "What would Jesus do?" If only we oftener thought of it, we should do differently. That first night we were on board we watched Ain Salaam till darkness fell. Beyrout and its lights grew dim, we were moving out to sea, and we sought our berths with many thanks for such privileges as we had enjoyed, and such friendships as we had made. Brumana was once only a name, till it found an embodiment in Dr. Beshara and Maria Feltham—but now it is a real thing to us, and I shall never lose my love for and interest in it. J. and I wished for our wives last night as we paced the splendid deck. When the Americans sang "My country 'tis of thee" we came in at the end with "God save the Queen." It caused quite a laugh.

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S.S. Senegal. 28th 4th mo., 1890.

The days go by so quickly on shipboard, they give one not much to write, but in one way they are beautiful days. So clear, and the sea so smooth and blue. Lazy! I never spent such lazy days. Have read a book or two, but there is nothing else to do. I do remind me that I omitted to tell you one thing about our leaving Beyrout. I thought I was going to have one regret in not having been on a camel's back while in the country. I had been almost under the feet of one, but I wanted the experience of a ride on the back of one. Just as we were leaving for the ship, we met some in the street, and J. insisted on my mounting. I did not like making such a spectacle of myself but it was my last chance. So the beast was stopped. The man was very willing. He began to pull down its head to make it kneel. The moving mountain with many grunts and protestations settled into a heap on the street and I mounted on a sort of saddle of wood. By this time J. was at the opposite corner getting his apparatus ready for photographing and a crowd had gathered, evidently enjoying the scene. Sundry voices shouted in English "Hold on!" and more in Arabic something I presume to the same effect. I gripped the ropes at the sides of the wooden frame and held on. The man made some queer sounds and I felt a movement, first I was nearly shot over the beast's head, as his hind quarters rose, and by the time I had begun to fear I was suddenly sent back by

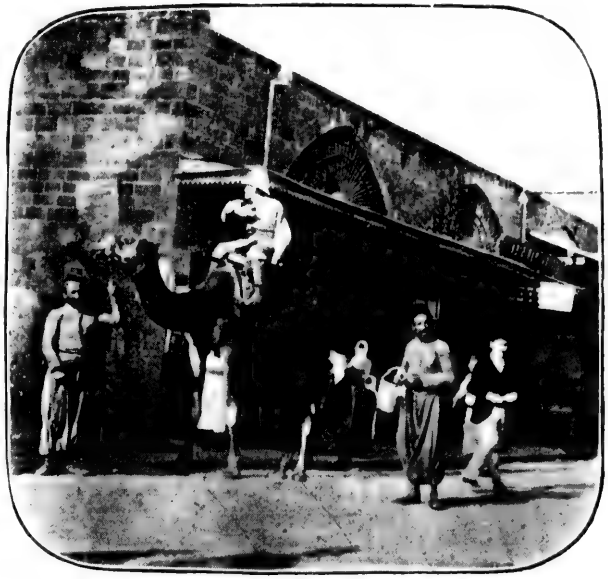
the front legs rising to the knees, another series of shocks of the same nature brought him up, and I was in the air, the centre of an admiring crowd. The beast strode to the other corner for a better position, and I oscillated backward and forward with every stride—such a queer movement. Thomas Little managed to divide the crowd, the camera clicked—we were done a second time and I prepared to dismount. I confess to some fear that the camel might get a fright, and it seemed to me a very gentle gambol might upset me; but he got down going through the same motions, and I was safe on the earth again. Joe gave the man a shilling, and I took shelter gladly from such publicity in Mr. Abdelnoor's shop. I suggested asking the spectators for "backsheesh" for the exhibition, but it was not carried out. The Ministers who heard my Bible reading on the First-day from Naples to Alexandria asked me to give one on First-day. It was the only kind of meeting we had on board, but some went ashore and had a pleasant meeting there.

We are cultivating quite friendly relationships with our English friends with whom we have a table to ourselves.

They know some Friends, and have been at the Bible readings and thanked me for them. I say "them," because they have me in for one daily now, from twelve to one. I hope they may do some good and am content to undertake them. It is quite a responsibility as there are a number of D.D's., Profs. of Theology, etc., but I am quite at home among them, and they seem to enjoy the Quaker way of putting things. It seems strange, but no doubt has its explanation, that Friends should occupy such a favourable position among others. Mr. Crumden, the conductor of this large party, when I was introduced to him as a Friend, said, "A sufficient recommendation." I told him we were no better than we ought to be. Then to-day when some Presbyterian D.D. was urging me to take the Bible reading, he said, "We can all unite on the basis of Friends." It seems always so, and certainly we ought, as a church, to recognise such responsibilities. To-day we have been going along the coast—the snow mountains looking like clouds. The sea is so still! We do not reach Symrna until the day after to-morrow.

S.S. Erymanthe, Sea of Marmora, near Constantinople.
2nd May, 1890.

I am ashamed that I have not written before, but I have been lazy and there has not been much to say. It must be this delicious weather that helps to make one so; and it comes to me naturally. I wonder if I have any of the Syrian in me, for when I was at Brumana they said I looked like a native. I felt that it



ON CAMEL'S BACK, BEYROUT.

was a compliment. Perhaps the fact that I do not shave helped toward this conclusion. No man here shaves his moustache. Tuesday morning we got up early to see the island of Rhodes. It was very pretty and the bay between it and the mainland. The sun rose as we watched. I went back to bed again and had two or three more hours' sleep. That day was a perfect one. The sea so blue and calm, the sky so bright, a gentle breeze, and the splendid islands, mountains, but looking for the most part barren and dry. We could only look and look and almost begrudged the time for meals. It reminded me of Lake George on a larger scale, and made me think of heaven. Just think of nine such days! This is a longer time on the sea than an Atlantic passage takes. But they have been ideally perfect days. About five p.m. that day we passed Patmos on the left. Not large, and with blue hills. One thought of him who was there a prisoner "for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus." But the reward was the open heaven and the glorious visions. The next morning we were in the bay and anchored in the harbour of Smyrna. Smyrna is a large place at the head of a splendid bay. It lies at the base of hills, and climbs some way up. Among the features of the town are the cypress trees that always grow in Turkish graveyards.

We found we could come to Constantinople by waiting a day, and that would give us an opportunity of seeing Ephesus, and we did so, though we shall have a short time in Constantinople.

Here we are in Turkish countries where Arabic is hardly spoken. There are only about 5,000,000 Turks, one wonders how they manage to rule so many Moslems. They are very brave but are diminishing, so as someone said very truly, "Turkey is perishing for the want of Turks." It seems as if it cannot stand much longer. We made our arrangements and were soon off in a boat for shore. We posted our letters and visited the Sailors' Rest, conducted by three English ladies, and then were on the railroad for Ephesus. This is one of the very few railroads in the Empire. There was the usual scenery of mountains and valleys, and after two and a half hours we came to the station for Ephesus. We found others from the ship on the train, and about twelve of us took horses and rode to the ruins of this old world-renowned city. It seems to have originated from a small city set in a narrow valley between two mountains, and then grew out on the wide plain toward a small river. A wall was built over the top of both these hills. The ruins are not so fine as Baalbec, J. says, but of greater extent. They spread over miles, in such masses; the Opera, the Great Theatre where the mob met and cried "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," the Synagogue where Paul disputed with the Jews, the Market Place, the Gymnasium, and last of all the great Temple of Diana. These vanished glories

are deeply impressive. Who could have believed in Paul's time that this large and splendid city could become a place of the jackals. All this coast of Asia Minor is historic ground. Alexander, Troy, Darius, Homer, Croesus, Alcibiades, Onesiphorus, Priscilla, and greatest of all Paul, are the names that come before one. Troy is of course further along, and we passed it and Mount Ida in the night. Many, perhaps hundreds of years ago, a great mosque was built out of the ruins of the Temple. It also is now in ruins, but in it are four immense pillars that tell their own story of the greatness of that building, that was one of the wonders of the world.

Near Smyrna is the reputed tomb of Polycarp which we did not visit, but he was martyred here for certain. It claims to be the birthplace of Homer. We went with Mr. Morden to the centre of the Congregational work here, and Miss Lord who is the head of the girls' boarding school made us stay to dinner, and then in the evening I preached to a Turkish audience, through an interpreter. Several of the American party were there. I hope some good was done. I trust this evening may be spent with our friends in the mission at Stamboul.

We have next the arrival at Constantinople, and the horrors of the custom house there.

We toiled up the dirty streets to the Bible House, and there found a man who knew the Friends' Mission. It was fifteen minutes further. We were not able to tell them that we were coming, or to ask if it would be convenient, so we were just landed on the doorstep, hoping, but not sure, that we might stay. The door was opened, I went to interview Miss Burgess, and Joe settled with the men. She could take us, things very simple, etc., but we were so glad to avoid hotels, and to be among Friends, we would have been almost willing to have slept on the floor. However, we were put in a clean room together and found things quite comfortable. The house belonged formerly to a rich Turk, and is very well adapted to the work of the Mission. It has a small but nice garden, and the house has a meeting room, two wards for the hospital part, schoolroom and living rooms. The family consists of Miss Burgess, her helper, a young lady from England, and a young Armenian, who does the dispensing and studies as well. They have only two patients in the hospital now. Miss B. is in love with her work and blessed in it. It must be a lonely life for her. Young Artin, the Armenian, is a Christian, and a nice fellow, and Annie, the young lady, is a sensible happy girl. We asked Miss B. about meetings, and she proposed our calling on Dr. Gergoshian, who is one of the heads

of the Meeting—so after dinner we did so and found him a pleasant capable man, speaking English well. He lived for some time in New York. He thought it would be difficult to let Friends know, but we decided to meet those who could come.

After a day's sight-seeing we were very weary, you may be sure. The Turks are so proud, and so thoroughly Moslem. They are losing their power and are conscious of it. Dr. Dobrashian told us that every department of the Government is practically administered by Christians—though the title and the nominal head belongs to a Turk. There are only 2,000,000 Turks in Europe, and the Government almost despairs of maintaining itself. I was asking him what he thought would come of it all, and he says he thinks the Turks will have to go back into Asia, that the Armenians in Asia Minor must be organized into an independent state under European protection, the parts of Turkey in Europe be given to Greece and Bulgaria, and Constantinople and the Straits—which no single Power would be permitted to hold—be made a sort of free state under the Powers of Europe and common to all. A very good plan but how is it to be carried out? In the afternoon J. and I went down to a native Y.M.C.A. and had a nice meeting. They listened very attentively, Dr. Greeve, an Armenian missionary, translated for me. Then back to the Monthly Meeting which fortunately came on that day. There were over twenty out. They have thirty-six members. Dr. Gergoshian is clerk, and it was interesting to hear our minutes read in Turkish, and the discussion on various questions go forward with quite the gravity and dignity of a Monthly Meeting at home. They had their first application for membership from a Mohammedan, and left it over for a month. It was a curious coincidence that the first Turkish woman should have worshipped with them and the first Mohammedan apply for membership the day we were there. Then we went over to Dr. D.'s for the night.

The next morning we met Arthur G. at the bridge and took the steamer for Robert College. This good institution was built by a good American gentleman named Robert, and called after him. It is about one hour up the Bosphorus on very high ground. The Bosphorus is exceedingly pretty, and looks in some ways like the Hudson. It has pretty coves between the gentle hills on its banks, and is lined with palaces and villas, and clusters of houses making small villages. Steamers, yachts, caiques—the small sharp Turkish boats—make the river look busy and pretty. I noticed a handsome young man studying a Euclid written in English, so ventured to address him, and a very interesting conversation opened. He was a student going out to the college. A Protestant, his friends were all Greeks, but he was converted, and

joined the Evangelical Greek Church two years ago. We soon felt at home with each other. We walked to the college together and he did not leave us till he had shown us to the Professor's room. It was cheering to meet him and give him a word of brotherly love. It made the morning brighter, and the smile on his face as he thanked me was lovely to see. Professor Anderson welcomed us and showed us over the building.

They have about 170 students, one-third or more Bulgarians. I longed to have a meeting with them, but they were in their classes and I did not feel it strongly enough to ask them to disturb their day's work.

The little service I have had among young men in Constantinople has been very sweet.

Customs again, and then on board for Athens.

No wonder Russia covets these Straits. We could also see in the distance the plain of Troy and the mountain of Ida. Now we are on our way to Athens, and shall, when we reach Italy, feel quite near England again.

S.S. Hungaria. At anchor near Corfu. 9th 5th mo., 1890.

We have been in Greece and left it. A short time you may say, yes it was, but we managed very well, and now comes the pleasant task of recording for you what I can of it. But what can one say? One might as well bring some sand from our banks and say, "See the Wellington Sand Banks" as to suppose that you can get any adequate idea from these poor notes. We were up early, but not early enough to see the sun rise over the Ægean Sea. But it was a cloudy morning or at least gray. Our way was through a strait with broken mountains on either side, and at last we turned into a large bay, with the Island of Salamis before us, on the rocky brow of which Xerxes watched the great sea-fight that resulted in his defeat, and on our left, the plain of Attica, enclosed by mountains. From it rose the hills on which the ancient Athens, "the eye of Greece," the mother of arts and eloquence, was built, and in the increasing light, we could just see the ruins on the Acropolis.

Once in Piræus everything told us that we were out of Turkish territory. Clean and regular streets, the costume of the people, the conduct of customs officials, all a pleasant change I assure you. We are completely charmed with Athens. It is a very lovely clean city. When it was chosen as the Capital of Greece, it was a dirty village of about 300 houses, now it is a city of 85,000 inhabitants. One cannot help a deep sympathy for Greece. Her ancient glory, her long decay, her modern oppression and heroic struggle for freedom, and now the energy and patriotism

with which she is uniting and building up her kingdom—all appeal strongly to me.

Of course she shares the military spirit of the age, and keeps up a far larger army than she can afford—soldiers, idle fellows—everywhere.

The Acropolis, the Pnyx, "where Demosthenes hurled his Philippics at an unmoved people, or a people moved too late," the grove of the Academy, "where Plato taught, and taught the world" are rapidly visited, but the descriptions must be omitted.

The railroad to Corinth is something over 100 miles long, and a beautiful ride it is. We left the plain through a mountain pass, and our first place of interest was Eleusis where the Mysteries were celebrated, then along the Saronic Gulf—a line of high mountains behind us, the blue gulf before, and our way winding like a thread around the base, or on the face of the hills. We were soon into the station of modern Corinth, a small town. About a mile or two away rose the Acropolis of the old city which lay at its base. How we sighed at not getting to the top of it. It commands one of the finest views in Greece. We could see the outlines of walls and the temple on the top. It is nearly 2,000 feet high.

Missing the view from Acro-Corinth is our one great disappointment in Greece. The rest of our way lay along the Corinthian Gulf, again under wild mountains, but with quite a wide rich plain between them and the Gulf, and one might call it one great field of currant bushes,—that whole eighty miles from Corinth to Patras.

The voyage as usual was broken at Corfu, the earthly Paradise, which is best left to Homer to describe. Then Italy is reached.

We shall be home in good time for the Yearly Meeting, and I feel that I need a baptism for my service during it. Travelling is not especially conducive to holiness, though we have certainly many sweet seasons to look back upon, and numberless blessings to offer thanksgiving for: "*Laus Deo!*"

Milan, Italy. 13th 5th mo., 1890.

We have been going at such a headlong pace, so to speak, lately, that I am feeling almost bewildered. I am tempted to begin here and not drag you back to Brindisi where my last was written. We can't have everything ordered to our convenience, or we should have had a new and fairly full moon for this part of our journey, as it is there has been only the starlight, but it is something in these climes. I remember that early morning at Brindisi, when we

got out of our ship and pulled for shore in the small boat—how weird things looked in the pale light of that late dying moon. It was about 3 a.m. you know. I had a little walk after, no, before breakfast, leaving J. driving the pen most industriously. It was rather a relief to get out of Brindisi, though we found to our chagrin that we could not get a through train to Venice, but must wait at Foggio for six hours.

Foggio is an inland town, and not much frequented by travellers, so that our arrival and passage through her streets excited some curiosity. We found a hotel and had a regular Italian dinner. Such maccaroni! I did not eat the less despite my memories of seeing it made at Naples. The fact of our arrival must have been bruited abroad, for we were entertained (?) by an organ-grinder, and several pedlars came into the dining room anxious to sell cutlery, and brushes and various articles. Such a dinner and it was only two francs, conclusive proof that tourists have not penetrated there yet. Then we walked round the town, and toward sunset found ourselves on the outskirts looking over a green plain toward the mountains, behind which we waited for the sun to set. It seems that in these towns all produce brought in is charged a customs fee; we were on one of the main roads and made up to the officer, a pleasant fellow, whose whole face smiled when our Irish fellow traveller gave him a cigarette. He found that we were English, and seemed much pleased. We watched the manner of his investigations when hay carts came in drawn by three horses side by side. He had a long iron prod, and stuck it in the hay in various directions. Once he seemed to think he had found something, and several of the bales of green grass were lifted, but nothing came to sight, and the cart on its very high wheels creaked on into the town. The sun set at last, and all the west was mellow in a warm glow, to our left the green plain, to our right the hum of the town and the ringing of vesper bells from the square Italian towers. It was a pretty scene, and made me think of Millet's "Angelus," except that we were Protestants, and those in our sight were I fear not good Catholics; so no one laid down his implements to pray—but the quiet and rest and sky in that sweet picture reminded me of that evening. In the town roses were in bloom, boys pelted one another with their leaves; walks and statues and fountains were everywhere—how all these seem naturally a part of the life of these warm southern peoples. They are the heirs of such things in these old historic countries, and are none the better for it morally.

Next Venice comes, where Tintoretto's pictures are to the writer the most striking of all the marvels in that city of dreams.

Even the writer, accustomed to the grandeur of the Great West, can yet give the palm to Switzerland. He says of the St. Gothard route :—

How can I tell you of the enjoyment of that journey? It eclipsed for grandeur anything I have ever seen, and when we began to climb, well one has to see or he would be slow to believe it. The pass is nearly 7,000 feet high, and in order to get up to it, we first corkscrewed around. Sometimes we would make three loops twisting up, and far below we could see the two lines on which we were a few minutes before. It was splendidly confusing. First a dash into the darkness, then a rush into the light, a peep up a valley, with great snow mountains against the sky, or we would glide under the shoulder of a huge precipice and look up a sheer rock 1,500 feet high, or down almost the same distance. The river shrank into a torrent and dived and rushed down under the bridges over which we crossed and re-crossed it. Little chalets on the mountain sides that looked as if they might be blown over and roll down, little towns with white and pink houses, wide roofs, and a church with its tower keeping guard over them. Snow at last by the track in the shade—grass just beginning to find out that spring had climbed the mountains, trees with tiny leaves, a blue sky so high above, and a cool lovely fresh wind that never knew anything but snow and mountain and purity blowing in your face.

The waterfalls too, I never saw so many. Some small, but making a distinct track down the mountain from its very top, and some larger, falling in a succession of leaps hundreds of feet, the spray blown off by the wind into clouds of sparkling mist. Pine trees up to the snow limit, others below, every little valley so green where it was warm enough,—men with great baskets on their backs fitted to them, women in the fields—why are these people free and sturdy and clean? they could not breathe the air they do and live among the scenes they do, and not be. These mountains make men like them. But what idea have I given you?

After the Rhine tour is over, he says :—

We left by express at 4.30, and ran most of the way through Holland. It is quite as we expected. Low, with canals, little neat brick cottages, trim gardens, stout wind-mills with skeleton arms stretched out against the sky. I was very glad to see something of the land of my forefathers. I wonder if any Dorlands live hereabouts.

London is reached again, and letters from his Canadian home tell of changes in the circle, and make him feel his own prospects uncertain. He says :—

What will become of those of us who remain? Or will we remain? What shall I do for a living? Ah well! there is a Guiding Hand in it all, but half the interest of Wellington will be gone to me with their going. I think as one grows older, despite new friends, one clings closer to the old ones, and especially to those of one's own circle, the inner and dearest ones. This has made me feel sad, but I could hardly wish it were otherwise. To-morrow the meetings begin, and I shall be very busy. Please pray for us. I hope to be with you all soon.

CHAPTER XII.

Return to Canada—Ministry and Maintenance—Richmond Conference Addresses—Canada Yearly Meeting—Removal of Family to England—Continuation of Religious work—Series of Meetings and Conferences—Prayer for others—Life at home—Letters to his parents—Enjoyment of Keswick—Brighton—His Father's illness and death—U. K. Alliance Annnal Meeting—Leeds and Sunderland Conventions—Small Outlying Meetings—Open-air preaching—Completion of work under Canada Minute.

WHEN the London Yearly Meeting of 1890 was ended John Dorland sailed for Canada. He was not a good sailor, and this voyage like most of those he took across the Atlantic, was a very unpleasant experience. In a letter written on shipboard he says, "I do despise the sea—I almost hate the sea; God made it or I should. I think I might issue the following record of the first days: Sixth-day rough, sick; Seventh-day rougher, sicker, etc. Then he exclaims, "What a grumbler I am! No mercies? Yes, but how apt one is to forget the mercies and think of the annoyances. But I am going home, and one hour with my dear ones will make me think lightly of these afflictions."

As may be seen by the allusion at the close of the last chapter, considerations as to his prospects in the near future were much occupying his thoughts, and to a friend he writes, "About coming back with my family do pray that I may have right guidance." At the same time he says, "I am happy in going home. God has been so good to me."

For rather more than two years the work in this country, under the authorization or minute of his own Yearly Meeting of Canada, had closely occupied him. Some of the results of these labours we have already seen. He had not yet finished this service throughout the country and expected to continue it for some months after his return. But he did

not feel that even then his work in England would be completed, and the conviction that it was right to remove his family to this country was pressing upon him. Such a removal involved increased expenditure in many ways, and this caused him some anxiety. His income was small and it was only natural in a man of his disposition, with refined tastes and keen enjoyment of those things that belong to a competence, that at times the temptation arose to give up or lessen his religious work and engage in a remunerative occupation. At such moments the remembrance of his consecration, of his Lord's love to him, and his own to his fellow-men, gave him strength to put the temptation aside, and with humble trust and resolute devotion to follow the pathway into which he believed he had been divinely led. He was naturally proud, he was independent, he was sensitive, but his heart was in his work and he rested in the will of God. At one time he wrote, "I sometimes have a desire to go in for making money—but I never could be happy with a feeling that I was not living for others."

In the course of such a life as his, although both are apparent, there may be seen more of the strength than the weakness of the system in regard to the ministry that has existed amongst Friends during the greater portion of their history. On the one hand are the unequalled opportunities for service, directed by the Spirit, and as Friends say, "rightly concerned," and the privilege of entering, as the disciples of our Lord did, upon the ministry of the Gospel in the freshness of the love that draws into it. On the other hand the common practice of providing only for the expenses of ministers travelling on religious service, without the payment of any salary, and with no formal provision for their families while they are so engaged, has no doubt frequently limited this service or made it only practicable for those advanced in years or possessed of ample means.

Joseph John Dymond writing on this subject says, "I must express my conviction that the non-payment of the pecuniary expenses of ministers (except in travelling) has been carried to an extreme not warranted by Scripture, and has been a serious hindrance to the work of the Gospel." And again, "The spiritual loss which has accrued to the

Society, through its restrictions and limitations in this connection, can never be measured."*

There can be little doubt but that these restrictions, bringing even to John Dorland, as they sometimes did, times of mental anxiety, have been in less favoured instances a real barrier to the very freedom of the Gospel which they were intended to promote.

A wider view of the obligations laid upon the church, and a more faithful interpretation and application of the Scripture "that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel,"† would have had two very important results. First a more sympathetic attitude toward some of those upon whom the burden of public ministry was laid in times past, and secondly, the prevention of dangers that have recently threatened the Society, more particularly in some parts of America, through the strong re-action and tendency towards the establishment of pastorates which followed the rigid limitations of preceding years. In Canada before the time of awakening came there was rarely if ever any pecuniary provision made even for the expenses of those travelling in the ministry. Friends were unstinted in their kind hospitality, and, with a cheerful disregard of their own convenience or the pressing duties of their farms, would drive such visitors in their own conveyances any distance through the country, but the use of money in such a connection was by common practice entirely interdicted. A somewhat similar state of things had widely prevailed in the United States at an earlier period. The consequences have been such as naturally follow when an extreme view is pushed to an unwarranted point. John Dorland's early experiences made him familiar not only with the conditions that had long existed, but with the very considerable changes that were taking place. He knew the double mental strain incident to continuous religious work, when at the same time there is anxious thought as to the needs of a family, and he earnestly advocated such care as was needful for the furtherance of the Gospel, but he was at the same time strongly and increasingly opposed to the adoption of any

* "Gospel Ministry in the Society of Friends." pp. 21-22.
† 1 Cor. ix. 14.

system that would delegate to a "pastor," or limit to a few the exercise of gifts in the ministry. Two extracts from his addresses at the general Conference of Friends held at Richmond, Indiana, in 1887, may be given.

Speaking on the subject of the ministry and its pecuniary support, he said :—

I believe, in many instances, we have laid a double burden upon our ministers that they have not been able to bear, and have allowed them to bear it even when it has led to the shortening of their life. I know of one who went down in the prime of his manhood, because upon him had been laid the double burden which he had not the physical strength to bear. Dear Friends, this is wrong. There are two sides to the question : the relation of the church to the ministry, as well as of the ministry to the church ; and we must not impose upon our ministers duties which they are not able to perform.

His own short life, so rich in service, so full of the love of his Lord that it ever sought the welfare of others at any cost to himself, may give an added emphasis to these words as well as to those that follow on the mission of the Society of Friends.

It seems to me what we want is not so much a change in church government, not so much new theories of truth, as the old time truths held in the old time power. I am glad of our fellowship with the other branches of the church of Christ, and I feel that we occupy perhaps the only ground upon which true union is based ; for we recognize, and are glad to do so, a common union with Jesus Christ as our Head ; we see that that is a real union and a substantial union, and not one that is mechanical or based upon organization or church machinery. We must still recognize this always and everywhere. But we must at the same time recognize the importance of our own organization. The skeleton gives the shape to the form, and so our organization must of necessity influence our modes of work and manner of thinking, and I am strongly desirous that in all essential particulars our organization should continue what is distinctive, and should conserve what among us is best, in the fulfilment of our mission to the world.

Now lying at the root of all this it seems to me is the doctrine of the priesthood of believers carried out to its inevitable and logical results in the power of the Holy Ghost. A clear conception of this truth, which is actualised, I believe, only by the Society of Friends in its organization as a church, we need to have. Where

this truth is known and worked upon, no priest can set his foot. The true Quaker has communion with the Father through the Eternal Spirit, and is shut up to Christ's baptism and Christ's communion. We have need still to obliterate any distinctions between brethren which lead to concentration of power in the hands of the ministry, by which they declare themselves to be nearer to God, or by which we delegate to them powers and authority which make them stand between the congregation and the Lord Jesus Christ as a go-between, a mediator. When we come to the simple apostolic basis which was, I believe, in the mind of the Apostle Paul when he laid down in the Epistle to the Corinthians a basis of church worship, when we see the source of gifts, when we see the room that is made in our organization for their exercise, when we see the reverent waiting in silence that the Lord may give the gift and choose the messenger, when all these influences are seen, I think we shall have reason still to declare that there is a mission and a message for the Society of Friends.

After a few days spent at home, John and Lavina Dorland attended the Yearly Meeting at Pickering. He was again appointed Clerk. "A position," he writes, "Friends insisted on my taking." Of the Meeting he wrote :—

It was larger than for many years, and a hopeful tone pervaded it. They hope to have the College open a year from next autumn. There were an unusual number of young people out, and we all felt much encouraged.

One item of the printed proceedings may be of interest. It occurs in the summary answers to queries, and reads as follows :—

With six exceptions as to the use, four in one Quarterly Meeting and two in another, our members are clear of the sale, use or manufacture of intoxicating liquors, except for purposes strictly medicinal. Two of the exceptions are reported as under care.*

The weeks that followed were occupied with preparations for his removal. Of this he says :—

I dread it, yet I feel sure that it is right, so I can go quietly on and trust about consequences and the dear ones here.

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* The last expression is one in vogue in the Society of Friends to indicate the action of the Church in dealing with errant members. These are usually visited and reasoned with by one or two Friends appointed for the purpose.

Then his love for the home of his boyhood often finds expression in his letters :—

How blue the lake is! the banks and point and Garratt's Island in the inner lake. This is *home*, and only His call could take me from it. My dear parents are so sweet about our going.

Referring to another call to religious service that had been laid before him, he says :—

They want me to go to Cleveland, but I can see nothing but England.

And of some local engagements he continues :—

I have given five addresses on the East and have some more in prospect. We had such a baptism at worship last evening. But though I dread to leave there is such a joy in the prospect of taking up my work again in England. I trust God is preparing me for it in larger measure also. Oh, for His power in saving and sanctifying.

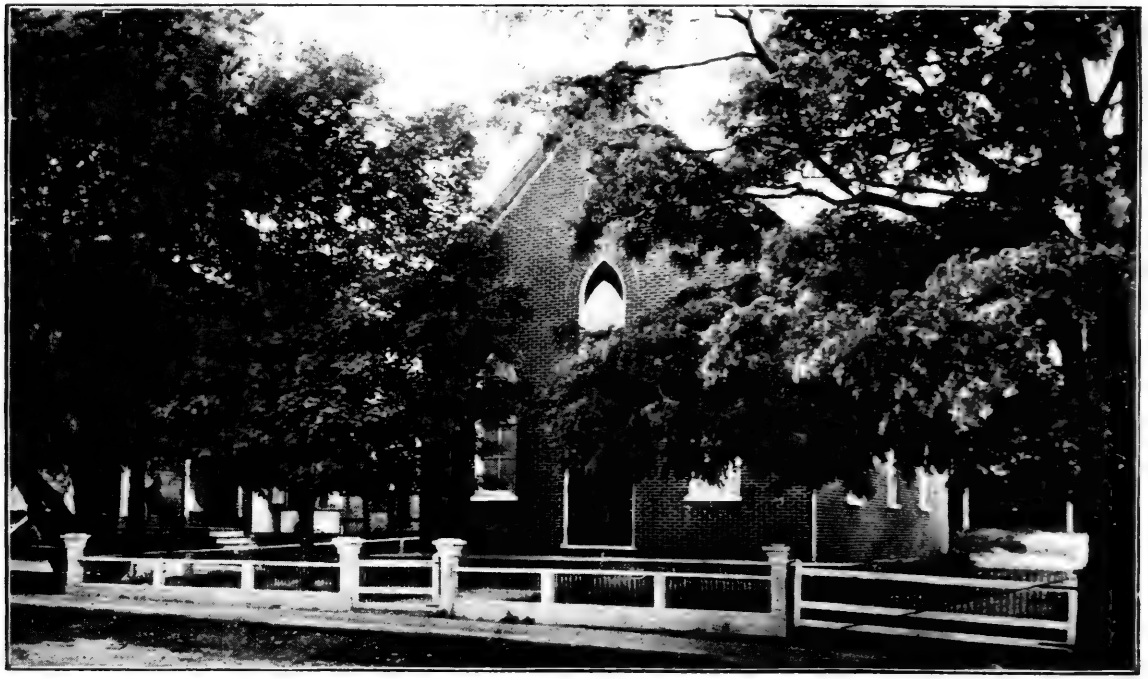
On the 23rd of September he left for England, accompanied by his wife and three children, Margaret, John William, and Arthur. The same evening they were able to go on board the *S.S. Sardinian* at Montreal.

From Quebec he writes :—

S.S. Sardinian, lying at Quebec.
24th September, 1890.

We reached here just about five o'clock. When dinner was over, and we took the children on deck (they stay in our cabins while we are dining) we were lying under the shadow of Cape Diamond, taking on coal and various things. The gray citadel above us, goats on its face browsing, the city peaceful, the mountains blue, Point Levis in a lovely light from the rosy sunset behind Cape Diamond—which we could not see—ships, tugs, rafts,—all make up a picture, once seen, never forgotten. I wish, Bessie, thou couldst see historic Quebec. We were so sorry we did not reach it earlier and in time for a drive. I wanted to have Vina on the Plains of Abraham, but it is too late, though this is a lovely moon, two-thirds full, and the night promises to be fair and chilly.

I thought of you in meeting this morning and hope you had a good time. You will feel lonely, but how bracing the feeling is that we are in our right place! You must write me if father and mother were comforted and able to have us go.



FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE, WELLINGTON.

Dear me what a wrench it was. But I cannot tell you how glad I am to have had those few days with you at home alone. They are a real comfort to me to look back upon—so pleasant that I could be with you.

I said a "wrench," it is not that—there is no breaking! Like Goldsmith's Traveller we "drag at each remove a lengthening chain," but the home staple is driven too deep to be wrenched out.

Grete told me just now when I was in the state-room to send her love to all, and Willie said to tell you he is sleeping "upstairs," by which he means the upper berth. And now again "Good-night." "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

Your ever loving,

JOHN T. D.

Three days later he writes :—

Nearing the Straits of Belle Isle.

To-day there was no going out on deck. I muffled the boys and carried them one at a time up in the passage-way for a breath of fresh air. Having two cabins together it gives some space to play and they do very well.

One of us generally is with them and they need someone. They have unscrewed the electric button, pressed the bell until the stewardess threatened to put them—or Will that was—in jail, and this, with our admonitions has obliged them to confine their attentions to the stationary wash bowls, letting the water in and out. Our bags furnish them with "fat pigs" and horses, the straps with driving lines, the two cabins with different houses and altogether—though Will says he does not like the ship—they seem to be having a good time. Oh to be on land again! Grete is the best sailor of us all and is beside me in the saloon as I write, she sends love. So do we all.

Nearing Liverpool he says :—

The heavy seas kept up till we were at Moville. Oh dear! it has been a dreary time. How my very soul loathes the sea!

Upon reaching London he settled with his family at "Deanbrook," Willesden Junction, which became their home for the next six years.

A Friends' Meeting had been recently established at Willesden as well as an Adult School. Both of these had his very warm sympathy. Although much of his time was

spent away from London, and even when at home he found many claims upon him from other Meetings in the Metropolis, his deep interest in this new Meeting and his occasional visits to the families connected with it were of much practical help.

The year 1891 began with a series of meetings continued for eight days at Holloway, London. Other engagements followed in rapid succession. Series of meetings and Bible readings, conferences, Adult School gatherings, fellowship meetings and conventions occupied him in different parts of the country. He passed through the Midlands and Wales, then to a number of places along the south coast, besides paying visits to Ireland and the north of England.

Always when possible he obtained the companionship of some young man during these engagements. Many had thus for a few days, or for a week or two at a time, the privilege of joining him in this work. Writing of one of these companions he says :—

> Arthur Dann of Brighton is with me. I enjoy having him, he takes a nice part in the vocal service of the meetings, and thus lightens my burdens. It is the Apostolic manner, and has a blessing in it when the two are one in faith and prayer.

And he continues,

> I am so thankful that so far I have been so largely preserved from any sense of weariness in my work. The chariot wheels have not driven heavily, and there has been such a joy in it, and no fear for the future for me and mine though these years seem and *are* so important in a business way.
>
> Latterly I have had a little longing to be making some money and have this work done. Dear friend, when thou hast an audience of the King, ask for me that unto the end "I may run and not be weary, walk and not faint." I would rather be a poor man and have His blessing, than rich with an uneasy conscience and a burdened heart. Like the priest of old, I want the Lord to be my "lot"—and to be *satisfied* in it.
>
> It seems such a strange leading, this continued service and our moving to England, but, "who is blind as my servant?"
>
> Two of the sons here have been in the East, so we have a very fruitful source of conversation. They enjoyed it as we did. Strange, but the enjoyment seems to heighten as time goes on.

The mention of the East by anyone, makes me beam with joy. The recollection is so pleasant. I would hardly for anything have it lost from my life.

He did not keep a journal during this or the succeeding years in England, but, from the frequent insertion of a few words in his pocket diary of engagements, it can be seen that the same blessing followed him as in journeys already described, and many conversions resulted from these incessant labours. Such expressions occur as "A flow of testimony so that we could hardly close"; "Some conversions"; "—— confessed a theft and found peace"; "Overshadowing of His presence"; "—— thought thirty professed conversion"; "My own heart longs for greater likeness to Jesus"; "Truth triumphed"; "Many requests for prayer"; "—— converted, I had prayed for him two years."

It is difficult to describe, and none of his writings convey any adequate impression of the deep spiritual baptisms he had in prayer for others. His soul was drawn out for the souls of men. In these seasons it was not a natural sympathy that was most apparent, but an enlargement of heart in the love of Christ which seemed to lead with wonderful directness into the Divine presence. At the same time he realized the limitation of his gift and that the power was not his, as a few words indicate, "No thoroughfare at ——'s last evening. I am sad over him. I am not the one to be used for him."

He rejoiced over consecrated lives, and an entry notes with thankfulness, "—— offered ground and funds for a new building for aggressive work. An answer to prayer."

Writing to a friend of blessing that had attended some of his work, he says :—

Thou wilt rejoice with me when the Lord gives me to see some fruit of my labour. I am so undeserving, and do my work for Him in such a bungling manner—it just humbles me, while it encourages me, to see some results. I long to see more young men giving themselves up to the work.

Early in this year there is the remark in his diary :—

I have resolved to give more attention to the Opium and Temperance questions than heretofore.

Various engagements that succeed show that this resolve was faithfully kept. He writes :—

The Anti-Opium Convention was most rousing. They have appointed a committee of urgency, and ask for 20,000 to rouse the Churches and petition the Government. I presume they will have conventions in the large towns, etc.

Alfred Dyer is a most interesting man—reminds one of the ancient prophets—and his prayers carried the Convention right up to the throne, and we saw our sin in the light of the Heavenly Justice, and trembled for our country lest God's judgments should be poured out upon us before our tardy Government confesses and brings forth "fruits" meet for repentance.

The first four meetings were for prayer. I became much stirred up in the question. It and Temperance are claiming me more and more. We had a Gospel Temperance meeting here on Seventh-day evening last. The two subjects are united, and I think we cannot do much in Temperance at home till we have cleared our skirts of a greater evil against nearly one half of the population of the world.

My friend Alfred Brooks is with me, and is, as Paul said of Mark—"profitable unto me for the ministry."

On the occasion of an excursion to London of about 2,000 members of northern Adult Schools he took one of a number of parties that were conducted to various places of interest in the Metropolis, and notes with satisfaction that "his party numbered sixty-two, and the day passed off splendidly." Another entry reads, "Flooded with invitations to meetings."

When at home he rejoiced at having friends to see him and many there enjoyed his helpful intercourse. The number of his engagements made it difficult for him to be much with his children, but when he could be, there occur such entries as, "Played cricket with the chicks this afternoon"; "Took the children for a ride on an omnibus"; etc., showing how he endeavoured to enter into their lives. About a year after his death a little child who loved him and called him "Uncle John," looking up at the stars one night asked her father the question, "Are they alive father?" "They obey God, my child," he replied. "Do they know one another?" she continued. "I do not know darling," he answered. She was silent an instant, and then added

"Uncle John does," and the confiding voice told that she was satisfied.

A few extracts from his home letters may be given :—

Moorfield, Bradford.
22nd 2nd mo., '91.

Dear Ones at Home,

My last to you was from the pretty little town of Settle, and was finished before we took our splendid walk on the hills. It was simply glorious after the fogs of Leeds to fill ones lungs with the fresh air of those hills and bathe in the glorious sunshine. They are not very high, perhaps eight hundred feet or so, but it was quite a climb to the top. We visited such a pretty little waterfall in a wooded glen or dingle, and then finding a place behind a rock out of the wind and in the sunshine, we had a meeting and thanked Him for all His mercies. Returned home with grand appetites. About twenty out to the Bible reading in the afternoon. Very good for a small place, and when many men cannot leave their business. Then we had another walk and visited the curious ebbing and flowing well. This well is connected with a syphon in the hill-side—a natural one of course, and rises and falls every few minutes, but there has been so little rain this winter it would not work, so we did not see it operate, though we drank the clear cool waters. The sun set over the ridge of hills to the south-west and the sweet valley was so quiet. Sometimes I long that you at home could see some of this scenery with me. It is so charming and cannot be seen elsewhere on earth except in "merrie England." The meeting that night was a good one, and the next morning we were off by nine. I said farewell to B. Cadbury at Skipton and came on to Bradford alone with some homesickness.

The Priestmans are as kind as can be. Bradford is a large meeting with a congregation of 300 or 350. The morning meeting was an impressive time. I had good liberty but some one ought to have prayed at the close, and I felt it so strongly I said so. How unfaithfulness hurts a Friends' meeting. I should have been glad to have done it, but it was not for me. Mrs. P. has kindly asked Vina to come here for a few days while I am here. I doubt if she will feel that she can leave home.

We have been sauntering through the greenhouses—among the lovely flowers. This is how my Heavenly Father gives me the hundredfold, "houses, lands," etc. I enjoy them as much as if they were my own and have no care nor trouble about them. He is good to those who fear Him.

Third-day morning.—A brighter day, but a fog is in the valley and may creep up to us. The meeting last evening was a very good one, a great sense of God's presence. It was much better than the evening before, when a large congregation were "sizing me up." Now they have guessed my age, and know the colour of my hair, and gratified their curiosity generally, so we can settle down to real work. First meetings are a little trial in that way, but one we have to go through. Dear hearts, you know me, how I wish I could see you all! I am sometimes almost sick with longing.

Fourth-day.—The sunshine is struggling through the dense fogs and casting bleared shadows around—everything around would make one dismal. Linen can only be worn a short time, and handkerchiefs! well, there is some compensation, for the washerwoman has the more to do. Then add to this a cold in the head, and you have the maximum of trial in the way of handkerchiefs. But despite the fogs our meetings were well attended yesterday. The evening meeting was a very solemn time, and a stream of glad but quiet testimony. But my natural spirits get the better of me sometimes, and so at supper we got into a gale and I went to bed rather low in my mind, and with better resolves for the future. What is one to do with them? I mean harmless fun. I want to be bright and very "come-at-able" to young people, but where to draw the line between that and "foolish talking and jesting" is sometimes difficult. You at home know all my foolishness in these ways, I wish I could burst in on you and create a breeze, make mother shake with laughter, make father brush his face with his hand in the familiar way as if to brush away the pleasant smile lest it become a laugh, make Bessie's laugh peal out, till it called Blanche from the kitchen to peep through the sitting room and grin, showing all her ivory. Would'nt I just give mother a hug that would disarrange her cap, and hug Bess till she screamed "*John don't.*" Oh dear, but I can't; here in "Darkest England" *in every sense* I am, and so far away from Canadian skies and my own dear ones. Then it seems as if He whispered, "It is right," and my heart rests in leaving you all in Him and His dear will. It was meeting morning this morning, but I did not feel that it was best for me to go.

Sixth-day morning.—At last the sun shines and it really looks as if we may be going to have a fair day. But English skies are deceitful. The meeting last evening was larger and solemn

Love to all. My next will I hope be written you from Deanbrook.

Your ever loving,

John T. D.

Deanbrook.

Second-day morning, 30th March, 1891.

I must put on my boots now and go out to distribute some bills advertising the entertainments in connection with the Adult School.

Third-day morning.—I got my work nicely done. I cannot say that I much enjoyed it. Some people took them so nicely, and some were so cross. It gave me a feeling for agents that I never had before.

I had just settled myself down for a good long evening's Bible study, when a bicycle bell rang. It was George who had brought my machine over from father Baker's, so I went up home with him and he got his and we went for a spin of perhaps five miles into the country. I found I had not forgotten though I have not been on one for months.

Fourth-day evening.—It is toward evening and a quiet hour to do a little more writing to my dear ones. Quiet because they have all gone to Martha's to the M.H. Union. The maid has just cleared off my tea things and will herself be going out, so I shall be alone in the house. How mysterious life is. The news has reached us of the death of a young minister. They fear suicide, and it seems *so* sad. I ought to write to his parents, but what can one say under such circumstances—except to encourage them in God's endless love for us all—and for him—their son.

This has made us sad—but this among many things—and it would grow insupportable if I did not know that God is educating us, that the world is not Fatherless—that

> . . . "All men move
> Under a canopy of love,
> As broad as the blue sky above."

Yesterday morning I ventured alone on my bicycle over to Woodstock and back. A nice run, and I am feeling more at home on the machine, and enjoy it. I am sure the exercise is good for me.

In the evening we went to Spurgeon's Tabernacle to hear an illustrated lecture on "Russia, her People, Palaces, and Prisons." The views were grand, but some of them so sad—one the place where the Siberian exiles say "farewell" to their friends. The palaces are as magnificent as the prisons are dreadful. The collection was to go towards placing the Bible in the hands of the prisoners in these dreadful prisons. What a building the "Tabernacle" is! and it was full or nearly so. Spurgeon presided and made a humorous speech in introducing Mr. Cook the lecturer. He seems rather feeble, though his voice is clear and strong as ever.

J. and I met at the works this morning to let George Baker and John Lester take our photos in our Eastern costumes. The men at the works enjoyed it much, and watched us with the most curious interest. We were taken in Syrian and Bedouin costumes and several times over. It was unfortunate that I had shaved my moustache, so I bought a penny one and stuck it on for the occasion. The effect is curious. Then we went out on the bank of the canal and had them taken in various positions. The canal was to represent the Jordan, and the hedge behind us some of its tangled thickets. A little imagination, and you would quite think us on Jordan's bank in a strictly literal sense. But oh! the attention we received. Groups of small boys—these boys are ubiquitous—cheeky men on the barges being towed by, pedestrians who stopped to admire, women who were too modest or fearful, and pretended not to see us and hurried by. My moustache was the trying thing, it was a proper twirled one, and the ends would wave in the spring breeze unless I carefully tucked them away under my head gear and then it was not impressive. However, I will try to send you a copy so that you can judge. Joe was dressed as a Bedouin sheik and needed an expression of dignity and villainy. I told him to look perfectly natural and the effect would be exactly what was needed. I fear however he looked pious or tried to. Well, we had a lot of fun.

Every Easter for some years now, the F.C.F.U. has sent some of its members out to some small Meeting to hold a series of meetings. This time they were at three places—the three parties of them. It seems they had splendid times. They said they were better than my meetings, which quite amused me. I did not know that mine were considered a sort of standard of excellence. It is nice to see so many young people coming out in the Lord's work.

I know that you are continuing to pray for me. Please do so. I have about finished T. Erskine's letters. Such a saintly man; brought up in the Presbyterian Church he became almost the leader of thought on the doctrine of the restitution of all things. It seems as if to some men it is easy to be saintly—but not to me. However, He will *perfect* the work begun, and we shall be like Him at last, and satisfied when we awake in His likeness. How sweet the thought is to us.

Fifth-day evening. I have been down town to-day, and with Joe went to the funeral of Henry Catford. It was a solemn time, and so wisely simple and with all absence of outward mourning. It was in this respect quite Apostolic.

To-day I saw a letter from Holman,* and I think an extract or

* F. Holman, D.D.

two from it would interest you. He says about a little card Joe sent him—a picture of Tiberias:—"How the memories rush back! I can see the soft blue sky—I can see the tall ripe grass in the meadows, I can see the crimson patches of wild poppies, I can hear the plash of the 'blessed sea' on the pebbles, I can see the quaint earthquake-shaken, time-smitten, picturesque, filthy, memory-laden tumble-down old town of Tiberias with its crumbling ruins, its crooked streets, its dirty inhabitants, its beautiful encircling hills, and I declare my shins itch even now at the memory of the ten million, billion, leaping, hungry, eager fleas! I declare to you Baker, I am sick to start off again. Don't you think I could become a Friend and have 'a concern,' and be released to go on a missionary tour or something of that sort? I am positively sick with longing to see Egypt and Syria again. Bye the bye where is John Dorland? and what is he doing? Where could I hit him with a letter if I wanted to? Is he 'exercising his gift' or serving tables, or what is he doing? I don't believe an economical God ever put together such a combination of big legs, well sheltered nerves, sound digestion, good nature, well hinged jaws, bottomless lungs, and well packed noddle, just to make a counter jumper, or a yard stick fencer. If that was all he was made for, I can't resist the conviction that it was a shameful waste of raw material." Is not that enough to make one fairly gasp? Did you ever know such a fellow? A flattering estimate of me! The term "economical God" is startling, but true. He has no waste material—

> "For nothing walks with aimless feet,
> And not one life shall be destroyed
> Or cast as rubbish to the void,
> When God has made the pile complete."

Keswick Hotel, Keswick.
14th 7th mo., '91.

Dear Loved Ones at Home,

How naturally and lovingly amid all surroundings my thoughts go to the dear ones at home. It is noon with you now—no, later, about three, and I can fancy you coming down from the afternoon naps into the sitting room for the sweet time of talk and work. Father has come in from the garden, Blanche sings in the kitchen, the waggon-house doors are open, Jennie nibbles may-be on the lawn, and there is the sight and sound of waves on the shore. Gulia and perhaps May with you, the happy voices of Charlie and Dillwyn and wee Robin, and Mary—the two of them—and Bessie, wise and maidenly—ah me! and we and ours not with

you. The tears almost come to my eyes. I love you, and better still, God loves us *all*. How I should love to "drop in" and join in the sweet harmony of speech. I said "evening" because though it is past nine, the twilight is with us and I have only just turned on the electric light, and Vina was reading in the twilight only five minutes since. It is so sweet—yes, it may sound affected —but "sweet" and "tender" are the right words to use. And in it stand, grand and silent, the mountains, Skiddaw and the Catbells, and all the chain round lovely Derwentwater, folding it and us all in one safe, loving embrace. The mountains have a message for me—untranslatable in words—one of strength and quietness, and infinity—they are the heavens of the earth and lift our thoughts upward They subdue but do not sadden, they rebuke but do not depress, and in this lovely light they have lost all ruggedness, standing like groups of giant kings that guard the enchanted ground. You remember how George Macdonald nearly always has some one of his characters lost among the mountains—when the silence gathers itself into a voice that speaks to the soul, and the man or woman wakes to God and true life. This may as well happen by our lake or in the solitude of a plain—but wherever it be—"only my spirit to His silence listens, faints till she finds Him, quivers till He come,"—then the awakening comes. I do not now wonder, if I do not fully understand, why our blessed Lord went "into a mountain apart to pray," and I may perhaps hope that something of their message to Him, is their word to me. Anyhow I know that it has drawn my heart out to Him, and my heart sings a song of praise that is there, though it will never float into speech.

The little river "Greta" sings round the edge of our grounds, and flows past Southey's home beyond the group of trees yonder, It must be my cradle song. I will fancy it to be the low note of waves on the shore of Lake Ontario—and I may dream of dear mother and father and you all.

Y.M.C.A., Brighton.

6th 10th mo., '91.

Here I am again in Brighton. I did not feel at all well all First-day owing to my sickness on the Irish Channel, but I am about myself now. It was a very short time I had at home, but much better than none. Arthur is so proud of wearing trousers. Vina wrote me that on First-day she was reading to them how David cut off Saul's "skirts," and he said, "But mother I should have thought Saul would have worn trousers." He is growing so

fast. We had a little prayer meeting on Seventh-day evening. On First-day I was at our own meeting. Walter Lean also. He had the service and I only one offering in prayer. Nice young men's meeting in the afternoon and again in the evening. Several requests for prayer, and one, I hope, truly converted. This meeting was at 8.30, so I was at our own first and preached from "I am not alone, my Father who sent Me is with Me." It was a nice day. It is strange to be in this Institution. It is more like life at Pickering College than any experience I have had since those days. About thirty men in the house, some down only for Sunday, others permanent boarders; it is like open house, with many opportunities for doing good. Noisy! laughter, thrumming on pianos, bed at eleven, and fellows going for a bath at six, waking you up. . . . But I felt it right to stay here, so here I am, though I have been invited to the Wallis's and Dann's. I almost forgot to tell you that the second meeting on First-day was a mixed one. Lady Hope and her friend Sir William Hart Dyke's sister were there. Lady Hope offered a nice feeling prayer. She was brought out through Mr. Moody, and is now a temperance worker and has been having meetings for ladies in Brighton.

You are preparing for winter as we are I suppose. Apples and fruit all in: the nights getting frosty. Have you had Indian Summer yet? Oh dear, my heart is with you. I should cry for joy if I could have my head in mother's lap and embrace father, and yet I feel very sure that here is the place for me, and that I am at my right work, and I could not be happy even with you, and know that I was not filling my place in life.

Friday morning.—I have not written since Second-day. One thing or other has turned up to prevent it. The meetings have gone on famously, growing larger every day. The Bible readings attended chiefly by ladies fill the hall, and generally we have a hundred or more young men in in the evening. There have been signs of blessing every night, last evening four young men professed conversion. It is a very quiet, and I believe deep work. Mr. Moulton seems so joyful over it. The men in the house have got over their shyness of me and I have had several satisfactory talks. It has been a blessed work with much sense of God's presence with us in the meetings. It has made me very glad. They are curious in one way, for we have a piano, organ, violin and cornet, and good singing, then when this noise is over, we always have a time of silent waiting, and they seem to enter into it so nicely. . . . . What should we do if there were no Almighty Saviour pitying and forgiving us? I somehow always think of sinning and suffering ones and *Him together*. That is my rest.

Deanbrook, Acton Lane,
Willesden, N.W.
26th 10th mo., '91.

Dear Watchers at Home,

May's letter has come this morning with the sad, sad news of dear father's illness, and that the girls had gone and she and Bart were following—oh, that I might join the group—but this awful ocean lies between, and I can do nothing but weep and pray, and now either dear father is coming back to life to be with us a little longer, or probably before this has been taken home. We still hope for the former, and if the latter be true, we bow under the stroke and say,—"Thy will be done." It was a sad breakfast hour. We did not tell the children and they looked wonderingly at our eyes. Katie read, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble." So He is. Margaret was weeping from sympathy, and when we got up ran away. When I told Will he laid his head on my shoulder and cried bitterly. Little Arthur seemed to understand, and wondered if grandmother was sick, and when I told M. she seemed to feel it so much, and has since again and again repeated "Poor grandmother." Aye, we are all the poorer, but to dear father it *is all gain*. I remember one night before coming away, he had gone to bed early, and I ran in and sat on the bed's foot and we had such a sweet talk. He told me that he would be so glad to go when the Lord saw fit, and seemed to feel he was saying "farewell" to us for the last time. Margaret has just come in my study and said, "If we only had wings we could fly and kiss him "Good-bye," and then in my ear she whispered, "God can comfort thee and mother." Yes, He does comfort us. Dear mother and Bessie—you, of us all, will feel the loss most.

It only remains for us to go on with our duties as bravely as we may. "The common lot," and the shadow of this first great sorrow of my life brings me more into sympathy with other men's sorrows.

I cannot write much more. I have turned away many times to weep since I began this. I send by the first post in the hope that it may reach you a few days earlier, and if when it comes, dearest father should be with you, give him a loving son's dutiful, tender, grateful, parting kiss; I would I had been a better son, and could have given him greater comfort. For his example of honour and patience, of labour and independence, of truth and sobriety, of righteousness and godliness, I do, and shall always give God thanks. Dearest mother, Vina and I would be so glad to be with thee at this time. That privilege is denied us, but we

do pray that the God of all comfort may embrace thee in His love, and now that the rest of the journey must be walked alone, give thee to feel more than ever His presence and enfolding, upholding arms. The Grace of God, and the God of all Grace be with you all, and with us.

Your sorrowing Son and Brother,
John T. Dorland, Jr.

Richard Irwin's,
The Grange, nr. Manchester.
28th 10th mo., '91.

Dear Ones at Home,

It seems as if May's letter telling us about father's illness were only a dream, and yet the oppression is on us, and we are anxiously waiting the next from home. We are hoping it may bring us news of dear father being better—but we have passed through a sorrowful time, and sometimes I almost give up hope and think of a new grave by Seburn's, and a lonely and sorrowful household at "Lakeview." But in any case it seemed that one ought to go quietly on and do one's duty. I felt at first that every one ought to be sad as I was. It seemed strange that men could laugh and chatter as though a great grief had not fallen upon us. I have told no one but the B———s of father's illness. It always leads to enquiries, and I do not feel that I can talk with strangers about it. Then sometimes I feel he is better and all is as it was, and I can be interested in things around me.

Shall I go back to yesterday and tell you of my doings? One motive of doing so is gone if father be not there to hear. The Council of Adult School Delegates met at Bunhill on Seventh-day afternoon. A very interesting time, and in the evening I took the chair at a large and enthusiastic meeting. The last time the Lord Mayor was in it. We had a bright, helpful time. J. stayed the night with me, and we were early astir to get to the School at 8 a.m. The largest School this year, 430 men, and with the women bringing up the total to something about 700. We had such a nice time in Class B, then came the meeting. ——— and his sister were down all day. He was an agnostic, but has come out so beautifully, and his sister is in an unsettled condition now.

Another Bible reading in the afternoon to a full house, and a very free time it was, and then came the large Gospel meeting in the evening. It was a time of power, four or five men professed to give themselves to the Saviour, which made thirty or more for the week. And in the time of prayer Miss ——— prayed—we were *so* thankful. Then the meeting closed, and my poor hand grew

weak and weary with so many handshakes. It has been a good week despite the bad weather.

I came on here on Second-day afternoon and was soon in this kind home. John Hilton is stopping here also, over the U. K. Alliance. We were all day yesterday at its meetings, and very lively times we had. The Council of Delegates in the morning; Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P., in the chair, that fine old temperance champion, who made one of his very racy, telling speeches. He is very humorous without trying. The Countess of Carlisle, W. S. Caine, M.P., and Mr. Pope, Q.C., were among those present. The U.S. was represented by a Mr. Powell, of New York, who made a very good speech, and Canada by your unworthy son and brother. All the speeches will come out in the *Alliance News* and I will send you a copy. Several thanked me, but mine was simply a statement of facts; I was tempted to indulge in rhetoric, but refrained. Mr. Raper is one of the old "stand-bys," a hero in temperance reform, and such a nice man. He congratulated me on my conciseness. The Council sat from 10 to 4, and I simply had to go out and get some food. The sitting powers of an Englishman in Parliament or council are wonderful. The Countess of Carlisle is a bright, earnest woman. Lady Henry Somerset was unable to be present. In the evening there was a meeting of several thousands in the Free Trade Hall, where John Bright delivered some of his finest speeches. It was packed, and I had the great pleasure of hearing some men I have never heard before. The Right Hon. John Morley, M.P., was in the chair.

He speaks in a slow, well considered way, convincingly, but not movingly. His pronouncement was very gratifying, being in favour of local option, and strongly supporting legislation in favour of temperance. It is very gratifying as indicating the trend of opinion, now so strong that statesmen must consider it. Sir Wilfrid followed in his usual happy way. Then came best of all, Canon Basil Wilberforce. What his father was to the Anti-Slavery cause, he almost is to this. He poured out a perfect torrent of eloquence, carrying us away with it, interrupted by storms of applause. He is the despair of the stenographer and though so rapid a speaker, his enunciation is so clear that one has no difficulty in following him. I think I never heard such an eloquent man. It was something splendid, and then too he came out grandly in defence of the Gospel as one sphere of work in this cause, legal enactments the other. A son of Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh gave us a very racy Scotch address. Joshua Rowntree and Mr. Wilson of Leeds or Sheffield, both gave good speeches and are both Quaker M.P.'s. Dear old Mr. Raper remained to sum up in seconding the vote of thanks to the chairman, and did

it very cleverly. The enthusiasm was sometimes tremendous, several hundred standing up at one time, cheering, handkerchiefs waving, and hats too. I believe the friends of temperance think them the best Alliance Meetings that have ever been held. The publicans are getting frightened, and have raised £100,000 to begin a campaign against the Alliance and its work. There is an undoubted advance all along the line in England. We got home late, but happy, and with a feeling that this great question had received a fresh impulse from this day's work. But my part in it lost something to me from the thought that father would not perhaps be there to share its pleasure. I have always felt so united to you all at home, that I feel you share in all my labour and in any joy or honour I may have. I ought to be a good son with such a father. In simple truth and righteousness I only hope I may be permitted to stand beside him.

On the 2nd of November he wrote to his sister, Gulielma D. Warder, Washington :—

All this week I have been waiting in sorrow and suspense for the word we longed for yet feared to receive. It came last Seventh-day evening—thy letter and one from Bessie as well. I think the realization of it will come more fully in time, at present it seems like an unpleasant dream—an impression that will wear away. Yet I know it cannot, and that our beloved, revered father is with us no more. Three First-days he has been in heaven.

Saving only for our loneliness and mother's and Bessie's, which is more than ours, we can rejoice for him—now beyond all care and strife and the increasing infirmities of old age, necessitating the care from others which he dreaded so much.

Except for his suffering, I think his passing was almost what he would have wished. How sacred his memory will be to us! and how truly good and heroic he was in many ways we know. I am thirty-two, and no longer a boy, yet to this day, in all matters of business, I leaned on him and would have taken his counsel against my own judgment.

It is a great satisfaction to me that I have never given father any serious cause for anxiety, as he told me, and have no memories of any differences between us that cause one regret. It is a consoling thought.

Dear, dear father, at rest with the Lord he loved. It was a great mercy that five of his children were with him.

We shall always feel grateful to David for the part of a true son he acted when I could not be there. It was as well thou didst not go, it would have been awful to witness his sufferings and feel unable to do anything to relieve them. No picture of home rises

before my mental vision in which he is not the central figure—if it is the sitting-room he is in his chair by the window, if the garden he is busy among the berry bushes, if the yard he is crossing to the carriage house.

It will always be so, and probably to us both, till we have visited the home and find him not, and learn to look on the dear familiar places, and find the dear familiar presence in none of them.

Ah me ! dear sister, life takes a more sober hue forever from such a loss. What a lonely winter for dear mother and Bessie.

This awful ocean—it never seemed so wide before. My heart nearly breaks for longing to be with them.

My love to Claudia and Robert. The Lord blessed me yesterday in the meeting, and though my sorrow was heavy upon me, enabled me to rise above its depression. It was of course not generally known in the meeting.

Thy loving brother,

John T. Dorland.

Leeds.

21st 11th mo., '91.

Dear Ones at Home,

I never write this familiar heading to my letters now without remembering that there is one less of the dear number, and this morning it has all come back to me—our great loss and your loneliness, and the long winter that I cannot but in some ways dread for you. Nevertheless we all have the great comfort that dear father died in the Lord, and is with Him, and the same gracious Father who is the Father of all mercies gives us His own comfort in such a loss. I hardly know how I could have borne up under it otherwise, and even now I am often suddenly arrested in thought and almost come to a stand-still as I say to myself—"Father is dead." But I have not seen him so, and in one sense he will never have died to me. Much as I would have wished to be with you in that time and to have joined the group of watchers around the bed-side, I am in some ways glad I was not—he is to me, in all my thoughts, living, and the gracious father I have always known him. Then sometimes the sense of desolation is so painful, and the "sorrow wakes and cries," and my heart's sob is, "Oh my father ; my father ! "

I came to this Convention with a great longing that I might be blessed and made a blessing. I felt very unworthy of any place in it—especially as a speaker—but my prayer was answered. I have been blessed, and trust I have been made a blessing. Indeed one man told me so, so I have a double joy. . . . How

like are the children of God all the world over whose hearts are indwelt by the same Spirit.

Of his father's death he writes to Mrs. Harris :—

He was only ill about a week, but suffered greatly—most of the time unconscious from pain. He used to call for me and say, —"my son, my dear, dear son." Oh what would we all have done, had he and we not known the Divine consolations? Of course it was useless to cable to us, it was all over before we knew that he was ill. Such a loss to us all! But he was ripe and ready to go. I had always relied on his excellent judgment in business matters and shall miss him so much. May it only draw me near to my Heavenly Father, to whom I must carry business and all other matters.

And a month later to the same friend he writes :

The 29th of this month would have been the eightieth birthday of our father, and the tenth anniversary of our marriage. We used to have a joint celebration, but now—

"With Christ he keeps his Christmas,
In a fairer world than this."

I have been reading good, saintly Isaac Penington's letters. They have made me feel rather low in my mind, and that I am such a novice in these great, divine things, that I hardly deserve being called "a minister of Jesus Christ!" May His grace bless us all, and His peace be upon us!

In a home letter written from Sunderland he says :—

25th of 11th mo., '91.

We have just finished the Bible readings and such a gracious time! The silence at the close was so blessed. I was reminded of that word "seated in heavenly places in Christ Jesus," and from under the covering of it, there were such humble, brief prayers for fulness and power for service. I think the meetings are larger and better than last year, so quiet, generally a hymn at the beginning and a good deal of time for silent prayer.

And in the same letter he says :—

How much I have to be thankful for, that you dear ones have always encouraged me to a full obedience. Dear father was so gentle and kind to me; at a time when young men are settling down to money making, and when it seemed as if I were spoiling my prospects in life, he had only encouragement for me. Ah, to

him and mother, and you my dear sisters,—under God—how much I owe! I am always "your boy" if I live to be eighty.

Well, the sunshine is travelling over my paper, and reminding me that dinner will soon be here, and I must draw to a close. This goes with my dearest love to you all, at home, in Cleveland, and in Washington.

Your ever loving
JOHN.

He was much affected by the death of Joseph Baker on the 20th of January, 1892, so soon following that of his own father. Referring to the meeting at Willesden on the following First-day, he says :—

Our grief and sense of loss was great. . . . Mother Baker came, and I think it was best. She told me that she could not grieve with bitterness over his going. She used to pray that he might be spared till the children grew up—he was never very robust—and now he has lived to see his sons men—his grandchildren also settled around him. One of his clerks told me that he had been for years in the office daily with him, and never heard him say one thing that he would have wished unsaid. That's a great testimony—but he was a most gentle, sweet, and gracious man.

A letter to his mother and sister Bessie from Lancashire in February, 1892, describes his visit to one of the small meetings in the country.

Sunshine to-day and the snow going fast. The snowdrops and crocuses are so pretty. I am going on from here to-day to a meeting in the hills among primitive people, and where I shall have to sleep with the schoolmaster. I am hoping that he is slim —and clean!

When I got off at ——— station, I found waiting me an old Friend with a cart and horse, all looking weather-beaten but sinewy and well preserved. He—like all countrymen here—was of few words. "Get oop" and I did so, and we were soon jogging away. But Polly, the mare, has a deep-rooted dislike to a train, and just then one puffed up behind us and Polly set off on a canter. Her driver seemed to understand this breezy whim of hers, and used some—to me—unintelligible speech. We dashed round the corner, and being a man I did not scream, and then the old Friend said "Go oon then," and she cantered herself tired, till we

came to a hill and then she walked, and was quite demure the rest of the way. Our friend lives two miles from the station and three from the meeting-house in a stone farm house. We got down and went into the kitchen with its low ceiling with poles suspended horizontally from it, hams and sides of bacon along the wall, an old fire-place and crane, flagged floor, and tall clock an hour and a quarter too fast. A small pleasant-faced woman wiped her hands on her apron, wet from making butter, and welcomed me to their home. But that butter! forty lbs. one churning, and it was being done up into pound patties pressed with daisies on the top, and with a skill that only long practice gives, deposited from the press in golden rows on a large stone that served as a salver. I watched for half an hour those skilful hands work the butter, weigh it, shape it, roll it, press it, and place it. It was a work of art! Then we had tea in a quaint little back parlour, on an unsteady round table, and my little hostess in her close-fitting frilled calico cap, and mine host with his honest open farmer face —gave me tea and cream and bread and butter fit for a king!

Three girls waited on us—they had six children—one was dead, one married, and one out at service. No boys.

Then I went to the barn and saw the cows in the "byres," and watched my host grind food and cotton seed cake, and wet and mix it and place it before the gentle milk-making machines—asking the while sundry questions about America that taxed my farming experience. The people here do not see the need of a definite article in their speech. "Bring whip in house," and if they must use it they say "'t" So quaint it sounds. I found that it was so hilly on to the meeting-house that they did not care to drive back after meeting, and remembering Polly's skittishness I thought it as well, so said I could walk.

"I'll set thee on t' way, top of t' 'ill." But I thought I might as well walk all the way there, so giving ourselves time we set out. Well, it does seem as if this was a "remote meeting" but we found a nice meeting room and school. The schoolmaster lives in a cottage near. It was thought at first that I should have to stay with him, but at last ——— thought he could take me in so I came back there. The schoolmaster was very proud of a two weeks' old son and heir, and his wife looked very poorly. I was glad that I had not to trouble them for the night. Such a wild country all round, and the roads rather muddy—but a good number were out, and we had a good time. I may never know it, but I believe there will be fruit from that meeting.

Oh for a real revival—these drowsy little meetings nearly put one to sleep, and one has to bear up against worldliness, carelessness, semi-unitarianism, and sometimes passive but not unfelt

opposition. I am wonderfully helped through it all, and I believe I can thankfully say kept in a good measure of freshness and blessing. Then came the walk three miles over those muddy dark roads with very few stars even to help us. I fell in with a young Methodist preacher, and walking more rapidly we left the others some long way behind us. Then this man came to his turning and I was left alone. I did not like to wait so on I went. I remembered the road, had sweet thoughts of my loved ones, and of Him who loves us all, and got to the farm house, took my boots off and was eating a supper of delicious bread and milk when mine host and his daughter came in. I think they had been a little anxious about me, and said "Did t' come rest way alone?" "Aye I did." "Must a' run thin." "Oh no, I walked all the way." "Then Canadians be good walkers." A satisfied silence on my part. Six miles over muddy dark roads and a meeting! That's not bad, and I am all the better for it to-day. The bed in the odd little room was very clean and comfortable, and the sheets had been, I think, laid away with lavender. A fairly good night. Breakfast with egg and tea and cream and bread and butter, and at 10 I am driven to the station by "Polly," say farewell, and an hour later am at ——.

Returning home for a day or two he writes:—

On Third-day I dug the garden and have lame shoulders ever since. We will be putting our seeds out soon. I thought if the congregation to which I preached at Canterbury on First-day night, could have seen me, with my shirt sleeves rolled up, digging hard, they would have thought that I exemplified my sermon on every man a spiritual priest in his own house, no divorce between things secular and things sacred! That is as it ought to be.

Deanbrook,
Acton Lane.

20th 4th mo., '92.

My dearest Mother and Bessie,

I am just home this morning, and have a cold that makes my poor head rather thick. It comes, I presume, from open-air meetings, and I must tell you about our work at ——. You know that at every Easter time our London F. C. F. U. sends out several parties to various small and closed meetings not very far from London. I was never able to be out with them before—but this time I went. There were in our party four—Henry Gillett, a

medical student, Tom Wright—Alfred Wright's son, one of our Adult School men, now a Friend,—Charles Sampson, and myself.

We had a good morning meeting, and afternoon Bible reading, then at 7 we met at the corner for an open-air meeting. It was my first experience of a meeting of this sort, in the open air. It was queer. Fancy a small irregular square, with four roads opening into it—bounded by stone buildings—public houses at two corners, four young fellows standing in the middle singing "Come, great Deliverer, come!" heads at windows, and some small groups of men at distant corners wondering who they are and what it means. We had these every evening, and once were helped by the Salvation Captain and a comrade with a fiddle! Well, they grew in size, and it gave us an opportunity of bearing our testimony to some who would not have heard us else. I confess I did not at first much enjoy it, but it was a blessing to me. Some people cautiously opened their windows to hear—among them some Friends who would not have been seen with us in the open air. It being holiday time the meetings were not very large, but we had good times. Seven meetings on First-day! The last in the Y.M.C.A. Hall. The last evening we had an unexpectedly large meeting, and many went to the train to see us off. I came home this morning with some beautiful daffodils, and some roots of primroses for our garden. Found them all well, and though I had only been away five days it seemed very much longer.

I had such a lovely dream about father the other night, I think the first one I have had since his death. He seemed much as usual in looks, only brighter and younger. We had a long talk and walked with our arms round each other. Dear father! the missing of him is one element of dread in my coming home.

The completion of the work that had first called him to Great Britain took a longer time than at first anticipated, and was continued during the early months of the year 1892. Visits were made or series of meetings held in thirty-five places during this year before the 17th of May, when he believed that this part of his work was finished.

Sometimes amidst entries of these engagements a few words have much meaning. "Oh, that I may have some souls here!" "Friends very kind, but I miss a companion." "Full day, hoarse, but happy." "Felt the meeting at —— a very important time. "—— advises me to study and says that there is a duty one owes one's self." "Five meetings. Good day. Oh, for faith to trust Him more."

Of the home of Mrs. E. J. Harris, where he frequently sought a short season of quiet from the pressure of busy engagements, he exclaims: "Such a beautiful rest at Derwent Lodge."

Oh for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free.

On the 17th of May he informed the London Yearly Meeting of Ministry and Oversight that his service under the minute he had received from Canada was ended. Much sympathy and appreciation of the work he had been enabled to do were expressed and a returning minute given him. Altogether this service had engaged him rather more than four years.

CHAPTER XIII.

Engagement in business—Letters to Mrs. Harris—Series of Meetings continued—Birth of his daughter Bessie—Appointment to Secretaryship of F. F. D. S. Association—Visit to America—Chicago Exhibition—New York Yearly Meeting—Letter from Gulielma D. Warder—Extracts from letters to his wife—Extracts from minutes of Chicago Meeting—Return to England—The Adult School Movement—President of Class "A," Willesden Adult School—Minutes for religious service—Letter from a Friend—Farewell meeting of William and Lucy S. Johnson—Reunion of students, Pickering College—Letter to his Adult School Class.

JOHN DORLAND was a man of strong and positive character, quiet, fearless firmness, and possessed of considerable executive ability. Although this executiveness had hitherto only been exercised in the ministry, it had given added force and clearness to his message, and a certain directness and method to his work. It was not surprising, however, that its presence had at times given him a desire for some distinctly professional or business occupation. As early as the year 1889, in a letter to the writer, he says :—

> I wish I were capable of taking some part of your business and helping you when my mission in England is finished. But I am resolutely refusing to "take anxious thought" for the morrow. Perhaps there is some business somewhere here for me. But why need I mind now?

Nearly eleven years had elapsed since he had been in any business engagement, and then it had continued only for eight months, and had been interspersed with series of meetings and other Christian work. This period of almost unceasing religious service had been full of engagements of the most exhausting nature. In continuous work of this

kind the physical strain is often great, but the exhaustion of mental and nervous force is even greater.

In his letters therefore, the wish now finds occasional expression that he might engage in business for a time at least. This desire arose from no lessened interest in his religious work, nor from any want of devotion to it, but from a belief that it was right for him to be freed from its uninterrupted claim upon his whole time, and a conviction that his own health and the welfare of his family required that he should devote part of his time to other employment.

After the Yearly Meeting of 1892 he writes to Mrs. Harris :—

Yesterday I was at the Monthly Meeting at Jordan's. It is a beautiful spot, so leafy and quiet, no wonder William Penn chose to lie there.

Thou wilt have seen in *The Friend* that I am about to return my credentials to Canada Yearly Meeting. I feel that that special work is done now, but there are some meetings yet unvisited, and the greater part of the autumn and winter will be occupied in this way.

Then we must see what lies beyond—but I have not yet seen my way out of England. I hope I may find some opening in business—in the meantime "I go on not knowing."

About the middle of July, after some weeks of needed rest with his wife and family on the moors at Shull, as the guest of Lucy E. and Mary E. Mounsey, where he was much refreshed by quiet reading, trout fishing and riding, he definitely arranged to give part of his time to business, and entered into an engagement with Joseph Baker and Sons, engineers, London. He briefly notes this in his pocket diary, and says :—"I believe it is in right ordering." Under this engagement he was left free to be absent at any time that he desired and to continue all the religious work he felt called to undertake.

To his friend Mrs. Harris he wrote from Shull :—

I have decided to go into business with the Bakers, and shall begin in the office almost as soon as I go back. It will be so different for me, and I do want to be preserved in all ways that I may have a ministry for my Saviour even there.

And again, after his return home, he writes from Deanbrook, Willesden :—

I wanted to tell thee that I am really in business, and after a week and more experience think I shall quite like it. I am for a time in the office at the works out here, learning something about the various kinds of machinery, and go to work on my bicycle in the morning and return on it in the evening. It is only about ten minutes run and gives me some exercise.

I have really rather enjoyed it but of course there is some novelty to rub off. I can tell better in a few months. I am sure that it is good for me. For one thing one gets into regular habits.

I am going (D.V.) to-morrow evening to Henley-on-Thames at the invitation of the Mayor, a Friend—to address a meeting of Christian workers there, and the next week to Brighton, so I am doing something in the work I love so much.

Toward the end of the year, after he had gone from the works to the City offices of the firm, he writes to the same friend, whose sympathy and friendship he greatly valued :—

I am down at the City office now and when reaching home in the evening I have more or less necessary study, and am indisposed to much writing. But this is almost the exception, for I generally stay down to some meeting or other—religious, or Adult School—taking the chair or giving an address. It has made my days and nights very full, and I am certainly growing thinner.

Then, with his usual kindly appreciation, he adds the following characteristic sentence :—

I enjoy my business on the whole, and the consideration and kindness shown me is as great as it is undeserved.

Although in some of his letters before this time he used to remark to himself, "I am, I am ashamed to say, no business man," he now applied himself assiduously to his new work. Even in his student days he had had no inclination for mathematics, and figures were always more or less distasteful to him. One of his fellow students writes :—

While he ranked in towering superiority above the rest of his class in literature, history, and English, it was a source of amusement to see him endeavour to solve a problem in arithmetic or

algebra, and to work out a deduction in Euclid, which he used to declare was far beyond his aspirations.

Business also presented difficulties to him on account of his want of experience and from the fact that his time was always subject to the interruption of more or less extended periods of absence. He had but little natural taste either for the routine of business or for its absorbing interests, but he entered upon it, as upon his other engagements, in a prayerful spirit. The significant entry in his pocket diary is, "I trust I may be helped to do always the right thing and make my business a ministry for Him. Master, help!"

This engagement continued about two years. The cheerful readiness with which he performed whatever was given him to do, and the kindly interest he took in those about him, made this period of his life one of faithful witness for his Lord. Much of his time continued to be spent in religious work. During the remainder of the year 1892, visits were made to Birmingham, Bishop Auckland, Henley, Brighton, Sunderland, Wilton, Leeds, Colchester, and other districts, besides frequent visits to different centres of work in London. Each week brought its full list of engagements.

Of a meeting at the Shoreditch Tabernacle one morning he notes, "Felt good liberty in preaching." Again he says, "Took a bed at —— hotel and had a good talk with the porter. He is not a Christian. Prayed with him." In another place we read, "Glorious meeting at Bunhill. Twelve asked for prayer, and we hope some were really saved."

The same day that records the visit (according to custom in such cases) of three Friends to see him and his family on account of the transference of their membership from Canada to England, there is also a note of an evening engagement, "Good after meeting. Two professed conversion. Man and wife signed the pledge under conviction."

At the end of the year he says, "The year closed with our prayers and praise together for His so many mercies."

Early in the year 1893, on January 5th, the second daughter and fourth child of John and Lavina Dorland was born. We find the following entry in his diary :—

I desire to record our gratitude at this event, and that the babe is a girl. We have named her Elizabeth, and pray that she may grow up to walk in the ways of the Lord blameless.

She was their only child born in England, and became a great joy in their family circle.

It was at the end of this month that, at their request, he met the Committee of the Friends' First-day School Association at York in reference to his appointment as Secretary. Of the result of this interview he wrote to a friend :—

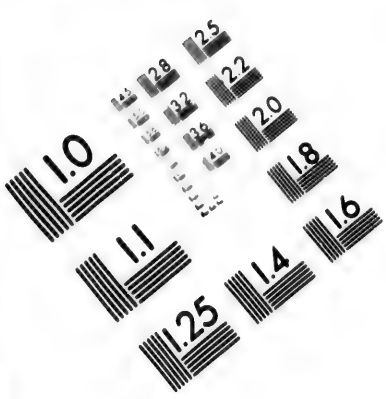
They have pressed me to take the position of secretary to the newly organized Association.

It seems a bold thing to take the place of Joseph Storrs Fry, and I am going more on the judgment of my friends than my own.

The meeting was very unanimous, and many kind and encouraging things were said about me. I did not see how I could take it with my business, and when I am to be away for some months also, but the committee have very kindly arranged for it—so here I am in this responsible position; but I love the work, and shall enjoy moving among the schools.

Before the end of March he had held series of meetings and visited a number of places in different parts of the country. His diary gives a mere record of actual engagements, with the addition of an occasional sentence or two, such as, "A gracious covering over us. The silence beautiful and holy," "—— came to me to say that he had given himself to the Saviour," "Crowded meeting and happy time," "A gambler and a drunkard testified to forgiveness," "—— made his consecration and had a gracious baptism."

The anticipated absence referred to in the foregoing letter was due to a visit in April, 1893, to the Chicago Exhibition in connection with the business of the firm.



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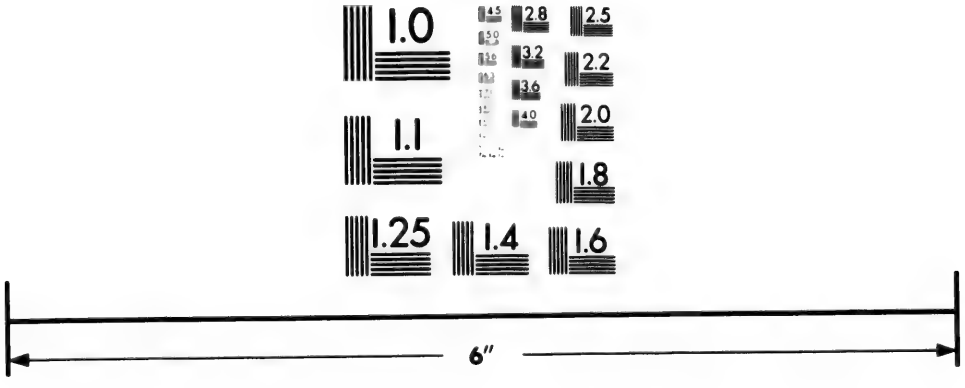

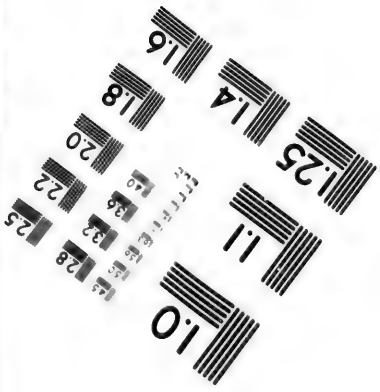

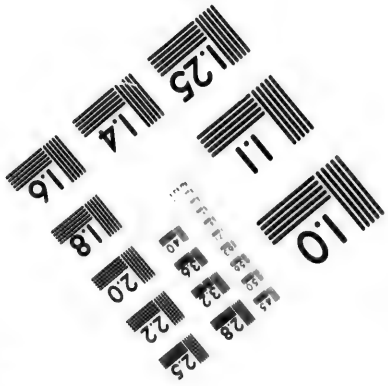

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Of this visit, which lasted for several months, he writes to Mrs. Harris :—

I am going by the American Line from Southampton, so that I shall have no excuse to run up from Liverpool to see thee before sailing as I have been wont to do, and as would be so pleasant to do this time.

My mother and sister are at Washington, and will await my coming there. They will go back almost at once to Canada when I have gone on to Chicago. It gives me a strange feeling of joy, the thought of seeing my dear ones so soon, but before I do, I fear that I shall have some very unpleasant sensations. I wish I were a better sailor. Sometime "there will be no more sea," but by then I shall not have to cross it.

I just got home yesterday from having meetings at Stockton and Middlesbro'. I had a very good time, and was favoured to see some results. This is my last week away from home before I go. J. A. Baker has been gone now more than a fortnight.

From Southampton to New York he was accompanied by Leonora Baker with two of her children and George Taylor ; but this voyage proved a rough one and affected him even more than usual. After several days of illness and confinement to his berth he remarked to his friend :—

Nora, I hate the sea, I loathe the sea, I abominate the sea—here I have lived upon baked apples ever since Saturday.

After his arrival in Chicago he again writes to Mrs. Harris :—

We had a rough passage over, and I was never more glad to get on land again, than when we landed in New York. I spent a day and two nights among my old friends there, and then went on to Washington, where I had about a week with my mother and sisters. It was a delightful time. I had an opportunity of addressing the students of the University in which my brother-in-law is a professor, and I think I was made helpful to them. Then I broke my journey to Chicago at Cleveland, where another married sister of mine lives, and had a week-end with them. When I arrived here I found Mr. Baker very busy. It was near the opening day, and we had much to do.

The buildings and grounds are very fine. The great lake and lagoons add much to the appearance, and I think justify the name given it, "The Dream City." I do not care for Chicago.

It is so new, and there seems to be such a wild race for wealth. It is the very seat of the worship of Mammon. I have heard more profanity and been more tried and disgusted with tobacco chewing, spitting, and smoking, in these three weeks than in all my life before. We have pleasant quarters and good meals, with quite an English flavour, as we had eight Englishmen here at one time. I did not know how English I had become t'l I got back here once more.

I find my heart is very much in the English work also, and I shall be glad to get home again and lay out my winter campaign among our Adult Schools. I may have to stay here, however, longer than I expected. I shall need a large stock of grace and patience if I do. I am finding service in the meeting here, and almost every day in little ways one can show whose side he is on.

I am leaving to-morrow a.m., for Glens Falls, to attend New York Yearly Meeting, and to visit my sister at the same time. I must have one Yearly Meeting, and as I shall miss London I shall have New York.

In a later letter he says :—

Almost every day I see some old friends from some part of the country, and that is pleasant. I believe I have found a real place of service in the meeting here, and Friends have given me a kind welcome. The Bible readings that I started in the meeting house are remarkably well attended and not without some signs of blessing. I think they never had them here before. Some Friends think I am here in answer to prayer. Well, I hope I may have a season of favour in the ministry.

It would be very lonely if Joseph Allen Baker were not here, and as it is, I am often very lonely and almost homesick for my wife and children. I cannot yet tell when I shall be in England again. I want to have ten days or so with my mother and sister in Canada on the way back.

I got away from Chicago long enough to attend New York Yearly Meeting, and enjoyed it much. It was a rest and I saw many old friends.

His sister, Gulielma D. Warder, writes with much feeling of the visit to them in Washington on the way to Chicago, and of John's influence upon her daughter Claudia both in childhood and at this time. "My mother's heart was touched as I saw in my young daughter the awakening admiration of the Christian spirit so manifest in him, and

commending itself to her. During her first visit to Wellington, when she was learning to talk, he named her eldest and dearest doll 'Arabella,' and it is still known by that name, though it has reposed on a cupboard shelf for years. On the second visit Claudia came to the grave conclusion, 'Mamma, when I am a big girl I think I shall marry Uncle John.' And through all these years, including his last visit to us in 1893, when he met dear mother and sister Bessie at our present Washington home as he was on his way to Chicago, he has been an inspiration to her, and an abiding joy to us all.

"His cheerful disposition and exuberance of spirits, with his ever ready sympathy, endeared him in an especial manner to his niece, who received from him, as he had from her father (Seburn Dorland), the impressions of a life made beautiful through love of his Saviour, a life to be desired, instead of a gloomy one to be shunned.

"The First-day morning meeting held here during his stay with us will be long remembered as a time of refreshing. He gave a message of much power, and the Divine presence was manifestly with him."

A few extracts may be given from his letters to his wife. He writes from Cleveland :—

22nd 4th mo., 1893.

Let me take up the broken thread and try to tell thee all I have been doing. Well, on Third-day last I had a meeting with the students of the University at noon, and we had a nice time. Black but very interesting they are, and I spoke to them not as "coloured" but as men and brothers, getting a complete deliverance from the President and Professors who were on the platform. Then the same evening we went away over to Georgetown, for a Bible reading at the house of the Barringtons. There were about fifty out and we had a very good time. Mother was over with us, and really, dear, it is quite surprising to see the vigour with which she walks. We got home late after coffee and cake but she seemed no more weary than anyone else.

The evening of his arrival in Cleveland he mentions attending a prayer meeting, and says :—

Well, dear, it was queer to go down those familiar steps into the meeting house, and see so many of our old friends. They were all so hearty and gave me such a welcome, making many enquiries about thee and the chicks.

Then he calls on an aged Friend, M. Farmer, and writes :—

Dear old saint! she was so moved when I came in that she could not speak for some time. Eighty-eight now, but her mind seems as bright as ever.

He describes the Sunday spent there,—

On First-day morning I was down at W——'s Mission. They give a free breakfast and then have a meeting with the men. Then we drove up to the meeting for worship. It was simply packed and chairs in the aisle. I spoke from "O magnify the Lord with me and let us exalt His name together," and we had a good time. In the afternoon the young people's meeting, and then the evening meeting, and again a crowd. I think a score of young people came to me, "Mr. Dorland, do you remember me?" Some of their faces I did, but not their names.

Chicago. 27th 4th mo., '93.

At last I have reached Chicago, and am writing thee from our room where we have our bachelor quarters, where J. and I pine to see our wives' faces once in a while.

These "sky scrapers" are wonderful—some are over twenty stories high, and I almost get ill going up and down in the great lifts. Still it is a great city, and the people are very proud of it. Came home very weary. To-day I have been out to the grounds. I cannot describe them, and they look much as the pictures show. It is a big concern and they say has cost over sixty million dollars. The buildings are fine, and already there are a large number of sight-seers going through the grounds.

First-day p.m., Chicago. April 30th, 1893.

Never is a First-day's rest more grateful than in this great city after the cares of the week have passed. We have had such disappointments in getting our things into shape. There is so much red tape about it all. You are sent from one office to another, and there find you have not got a permit or something, and have to go all over the weary round again. The show opens to-morrow, *and* the exhibits are only about half ready. They will

be interesting, but I think that the buildings and the grounds are the finest of all. I have had several times to pass through the great Hall of Liberal Arts, and it is a truly wonderful building, covering thirty-two acres, and all roofed in—the largest space ever put under one roof, and yet so harmonious that one does not notice how large it is. The series of lagoons in the grounds, with their boats and bridges and the boundless Lake Michigan add much to the beauty.

First-day evening. 15th May.

Well let me see, what has happened that will be of interest to thee since I last wrote. Not much I fear. Day succeeds day, and the duties of one those of the next, and so wears the world away. I have had one or two personal talks with men; I have asked for that sort of service, and hope that I may find more and more as the days go by. This has been a sweet day. The morning calm and fine. I make it a point to rise earlier so as to have a nice quiet time before breakfast.

Chicago. June 3rd, 1893.

Dear Heart,

I am once more in this city, having arrived at 1 o'clock this afternoon. But I must go back to the leafy green and quiet beauty of Glens Falls. It certainly is a charming spot. My last from there was sent thee on Seventh-day. The weather continued lovely all through, with occasional showers that seemed to fall between the meetings and lay the dust and make the air cool. I have enjoyed being with David and Annie. They are nicely situated, seem to have many friends, and to be so happy. The Yearly Meeting seems a good deal changed since I first knew it. On First-day I was at the Presbyterian Church in the morning. The great structure was very full, and I was helped. The old pastor came to me with tears in his eyes, and thanked me for the address. He said that it had comforted him. In the afternoon I was at the Y.M.C.A. meeting for men only, and a very good time it was. Then in the evening our meeting house was crowded and I felt good liberty. I also spoke at three of the evening gatherings, that on Home Missions, on Education and on Temperance. The latter was a full house, and quite an enthusiastic time.

The last evening I led the young people's meeting and the closing fellowship meeting. A good time and some professed conversion. . .

The Yearly Meeting closed on Fourth-day and on First-day we had an excursion up Lake George. Annie and the children went. It was a charming day and the lake was lovely. About 160 were in the party. Then we had some hymns in the saloon, and I gave them a few words and closed with prayer. I had some nice service with young men. The next morning I left at 11.45 a.m. and got here at 1 p.m. It is nearly 2,000 miles that I have gone in two weeks.

4th 6th mo. First-day afternoon.

An interesting meeting this morning with some English Friends and Philadelphians, and who to my surprise should I see at the head of the meeting but our aged Friend Isaac Sharp. He is I believe on his way to New England and Canada. He seems very well, spoke with strong voice, and gave a vigorous message. It was cheering to see him once more. . .

And now I must close. Dear heart, I am longing to come home. Kisses and love to all. Pray for us in this great, hot, crowded city.

I am, dear,
Thy ever loving
J.T.

The following are extracts from a letter and minute of Chicago Monthly Meeting received by Lavina Dorland at the time of her husband's death :—

John T. Dorland so endeared himself to Friends and others in Chicago during his stay with us in 1893, that Friends wished to make a record of his highly appreciated services here, and the esteem in which he was held by us. . . Not that we think we have anything new to impart to thee, nor that the thoughts which we have written are adequate, but simply to give some expression of our regard for one who was so faithful to our Saviour, and to extend our heart-felt sympathy to thee in thy bereavement, and our desire that thou mayest realize that the arms of our gracious Father are around thee to sustain and keep thee.

Although at no time a member of our particular meeting, he was a great help to us at the time of special need. In the summer of 1893, during the Columbian Exposition, many thousands of strangers visited our city; among whom were a great many Friends, and a considerable proportion of them came to our First-day morning meetings. Our dear brother John T. Dorland came, and was with us through the summer, without financial

remuneration and with no assumption of authority or position. He was evidently baptised with the Holy Spirit, and had a quick perception of the needs of each occasion, as well as a strikingly deep understanding of the Holy Scriptures. His preaching was clear and forceful, as well as very spiritual and practical. His expressions of thought were often eloquent, and yet so simple that a child could readily grasp and appreciate the truth declared. His manner also was pleasing, and his ministrations proved to be one of the influences which drew many who were not Friends to attend our meetings.

We believe those who heard him were drawn closer to our loving Saviour through his efforts, and do not doubt that the seed thus sown is bringing forth fruit in the many homes of those who were then privileged to listen to him. We can but believe that, although reckoning by years his life was lamentably short, yet viewed in the light of that which he accomplished, it was long and full, and that our gracious and all-wise Father, seeing its completeness, transferred him to the Church triumphant.

We, with others, shall sadly miss him, but we hope the example of his life and the remembrance of his words will incite us individually to higher aspirations and increased earnestness in the service to which our adorable Lord calls us severally. May we follow him as he followed Christ.

Very truly thy friends,

EDWARD WATSON JONES,
ELMA M. JONES,
Clerks.

Chicago Monthly Meeting of Friends,
held 20th 5th mo., 1896.

It was near the end of August when John Dorland left Chicago to return home. After about a fortnight at the old homestead in Wellington, he took passage for England and reached London on the 25th of September, having been away nearly six months. The remainder of the year was full of activity. He attended the Sunderland Convention, joined in an interesting series of meetings at Darlington, attended the conference of the Friends' First-day School Association at York, and visited several other places, spending the intervals between these engagements at business. After a few days' illness at Sunderland, he notes :—

The sickness I was laid under was a disappointment, but a discipline and blessing.

He mentions joining with three other Friends in the formation of the "Prayer League."

Ever "about his Father's business," sometimes the opportunity was found amidst social intercourse and loving companionships, sometimes with those who served in the homes he visited, or by personal conversation in the railway carriage, in the office, or in the retirement of home. He notes with sorrow the death of George Gillett, whose life, in its profound earnestness of purpose, was not unlike his own, and in the words "How we miss him," expresses what so many who knew him still feel.

The year 1894 saw a continuance of John Dorland's work very much as already described, but he now gave increased attention to engagements in connection with the Adult School Movement—a work of which he remarked that "it was his first love upon coming to England and would be his last"—words singularly verified by the result.

From the time of his settlement in England, he had been a member of the "A" Class in Willesden Adult School, and when at home was very constant in his attendance, if not prevented by engagements at other London centres of work.

It was a beautiful illustration of the spirit that pervades the Adult School work to see him who could hold the largest audiences in rapt attention, quietly taking his place as an ordinary member of the class and joining in the most unassuming manner in the discussion. How fully he placed himself alongside his fellow-members has been shown by his offers to share with others even in the distribution of bills. But it is difficult to give either in summary or in detail any complete account of his work in connection with this movement. It always had indirectly a greater influence than at first appeared. The strong appeals of his searching ministry roused many a discouraged worker to renewed efforts and deeper devotion. Upon some who had held aloof from the work for Christ there came the baptism of the Holy Spirit; hearts were opened and set on fire with love and longing to be used in His service, who had thus graciously called them again; but many more for the first

time learned the way of life, and were led as willing workers into schools, missions, or meetings up and down the country.

Two extracts may be given from the account of his life that appeared in the magazine, *One and All* :—

A gentleman, who was a constant attender of the Willesden School, and a keen judge of character, hearing of his death, wrote :—"I don't know when any one has impressed me more by goodness, and gentleness, and Christ-likeness than he has done. Every word he spoke was so kind, and loving, and thoughtful, and his wisdom and prudence were very striking in all things I have seen him do or say. . . . . I sympathize with you all in losing so good a man and so kind a friend, but you will hear his voice for many a year although you will see his face here no more."

A letter from a Friend in one of the Midland Adult Schools expresses what might be said of many others :—"Many were in a very marked manner blessed on each of the two occasions of J. T. Dorland's visits. The first was about seven years ago when fourteen individuals were led to confess Christ. One of these has since been wonderfully blessed and has been instrumental in leading many to the Saviour."

When the President of Class "A" left in March of this year to start a new School at Acton, John Dorland being now rather more at home, consented for a time to take his place. A photograph of a gathering of some of its members in his garden at Deanbrook is reproduced ; many members were, however, unable to be present.

A few notes, taken by a friend, of his addresses at a local conference of the F.F.D.S.A., show how important he felt the Adult School work to be :—

The secret spring of the success of this work (referring to the Adult School Movement), the power which moves it onwards, is the power of brotherly love, and that power is wanted now. Meditating on the needs of England at the present time, we must all feel that we stand on the verge of very large events ; those events are looming before us and scarcely any man is prophet enough to tell what the signs portend, but they are at all events big with perplexity and struggle and doubt and conflict, and clouds seem to have been gathering in the last few years which may ere long break with social disaster and revolution. One is

CLASS A, WILLESDEN ADULT SCHOOL, 1894.

more confirmed in this belief by the fact that the working classes are alienated from the organised ministries of the Gospel. How are these men to be brought under right influences? I would answer that in these Adult Schools the Lord has put into our hands a veritable engine of service, and without depreciating the efforts put forth by other agencies, I know of no single movement that makes such an appeal to the working men of the country as this one.

Our Schools are not a lot of men coming together to hear any one man; we know of one class where it has taken six months to get through the 6th of Matthew. The idea is to try and draw out the men themselves, who are educated in the rough practical school of everyday life. We do not feel with a *touch of superiority* that we have outgrown schools, but go for these men because Christ has died for them and because they are men.

There seems to be a light shining in a man's face after he has been to an Adult School for a time, and he becomes respectable and good-looking. His soul shines through. We encourage this, but we want to keep up the supply at the right end.

Our Schools are not Churches, but we advise men to ally themselves with this work so that they may live the full life of a true man. Our Schools are something more than clubs, and they are not Benevolent Societies.

There is a sort of freemasonry about our Schools, and that is the truest freemasonry where we are not bound to keep secret what we receive, but to tell it out.

The centre of our work is spiritual. If the interest in the Bible is little, the interest in Adult School work is correspondingly little. No work pays like Bible teaching. A lady had a class of young men of fifteen to twenty—one of them, a young man coming to the City, was sorely tempted of the devil, and as he paused a moment there rose up a vision of that school at home, and it seemed as if he could see that face so well and hear the accents of that voice which had so often pleaded *with* him and *for* him,—he turned on his heel, said No, and went away, to become afterwards a rich man by honest means.

At the same Conference, when attending a Women's School, he gave an address which, says one who was present, "we shall never forget." He emphasised the necessity of living one day at a time, and referring to Psalm lxviii. 19, spoke of the "daily manna, daily bread, daily burden, daily cross, daily benefit," and how we can

only do this moment's duty in this moment's time. Then he said :—

The other day I began to think of my duties for the next month, and I felt I never should get through them; then I remembered the lesson by Jane Taylor of the old clock in the farm house, whose pendulum got discontented at the thought of what it had done and stopped to grumble at the thought of all it had before it in the future.

He mentions some of his engagements early in this year in a letter to a friend,—

15th 2nd mo., 1894.

I have been very busy of late weeks, and away from home not a little in connection with the First-day School work, at Darlington and Reading, and Doncaster, and next week am in Kent. I am joining J. B. Hodgkin and some others in a series of meetings at Reading soon. We had such very good times at Darlington.

I enjoy my work, but with my business it keeps me pretty closely engaged. The Annual Meeting is at Manchester in April this year.

He obtained a minute from his Monthly Meeting for these visits to Reading, and a little later in the year also one for service in Woodbridge Monthly Meeting. Shortly after his engagement at Reading he writes :—

My wife is thinking of going home for a visit this summer, and taking baby and Willie with her. Her mother wants much to see her, and it seems best for her to go; but it will leave Arthur and me very lonely—even with Margaret at home during her vacation. I expect they will be leaving early in May. Lavina thinks I will know then how it feels to be left alone, but it is worse for a husband than a wife to be left alone, for a wife's duties are in the home, but a wife makes the home to her husband.

The week following her departure he writes to her :—

Deanbrook.

13th 5th mo., 1894.

My dearest,

First-day afternoon and a quiet time to begin the first of what will, I fear, be to me at least, a long series of letters. Well, I got back from Southampton about 6 p.m., and found Arthur and M. at tea. It did seem lonely, and I could hardly keep the tears back when I thought of the next lonely months—but I am glad for

thee to have the change and rest this summer, and glad for them to have thee for a time that will seem as short to them as it will seem long to me! . .

Fourth-day evening.

The Hitchin visit is now over. It was a lovely day and Arthur enjoyed it greatly. T.R. met us with his pony trap and we were soon on the spot in a lovely park with several hundred people. They had a tent for tea, and really it was beautiful, the grass and trees. Arthur skipped like a young lamb. When the time for the meeting came I made my speech from a wagonette under a wide-spreading beech tree. Arthur sat in the front seat as grave as an alderman, but joined in the applause most vigorously, and he told Mrs. R—— that he thought I made a very good speech.

We drove back to Hitchin, about ten miles, and A. and I so much enjoyed it.

Miss B——, who is stopping with the R.'s, gave him a cart and horse which he brought home in triumph, its head through the paper "to give it air" he said. . .

You are about half way over the ocean now. I most sincerely hope that you are enjoying it. Dear wee Bessie! I wonder how she is coming on? My prayers follow you every league of the way, and you are speeding to dear ones if away from us. Farewell now—"The sea is His for He made it." Much love to you and all the other loved ones. Kisses for Will and Bessie especially. And a heart full of love for thee, dear.

Thy loving
J.T.D.

In a letter to Mrs. Harris, after writing of some of his engagements in the country, he says :—

I am keeping busy and that is what saves me from intense loneliness—else it was forlorn to come to a home without a wife in it.

I am thankful to say that they had a very good passage over, and got to the old home, and among the dear ones safely.

Baby was rather cross after so much journeying, and disappointed her grandmothers and aunts by not readily making friends with them, but she has regained her reputation for good nature now.

My wife says that Will is as "brown as a berry" and enjoys himself vastly with the horses and dogs. I hope it will do him much good.

We are glad for them, but Arthur and I feel lonely sometimes.

To his wife he writes of a visit to the Midlands. Referring to a lecture given at Stockton he says :—

The Meeting House was full and I hope it was not without some profit. The next morning I came on to Birmingham. It was a long cross country journey. I was kindly received by the Sturges, where I remained till Second-day morning. I had a busy time on First-day. Up at six breakfast, addressed 300 men at Farm Street Adult School. Then in a cab to Severn Street School where I spoke to 400 or more. Then a second breakfast, then to meeting where I had a message, then dinner at the Barrow's, then to Highgate School where I spoke to some 300 men, then to the Lloyd's to tea and to Bristol Street Gospel meeting in the evening. Five meetings, and I must have spoken altogether three and a half hours. It was a weary day but a very happy one. I spoke on Temperance in the Schools and a number took the pledge, and some I trust were helped to look higher.

On Second-day evening I gave a lecture to a full house and they listened very attentively. The next morning I came home, arriving about noon.

His time was now necessarily much occupied with F.F.D.S.A. conferences and annual gatherings of Adult Schools : but his other engagements still continued to be numerous. Addresses, lectures, visits on special occasions frequently occur, besides various series of meetings.

The following letter from a Friend, himself an earnest Gospel worker, written three years after, refers to an incident of this time :—

5th mo. 31st, 1897.

Dear Friend,

My heart was full, too full, for the utterance of words as the testimony to our late dear Friend J. T. Dorland was read in Yearly Meeting, and I do not think you will wonder when I tell you how my mind went back to a visit he paid to our meeting. I was deeply concerned that he might have one night to meet with our young people, and he was able to stay. I was out at a village meeting four miles away and came home rather tired.

As I was sitting by the fire one of my boys about eighteen years of age, who had been at that meeting, came and laid his head upon my shoulder with his arms round my neck, and after a moment or two, with tears and deep feeling burst forth, "Oh father, I have begun a new life to-night!" I said, "Let mother know that," and he went and fell on his mother's neck, asking forgiveness for all his self-will in the past and for the pain it had caused her; then we all knelt down on our hearthstone, and tears of joy were

mingled with the prayers from him that he might be kept only for God. From that time he has earnestly tried to live out the new life and love given, and J. T. Dorland's life, as an earthly example, has been much to him, while the desire to do good to others and fill some sphere of usefulness and service has been equally real.

In some of the villages he now seeks to take a little part in the spread of the Gospel. The visit was also the means of help to others—one of whom, now applying for membership, looks back upon that time as the entrance to the new life. None of those who were privileged to be at that meeting will, I believe, ever forget it.

The visit took place August 18th to 21st, 1894. Thou wilt therefore be able somewhat to enter into the feelings of a father whose child was given him in answer to many a prayer; and the instrument who was the messenger of good tidings is dear to us.

Thine sincerely,

———.

Immediately after returning to London from this series of meetings he took the chair at the farewell meeting of missionaries going to Madagascar, when William and Lucy S. Johnson left England for the last time, going, though they knew it not, to martyrdom. Alice M. Hodgkin thus describes the occasion :—

It was a meeting I shall never forget. If we had known beforehand all that was to follow, it was just the sort of meeting we should have chosen. John Dorland led it, and spoke from the words "In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them: in His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them and carried them all the days of old." He spoke with intense feeling of all the unknown dangers our friends were going to face, and then commended them in prayer to our Father's tender care. William Johnson made a special appeal to the young men to dedicate themselves unreservedly to Christ's service; his prayer also was very beautiful.

At a reunion of the old students of Pickering College, held at the College, Pickering, Ontario, on September 14th, 1894, the following letter was received by the Secretary from John T. and Lavina H. Dorland, who were both students in 1880. It will be seen that it was written the day following the farewell meeting just described :—

Deanbrook, Acton Lane, Willesden.

24th 8th mo., 1894.

Dear Mrs. Dickie,

If I indulge much longer in a reverie upon the days gone by, as you have invited me to do, I shall have no time left to

acknowledge your circular, and to say how warmly I approve its proposal.

I wish it were at all possible for my wife and me to accept the invitation of the Committee and the College officials, and to be with you on September 14th.

None of you would more enjoy a reunion at the old place than we who are among those farthest away of the former students of Pickering College.

To meet once more, and amid the old scenes, Professor and Mrs. Bryant, Mrs. Blair, and the many more whose names and faces crowd the corridors of memory; to have walked once more the paths we used to tread with the Bowermans, Brandons and others; to recall the incorrigible Brown who would whistle "Nancy Lee," and who now, probably, in some dignified position has disappointed the promise of his school days; to have a glimpse of blue Ontario from the windows of the rooms on "Dorland Street"—vide advertisements in "Bric a Brac"; to have the privilege of free access to the lady students' parlour, if only for a day; to see how others have grown older like oneself; to hear of the successes in their life; to encourage one another even at this hour to high aims and strenuous endeavour; and in parting to commend one another to the care of the God and Father of us all—this would make a red-letter day—one like a mountain top touching the sky, above the plateau of ordinary days. We should remember also the names of those who have passed to a higher service, who have "joined the choir invisible," and who were surely never more truly ours, for they are by death consecrated ours for ever and no change can rob us of our dead.

For us and others doubtless this reunion cannot be, but we shall feel that we are remembered by you, even as we shall remember you on September 14th.

All the old students will have rejoiced at the re-opening of the College, its present prosperity, and the prospect before it of future usefulness.

You will have place on your programme for a suitable recognition of the self-denying service of the present staff of officers and teachers. May I ask if this committee will not lead to a permanent "Old Students' Association," with a President and Committee, with an annual meeting of the sort now proposed, and with the beginnings of a fund to be used as may be best in the interest of the College?

What we owe to the institution cannot be paid in money, and to some of us the years have brought work that has had other than monetary compensations, but we would like to help in a small way toward such a common stock.

The aim of the College will, I am sure, be, besides mere scholarship, the formation of genuine Christian character, the moulding of men and women who "fear God and keep His commandments." Our clear skied land needs such.

> If chosen men could never be alone,
> In deep mid-silence open-doored to God,
> No greatness had been ever dreamed or dared.

Such times come often in our student days—when we see visions and dream dreams, when ideals are revealed to us, and our life is rosy with morning light and sweet with fragrance and dew.

Some of them have been lost to us since, on the dusty ways of life, but largely are we what we are, because of these, and if our hearts are "open-doored to God" they still come to us with deeper meaning and with greater power.

Give to those assembled our greetings, though to many of them we must be unknown, and believe us, dear Mrs. Dickie, with our kind regards to your husband and circle of relatives,

Yours truly,

JOHN T. and LAVINA H. DORLAND.

From Wilton he wrote to his class in the Willesden Adult School :—

15th September, 1894.

Dear Fellow Members of Class A,

I find it in my heart to send you a line of greeting, so my thoughts go forward to to-morrow and to your gathering in the familiar room at Willesden. I trust the attendance may be good, and that more than that, you may have a helpful time in your consideration of the passages of Scripture that may be before you.

By this time I hope Mr. Grant will be with you, and you will be laying plans for your winter's work. I say *your* work because it looks as if I were going to be so little with you. You may be sure that my thoughts will be with you, and my prayers also.

I am glad to tell you that I have secured a new member for our Class, he will be coming to live in Willesden soon, and when he comes to our Class, I can depend upon you to give him a hearty welcome. He has been connected with Ashford, Saffron Walden, and lately with the Sheffield Adult Schools, and will I trust prove a good worker in the Class. . . . Well, if the Class is any help or pleasure, we ought to bring others to share with us. May God bless you all, dear Brothers!

Pray for me, and believe me,

Yours in the Master's service,

JOHN T. DORLAND.

He made a visit of a few days to Norwich, giving Bible readings, lecturing and attending meetings. Of the Sunday he says in his diary:—

> Busy day, Men's Schools at Goat Lane and Gildencroft. Meeting for Worship. Women's School, Lads' School, and large Gospel Meeting, Gildencroft. To bed weary, but happy.

A few days later, on the 3rd of September, his wife arrived home from Canada, and he notes: "Many praises for thus being united again."

A series of meetings at Wilton and the Sunderland Convention followed. Of the latter he makes the remark, "The largest meetings and the most evident blessing we have ever had."

Having a large number of Friends and acquaintances almost as numerous as the religious Society to which he belonged, there were many claims upon his time through correspondence, and it was one of the remarkable characteristics of his life that with so many other interests and engagements he was able to enter into personal sympathy with such a large number of persons.

About this time the magazine *One and All* was offered to the F.F.D.S. Association and he was requested to become its editor. He found it necessary on this account to give up his business, and on the 2nd of November he removed to the London publishing offices of Headley Brothers, and a few days later he records the decision of the Association, of which he continued to be Secretary, "to take over *One and All*, and," he adds, "I am appointed editor."

Further reference to this work, however, and to an important prospect for which he had been making preparations shortly before this time, will be made in the succeeding pages.

CHAPTER XIV.

Religious Visit to the East—Lucy E. and Mary E. Mounsey—Montreux, Castle of Chillon and Glion—Pisa and Modern Rome—Christmas on board ship—Land of Goshen—Sunsets—The Sphinx—Up the Nile—Beni Hassan and Denderah—Thebes, Karnak and Luxor—Temple of Edfou—Assouan and the First Cataract—Nubian Nile—Derr and Korosko—Wady Halfa—Abûsir—Second Cataract—Abou Simbel—Temple of the Sun—Tombs of the Kings—The Slave Trade—Bible readings in Mena House Hotel, near Cairo.

THE first journey John Dorland made to Egypt, Palestine and Syria, awakened in his heart the deepest interest in the missions and missionaries of those lands. He says, "It left a half-confessed feeling that some day I might visit them again in my Master's name."

Through the years that followed this prospect remained with him; but he writes in a letter to an intimate friend, "I said nothing about this to anyone."

During the year 1894, however, he found that Lucy E. and Mary E. Mounsey had a similar concern on their minds, and he writes, "They laid it before us, and invited my wife and me to join them in it; and if we go, I suppose we will be gone some five months or more." "Sometimes," he adds, "I am much discouraged at the difficulties in our way, but if it is right for us to go, the way will I believe open, and if not we do not wish to go."

On the 13th of September they laid this prospect before their Monthly Meeting and received a "minute," as Friends say, "liberating them" for this service. This was endorsed by both the Quarterly Meeting and by the Representative Meeting on Ministry and Oversight a month later.

Having made the necessary preparations for their long absence, at the end of November they took their departure. The narrative of this journey we give from his own journal.

It will at times appear disconnected owing to the necessary omission of matter of less general interest and of passages referring to places described on his previous Eastern journey.

From Calais he writes :—

30th November, 1894.

Here beginneth the record of our pilgrimage. The long looked for 29th came at last, and London was shrouded in fog as we said farewell to our loved ones and drove to the Junction.

I never enjoy "farewells." I prefer "good-morrows."

Now let me inform you that for the sake of brevity the four members of our party are to be initialed A. B. C. D. according to their relative importance. A. Miss M., B. Miss Mary, C. my wife, and last and least D—yours truly. The maid will take her own initial T.

There was the usual variety of passengers, and we amused ourselves watching them. Lord Somebody with one eyeglass; Mr. Brown and his wife from Minnesota—he with leather mittens that looked like the fore-flaps of a seal; an Irish M.P. and his secretary; two Frenchman *très gros*; two disagreeable Germans; the usual sprinkling of young and giddy girls; and an old and amiable cleric, who had one game eye, and a nose that made me thankful even for mine, and who smiled constantly and must have belonged to the Church Colonial and Continental Mission. Of course these are only our conclusions and must be taken with some reserve. About half-way over I was disinclined to converse, and so watched the smoke rolling away behind us, and leaving a track along the deep, and was wrapped in meditation. Ill? Not at all —how could one be on so smooth a sea? B. was unkind enough to say that I got green in colour, but might not that result from the concentration of thought I was engaged in? However I thought it wise to be calm and not move about much, and thus we all landed quite fresh, and the dreaded passage belongs to the pleasures of memory.

Calais is a very dirty, uninteresting place, and beside an occasional *prêtre*, and a picturesque fisherwoman, there was nothing of interest to be seen. We had dinner in our sitting-room and a snug quiet evening together. Fortunately our party has sufficient resources within itself for all our evenings, and an occasional pause is not wearisome to those who are used to Quaker ways.

A Sunday at Montreux.

Our first day of rest away from home, and it could not have come to us in a more lovely spot. There may be more beautiful places on earth, but weary from our long railway journey, and under a bright westering sun, with this keen but dry air around us, with the lake shimmering away to the mountains beyond, it seemed all we could wish.

Our hotel is finely situated commanding far views both ways, and behind us are the terraced mountains, with hotels on every salient point.

We woke this morning to find the day not fair, but with some haze on the nearer mountains, and clouds hiding the more distant ones. The Sunday is not well observed here, but yet it is not noisy, at least in the morning hour, and one has time to get into harmony with the purpose of the day. How could one fail to do it who saw what we saw from our windows. Opposite us are the broken tops of the Gramont, ending to the right in a lower promontory that comes out to the lake. The morning clouds make a bar of white along and below the tops. To right and left of us on this side there are the shores of the lake with villas and vineyards and not far away on the left is the Castle of Chillon. But now the clouds are breaking, and closing up the end of the valley is the majestic Dent du Midi, misty and almost unreal—a ghostly mountain which we see but can hardly believe we see.

Our morning worship is under a sense of these glories, and we remember the dear ones and the home meetings perhaps with greater faith for having just now looked through Nature up to Nature's God, and felt Him to be Our Father and Redeemer.

We felt that besides our little meeting, we ought for the sake of example if nothing more, to go to some place of worship, so we found out the Scotch Church, a simple building, plain enough for a Quaker Meeting House, and in the pulpit was a benevolent old man whose kindly face and earnest manner attracted us. The service was hearty and the sermon evangelical and simple. "He that hath the Son hath Life." The hymn of the Bishop of Exeter "Peace, perfect Peace" was sung among others, and two of its stanzas at least found a response in our hearts.

"Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they."

"Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the Throne."

The service was a helpful one even if it did not allow the direct appeal of the heart and response of the spirit for which a Friends' meeting gives such sweet opportunity.

After lunch, we went for a walk among the vineyards and by winding paths up the mountain. When the short day neared its close, the sun set behind the Gramont range, that is set to us, but the Dent du Midi and the Dent de Jaman still caught its rays, and the red rocks and the white patches of snow on them were all glorified in it. The western sky changed into deep saffron shading off into pink, which the lake faithfully reflected, while the outline of the Gramont was drawn in purple against it, the shadows deepening down to the lake. The colours paled into blue, the light faded, a young crescent moon hung over it in the sky, and all the scene became as quiet as a worshipper breathless with adoration.

The bell of the Swiss Church upon the hillside—

"Rang so slow, so mellow, musical, and low,"

the lights began to flash along the shore, and the chill reminded us that we must hasten in to our comfortable wood fire, and alas, to the pomp of *table d'hôte*.

The Castle of Chillon.

A cloudy grey morning, but with a prospect of brightening, which was fulfilled about 10.30 a.m., when, our letters written and other duties done, we sally out to pay a visit to the venerable pile of Chillon. It is a conspicuous pile in any view of the lake, being on a rocky islet near to the shore, and connected with it by a bridge over a now dry moat. The whole of the little island is covered by the buildings, the walls of which come immediately to the water's edge all around, and here we were told by the loquacious guide, that the lake is 300 feet deep. It was fortified by the Duke of Savoy, and has a long and grim history. Considering the large number of prisoners who have met death within its walls, it seemed a sort of sarcasm to find written over its entrance, "God bless all who come in and go out."

It has been used by the Commune of the Canton as a prison, but to-day at noon, only a short time after our visit, the ten prisoners were to be removed to Lausanne, and the place will be henceforth a museum, and of interest from its histories. There are some of them painful enough. We were first of all shown the dungeons, where so many have languished in chains, and chief among them the patriot Bonnivard. He offended the Duke of Savoy by his devotion to the Republic, and being made prisoner, was for six years chained to a pillar in this dungeon. We were shown the ring, and saw the hole in the rock worn by his feet during those long years. We saw the names of Sue, Dumas, Shelley and Byron, cut by themselves, but did not cut our own, as the guide would probably not have appreciated it, and would not show them to future visitors.

Byron's lines, though so well known, I venture to quote :—

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! may none these marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

The last famous prisoner was Miss Stirling, an officer of the Salvation Army, who was confined here for three months for holding meetings in the open air. Even Switzerland needs more liberty in some ways yet. We wanted to see the room she was confined in, but the attendant said it was in use, so we did not see it. It is only the Salvation Army now who have honours of this sort to record, and they may be more esteemed in heaven than on earth.

Another ghastly place shown to us was the *oubliette*, into which the blindfolded prisoners used to walk—to fall on knives and on down some eighty feet into the blue lake which washed their corpses and gave them burial. The bottom of the *oubliette* is now filled up and will never again be put to such uses, but there was to us a sense of sorrow in all the place as of stones crying out over horrors that they have witnessed. These old times are passed away, and our freedom, won for us here and in England by the sufferings of our ancestors, our rich heritage, consecrated by their prayers and tears and blood, must be held and passed down to our sons enlarged and enriched by our possession.

He describes a view from near Glion :—

Two steamers were wheeling their way over the purple and silver of the lake leaving widening waves behind them. A row boat looked like a child's toy and the pier by the hotel was on the same scale. The sun was near the brow of the Gramont, and the mist before the Dent du Midi which filled the valley of the Rhone diffused the light till it was golden. Behind me lay the hamlet of Glion, and still higher, and unseen before, peaks that had on them new fallen snow. These were a surprise and seemed to me like a symbol of our Christian life, we have reached no height in it yet which does not disclose higher heights beyond. So one stood surrounded by such grandeur, and watched and meditated, loth to leave a scene so lovely; but remembering an engagement below, the descent is soon made past the Swiss church which has a bell almost as sweet as the one which rang the noon hour in the Canadian village of my boyhood's home beside Lake Ontario.

These mountains must breed a race of men hardy and independent. If we suffered it, would not God make our characters as beautiful as His work in these everlasting hills!

For me, I hardly expect to see again so lovely a scene till—

> "Misty with the dreams of earth
> The hills of heaven arise."

A night was spent at Pisa.

Pisa's importance is a thing of long past history. Now it is an uninteresting place of about thirty thousand inhabitants, most of whom seem to possess green umbrellas of ample proportions, which they need, in a climate where, at this season, it rains nearly every day and all day. It is hard to believe that once it was the head of a republic which counted Sardinia and Corsica among its possessions, which rivalled Florence, which disputed with Genoa the supremacy of the Western Sea, and which, at last, defeated by Genoa, lost its commerce, and dwindled into a third-rate town. The boast and glory of Pisa, and all that we could see of interest in her now, is the group of buildings on the piazza or square, at the western end of the town. They are the famous Leaning Tower, Baptistry, Cathedral, and Campo Santo.

Altogether there is perhaps no other such group in the world. We visited the Cathedral first, and, except some rich shrines and beautiful marbles, saw little to admire. The paintings did not appeal to me, though our little Italian guide expatiated upon them to us with great gusto. I left the party to examine some old inlaid wood work, weary of fat and smiling cherubs, and the long array of popes, priests, and Madonnas pictured on the great squares of canvas.

After all to me the greatest object of interest in it was a large many-branched lamp that hung from the roof by a long rope, and which swung to and fro like a great pendulum. And indeed it was the first pendulum, for from it Galileo, watching its majestic movement, discovered the use of the pendulum. Pisa has the honour of being his native city, and the great man who first found that the earth moves around the sun, and was persecuted by the Romish Church for daring to say so, has his lawful revenge in the fact that his name is honoured and his theory accepted in all the world. Even in the Cathedral of his native town the Church which persecuted him is proud to point out the object which helped toward his great discoveries. His name is remembered while those of the bishops and cardinals who opposed him are forgotten. The Leaning Tower is a curious structure. I believe its height is about 180 feet. Its walls at the bottom are

thirteen feet thick, and the slant is thirteen feet from the perpendicular. It falls however within the base so that the structure is safe from falling. The foundations must have sunk on this side, though some say the slant was intended.

The ground enclosed in the Campo Santo is said to have been brought there from Calvary. It may be, but what difference? all ground is holy since His feet have trod our earth.

Rome. 11th Dec., '94.

It is said that those who, on leaving Rome drink from the Fountain of Trevi, and throw a coin into its basin will thus insure their return. I did not do so at the close of a few happy days here in the spring of 1890, spent with my friend J. Allen Baker, but by a happy providence unconnected with any superstition I am here once more, and am renewing my too slight acquaintance with this fascinating city. It cannot be visited too often. It grows in interest as it is better known, and it remains to be with one exception, the most interesting city in the world.

Who can understand its history of over 2,500 years—if only a little of it—history dawning out of legend, then history, Pagan, Christian, Mediæval and Modern—and not have his heart deeply moved and his imagination fired thereby? From the first milestone in the Forum radiated the roads of Imperial Rome to all parts of her world-wide Empire, and this city was the pulsing heart of all. Since then, she has been the centre of the great Roman Church, and in these last days has become the capital of a re-united Italy, with, let us hope, a peaceful and prosperous future before her.

But one cannot be long in this beautiful land without feeling some fears for her future. The struggles of her patriots and of Garibaldi in particular, issued in the rule of Victor Emmanuel, and in her taking rank almost at once as a first rate European power. All this makes a strong appeal to our sympathy.

But in this effort she has gone beyond her resources, and the curse and burden of a great military system are upon her. Taxed to the utmost limit, with her young men giving several of the best years of their life to a forced military service, already there are heard mutterings of discontent, and the precursors of a revolution seem to be present. Soldiers everywhere—thousands drawn from industrial life to be supported in idleness. A dead weight and a double loss of what they would earn if they were workers, and of what they cost being idlers.

But the new order of things has been a great blessing to Rome as a city. Think for a moment what *Papal Rome* was like; badly governed, ill kept, a general flavour of decay, that made it more beautiful to visitors, but bad for the citizens of it; so bigoted and

fanatical that no Protestant place of worship was allowed inside its walls, travellers' luggage was examined and Bibles confiscated; any circulation of the Scriptures was expressly forbidden; a watch was kept over those who were suspected of attempting in any way to preach the Gospel, and some were expelled; liberty there was none, for Rome under the temporal power of the Pope was benighted, ignorant and intolerant.

In the year 1870 came the liberation when through the Ponte Pia came the Italian troops, when the Quirinal became the Palace of the King, and the Pope became the "Prisoner of the Vatican."

I notice in the nearly five years since my last visit, a great improvement in the city.

Every respect is paid for the ruins of Ancient Rome, and interesting excavations have been undertaken by the Government, but the new Rome is a thriving and prosperous city and worthy of the new era that her liberation has made in the history of the country.

I have found it a good plan in a strange city to ascertain what Christian work is going on, and acquaintances thus formed have been often pleasant and helpful. We went last Sunday morning to the Presbyterian place of worship, and were invited by the minister, Dr. Gray, to afternoon tea at his house on Monday. This brought us into contact with several Christian workers. Dr. and Mrs. Young have an interesting mission among the Jews in the Ghetto, of which we hope to see something on Saturday. We learned also of an Industrial Home for orphans, and the American Methodist Church has an interesting work carried on in connection with it. We met Mr. Thomas, the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, who has been many years in Rome, and who has a mission which we hope to visit next Sunday. Mr. Thomas told us that the B. & F. B. S. distribute over 100,000 Bibles, Testaments and portions yearly in Italy, and over 20,000 in Rome alone. We may expect some harvest from such a sowing. He took me also to a newly formed Y. M. C. A. last evening where I had the privilege of addressing thirty or more young men, the pastor of one of the Waldensian Churches kindly and ably interpreting for me. There was a feeling of real oneness in the meeting and my young Italian brethren drew out my sympathy largely. There was one disappointment however on the Sunday. We mistook the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, or rather were directed to it by mistake for the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. We soon discovered our mistake and indeed for some time could scarcely believe we were not in a Catholic place of worship. Candles and crucifix on the altar, and all the architectural features were ritualistic. The service was intoned and in many parts hardly intelligible, and altogether we were grieved that in Rome

a kind of weak imitation of Romanism is affected by a church calling itself Protestant.

After a detailed description of the Forum, he says :—

We stood on the spot where the body of Julius Cæsar was burned, and saw the Rostra (or the remains of it) from which Mark Antony delivered his funeral oration, and where Cicero harangued his countrymen. Overhanging all this was the Palace of the Cæsars, on the edge of the Palatine Hill, and when one's imagination has filled this space with its old glories, there is nothing like it in the world. Here is the climax of interest in Rome. Every stone has its story. Here the Senate discussed the destinies of the world, over the Via Sacra her armies marched to world-wide victories, and returned through these triumphal arches laden with spoil. But now we look down into an excavated space, where a confusion of pillars, arches, pavements, and shattered blocks and shafts—the crumbs of various ruins dropped from the devouring maw of time—stand or lie at the base of the Capitoline Hill, "Lone mother of dead empires."

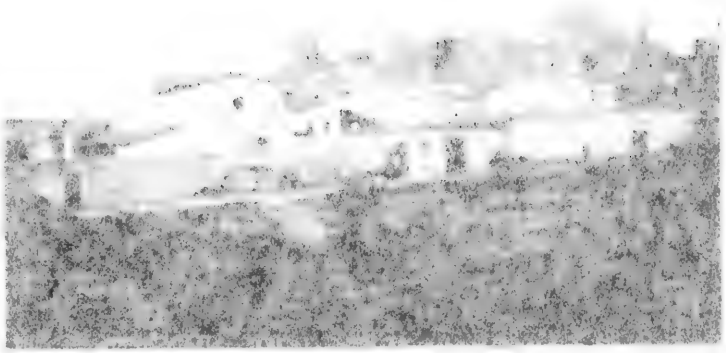
I never struggled against the fascination of Rome, and now I have yielded utterly. Don't be alarmed, I mean the City not the Church of Rome. Indeed there are three Romes, the Rome of the Forum and of the early and uncorrupted Church, Papal Rome, and the Western City as we see it. The last interests me as showing a new national life, and one trusts a prosperous outlook for United Italy. It is the first Rome however that has captured our hearts. As for Papal Rome, she must either attract strongly or strongly repel. To me it has been the latter. But I had not known something of divine things in a personal and heartfelt experience, Papal Rome would have made me a sceptic. The claims—equally absurd and repellent of her traditions, her almost blasphemous dogmas, her idolatry, her resemblance in many ways to paganism, the sense of the mechanical in her service, all are seen in perfection in Rome, and yet it is in Rome that waverers are so often won over to her embrace, and alas! there are English people among them who have not seen the hollowness of the system, or who wish to be relieved of seeking and finding truth for themselves, and so hand their consciences over to an infallible(!) Church.

When one sees the place of the Romish Church in prophecy, and her doom according to Holy Scripture, perhaps only then can one feel, not pity only and a holy horror at her long history of presumption and ofttimes crime, but a great longing that the light of the Gospel might break into her darkness, and the mighty system of error flee before it.

Those who love the Papacy lament the downfall of its temporal power, and profess to find the beauty and charm of Rome vanishing before those praiseworthy works of public utility, which the Government is carrying out. If they lived near the banks of the Tiber in flood time, they would not regret the embankment because some picturesque old houses were pulled down to make room for it. And it must be remembered that the greatest foes to Roman and Imperial Rome have been the Popes themselves. Their churches have been largely built from Roman ruins, the marbles have been stolen from the Forum and Palaces to line them, they have done more than the Goths and Vandals ever did to disfigure and despoil and demolish the remains of Ancient Rome. The Coliseum was a quarry out of which several of the palaces of Rome were built, and if it had not been practically indestructible it would have been cleared away before the seventeenth century. Another illustration of this we saw yesterday in visiting the Palatine Hill. Here Romulus founded his city, and late excavations have brought to light some of the stones of the original wall. The history of this hill is the history of Rome. Always the aristocratic quarter of Rome, when the Republic became an Empire a palace for Augustus was built there, and the additions and re-erections at last covered the whole hill. The sack of Genseric in 455 still left a part of it perfect enough for the Emperor Constans to live in. It remained for the Popes to complete the destruction. The lower parts, passages, etc., were filled in with rubbish, and the Farnese Gardens were made. They "were born with a heavy original sin"—that of concealing, of disfiguring, and of cutting piecemeal the magnificent ruins of the Imperial Palace. The concrete mass of the dome of St. Peter's is built of brick from a part of the Palace of Marcus Aurelius. The Italian Government have made important and interesting excavations, and are laboriously cleaning out the rubbish from the vaults and corridors, that was so foolishly put into them to make a garden, sometimes for a son, in this case a nephew of the Pope.

The famous Bambino arouses a burst of scorn.

Occupying one end of the hill is the chief Church of the Franciscans. There are 420 churches in Rome, and I only mention this one because the climax of absurdity as to idols is reached in it. I refer to the *Sanctissimo Bambino*—or most holy baby. It is supposed to work miracles, it has its own servants and carriage, and few objects in Rome are more revered. We were weak enough to climb the long flight of over 130 steps up the hill to see this child. The old monk with much reverence unlocked the shrine, undid the doors, opened some inner doors, and the figure stood before us.



PALATINE HILL, ROME.

COLISEUM AND ARCH OF TITUS.

It is a full faced ruddy wooden doll standing on a satin pillow with gold shoes and crown, swathed in gold and silver tissue and literally covered with jewels. Chains, lockets, rings, ornaments are pinned on over all the little thing. It is as veritable an idol as any in a Chinese joss house, or in a South Sea Islander's ruder temple. But this is in Rome—Christian Rome. And when this image goes through the streets in its carriage, the devout bow, and "The Holy Roman Church" approves. The first commandment is erased in Romish Bibles and forgotten in Rome.

He describes St. Peter's and quotes :—

"Everywhere there is harmony, light, beauty, an image of the Church triumphant, but a very worldly, earthly image ; and whilst the mind enjoys its splendour, the soul cannot in the higher sense, be edified by its symbolism," so says Frederika Bremer. These make one sad in Rome—idolatry, superstition and priestcraft.

Yesterday we had afternoon tea at Mr. Young's and to-day went down to visit his medical mission among the Jews near the Ghetto. I had an opportunity of speaking of a Messiah who has come, and is coming again. Dr. Young has a large practice, but gives much time to this work. He told us of one old Jewish woman who for a long time (four years) had attended, and was unable to learn the text of the mission, John iii. 16, but one day she came with such a bright face and said "Oh sir! I know my text now" and said it without a mistake, "but," she said, "better than that I know God's Son is the Messiah, and better than that I know He is my Saviour, and He fills my heart with peace." Two days after she died but not before she had learned her text and its blessed meaning as well.

On Monday (D.V.) we are off for Naples, and my next will be to you from there. When once on ship-board, we shall feel that our faces are really toward the East, and we do desire that we may go in His name, and have His blessing.

Cairo, Egypt. 29th Dec., 1894.

It seems a long way, as indeed it is, from Brindisi, where I last wrote to you, to Cairo, and I have not written a line since, so I must "hark back" and in a few words tell you about our sea voyage. When we got up on First-day a.m. we saw the *Caledonia* off the harbour mouth, and by the time we had finished breakfast and had our meeting for worship, she was in and ready for us to go aboard. She is a large new ship, and while not so large as some Atlantic Liners, is as well fitted up, and the first-class is supposed to be very aristocratic, carrying all the Government officials from and to India. We were in it, and

found it very full—there were lords and ladies and generals galore, and one Russian Prince and his wife of the name of Sherm[illegible]toff. They were our *vis-à-vis* and he was very pleasant, but we were not at table very often.

Christmas day was the middle day of our voyage. It was very gay. The saloon was tastefully decorated with flags and evergreens and holly. I got in to breakfast, but at dinner, as it had freshened, we were all in our berths and our Christmas dinner was the lightest one I ever had in my life.

There was a fancy ball in the first saloon and a very gay set they were. Just after I got into bed, I heard coming up from the second saloon the strains of the hymn "O come to my heart Lord Jesus," and I longed to be with them but was too ill. It was the very sweetest sound I heard on ship, and I fancy the greater part of the piety was in the second saloon. The "first" had "Divine Service" in the morning, and a fancy dress ball in the evening. Some think it possible still to serve God and Mammon. I had one or two little conversations, but one regret in leaving the *Caledonia* was that one seemed to have left so little testimony for the Saviour. In such society how utterly one feels "out of it," and how hollow and restless much of it is. The very faces of some spoke of such great need of rest. "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee."

We were booked to Ismailia, but on finding that we should get there too late to go on to Cairo that day, we decided to stop at Port Said for the night.

The town has grown much and improved since I visited it now nearly five years ago. It seems decidedly Oriental on entering Egypt, but after a trip up the Nile it will seem very European I fancy.

We took a walk, and found the depôt of the British and Foreign Bible Society, chatted with one of the workers in connection with it, and then called on Mr. Locke, of the Seamen's Rest. We found him to be a Canadian from Toronto, and in a humble way he and his wife are, I hope, doing a good work among the seamen in that growing port. In the evening, we went to a little meeting at his house where we met a few Christians and had a sweet time of fellowship and prayer.

Here too we were introduced to Egyptian mosquitoes, and they somewhat marred the solemnity of the meeting. I felt obliged to defend my ears and neck by gentle slaps, and my nose by clutches at the active creature buzzing one inch away with evident designs of settling on that member. To see three people do this at once, or in quick succession, was slightly diverting.

VIEWING THE PYRAMIDS.

We got an early start the next morning and went on to Ismailia by a new narrow gauge railway, which follows the canal nearly all the way.

There is one point of interest which we passed by as the canal and railway leave Lake Manzelah. It is at a place called El-Kantara—the bridge—a height of about fifty-five feet above sea-level, and the natural bridge and only place where an invading army could have entered Egypt, and hence its appropriate name, "The Bridge of Nations." Over it must have marched Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, Arabs, Turks and French. We know that about twenty miles to the east was Pelusium where Cambyses defeated the Egyptians. It was over this same bridge also that the aged Jacob and his sons came down into Egypt to find a home and at last a cruel bondage in Goshen. We came into Goshen some time after leaving Ismailia, and the change from the sand and barrenness of the desert to the verdure of Goshen was very pleasing. We saw across the plain on which the treasure city of Rameses Pithom (Exodus i. 11) was built, and in the ruins have been found "bricks without straw."

The Nile has been falling for several weeks, and in some of the smaller canals the water is getting low. The fellahin are making the best use of it that their primitive means for raising it allow. The sugar cane is tall now, and some of it is being cut. The natives enjoy chewing it, and a familiar sight is a man, woman or child with one end of a piece obtruding from their mouths. The wheat and other grain is nicely up, and all the land of Goshen is still the "best of the land."

There are numerous groves of graceful palm trees, camels and donkeys under great loads were passing over the roads, the people were in the fields at work and the whole country wears a look of contentment and plenty.

The large number of passengers necessitated an additional carriage, so our train was late in getting in to Cairo.

We watched long for a sight of the Pyramids against the glow of the western sky, but got none. But that sunset! well one seldom sees a more glorious one, but B. says we shall have them so every evening up the Nile. There seem to me to be several kinds of sunsets—indeed as many as our moods, and I think we only notice those that speak to us in our present mood.

There is the warlike sunset after a day of storm, when the clouds are massed into opposing armies, and the sky is crimsoned with gore; then there are the landscape sunsets, such as we see most often in Canada, where there are mountains, and valleys opening on a blue sea dotted with purple islands of delight, and a vista above that seems to let one see the gates of pearl. And then

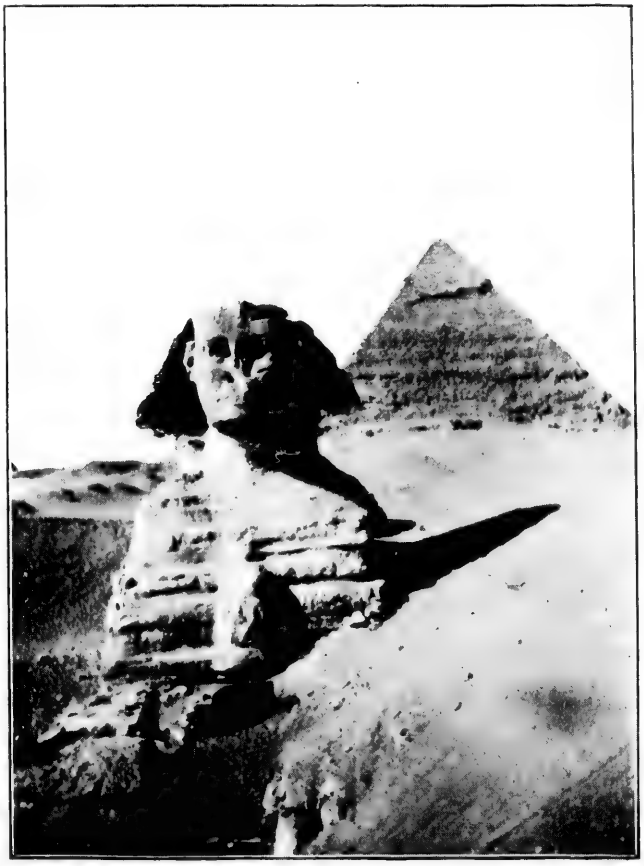
there are the almost cloudless sunsets, sunsets of peace as here. There are hardly any clouds—only an occasional bar, but the glory of colour makes up for this lack. This first one we saw was indescribable. Such a glow with violet and primrose and green and gold, and a "glimmering landscape" in the foreground fading on our sight, with palm groves against the gold, and dusky paths and canals and mud villages, and all quickly passing away into night.

The more serious description of the Pyramids we omit, but give some personal jottings.

One fellow attached himself to me, followed me whether I wanted him or not, and in the most insinuating manner said, "I your boy to-day," and when I declined such a sudden accession to my responsibilities, only said the more firmly "Yes, yes. I your boy." He tagged me all the morning; he wished to perform little offices for me which I stedfastly declined, he confidentially whispered bits of information in broken English such as "Fine stones, alabaster," "Temple, Sphinxy," "Yes, me go to London with you. Yes, me go." But I answered, "I am not an Englishman." "Me go to America with you." "But I am not an American," and this reduced him to silence, and, I fear to a suspicion of my truthfulness for he did not know of the great Dominion of Canada where English is our mother tongue. As our visit neared its end, his devotion increased. "Me hope to see you again." I did not reciprocate. "Hope I see your money to-day, and you again, or no luck for me. You my first man." And when he appealed thus to me and made me feel that his good fortune for the day depended on my beginning it, I yielded, and gave him a coin, glad to free myself, though it was, I fear, only an encouragement to his pertinacity to be exercised on the next victim.

We were amused also with another fellow who hung in our rear, and fell upon us at what he deemed auspicious moments with "Want to see man run up Pyramid and down again, ten minutes?" "No, we do not want you to break your neck." "Oh, it's my business. You know Markey Twain? He write book about me. I run for him." Here again in due time we yielded, and the stalwart fellow, laying off his outer garment, ran up to the top and down again in six minutes. He did it with surprising agility, and earned the shilling in his "business."

B. tried a ride on camel-back, and when her intention became apparent, we suddenly found ourselves surrounded by a dozen camels and thirty natives all trying to get the clumsy beasts to lie down at our feet that we all might mount. The camels protested



SPHINX AND SECOND PYRAMID.

with their usual vigour, the boys yelled and tugged at their bridles, I waved my hands and protested against our being thus besieged, when suddenly I missed C. I was for a minute anxious, and then I discovered her on the summit of a mound a short distance away. She had gathered up her skirts, dared the camels' noses, and had *fled*. A. and I managed to make our escape in time to see B. swaying majestically by with a beaming countenance, and an air of superiority to us small creatures on our own feet. Then later on we had A. and C. on a donkey—not the same one at once—by way of practice, while I got several photographs of them in various combinations.

We may have some camel riding later on—but a little goes a long way, and so B. thinks with stiff joints to-day.

They are such ungainly, vicious, unlovable creatures, that while they may gain your esteem for their patience and usefulness, you can never establish an affectionate relationship with them.

I must not omit to mention our visit to the Sphinx.

I think I enjoyed it more than when I was here before. Perhaps for one thing it is more excavated than then. The great paws are now to be seen. They are about fifty feet long, and an idea of the little temple between them at the breast of the Sphinx can be obtained. The back too is quite uncovered and one can see how it has been cut from the living rock, though patched with stone where necessary. It is 150 feet long, and the height from head to base is about seventy feet. Its age has long been a question of dispute, but an inscription has been found which shows it to be as old as the Pyramids or older. It has been sadly mutilated. The colour is almost all gone, the great stone wig is battered, one eye damaged and the nose entirely gone—and yet, despite it all, there is something very fascinating about the face. The expression is not of a smile exactly, but it is not at all sad, and it looks off to the rising sun as if it read the riddle of the universe, and knew all things, while it remains unread, the very symbol of the inscrutable and mysterious.

I climbed upon its back, lingered before it, and felt my interview all too short. I found myself quoting Emerson's lines—

> "The Sphinx is drowsy,
> Its wings are furled,
> Its ear is heavy,
> It broods on the world,"

only it did not look drowsy, it seemed to see everything yet without losing its calm meditative expression.

On the Nile he writes :—

The river has been falling now for some weeks and the sand

bars are numerous, so that our course has to be a very crooked one, now sailing by one shore and now crossing to the other. Our steamer the *Prince Abbas* is not one of the largest of Cook's fleet. There are about thirty people on board and they make a pleasant party. I am surprised at the number of native cargo-dahabîyehs we see. In one reach of the rivers I counted fifteen. They seem to be carrying stone and flour in bags, and sometimes are ferrying people over to the other shore. Their sails are very picturesque. We pass large fields of cotton and sugar cane, and have seen several large sugar factories; one employs—so the guide-book says—2,000 men. The Government's new system of dykes, sluices, weirs, etc., has already brought large areas of land into cultivation, and holds and distributes the waters as they are needed.

Just as we left Cairo, we passed the Island of Rhoda which we had visited a day or two before. It was a sort of summer resort for the Cairenes, but now its buildings and gardens are much neglected. The Moslem tradition gives it as the site of the finding of Moses. Our dragoman showed us the spot. "How deep is the river here?" we asked. "Oh very deep," he answered. "Then it could not have been here that Pharaoh's daughter came to bathe." "Oh she could swim," was the quick reply.

The banks are always interesting. Villages, palm groves, camels and donkeys, men working in the fields, the ranges of hills, tombs, quarries, and all make up a varied and pleasing series of pictures.

One wonders what some people come up the Nile for. For instance a young fellow, married though, and not to be excused on the score of his youth, was overheard by us asking what there was to see at Luxor—"mosques," he supposed!!!

The steamer is always moored or anchored in mid-stream at night, so we are very quiet. One can watch the stars come out and a young moon light up the dark palms, one hears the dogs barking in the villages on the shore, then the canvas curtains are let down, the electric light flashes out from all the lamps on deck and it is turned into a cosy drawing room where after dinner we will sit, amid all the comforts of civilisation, at rest amid the overthrow and half-buried civilisation of this wonderful valley. No, there is no river like it in the world. Its connection with the most important events of ancient history, and its stupendous monuments render it of the greatest interest to even the ordinary traveller.

It flows through "old hushed Egypt" and its sands like some grave mighty thought threading a dream, and we are to be on it,

all being well, up to the second cataract, and when we have done, shall know it as we know no other river, and yet there will be nearly 2,000 miles of it beyond, that we shall not know.

On the river. 5th 1 mo., 1895.

Last evening sometime before sunset we arrived at Beni Hassan. It is notorious as being the landing-place for the tombs of the same name, and as having the worst thieves in it of any place on the river.

The village was back from the river, and on a mound, with palm trees behind it. An unutterably dirty place it seemed too. Some of these people seem to wear only one cotton garment, and they must be cold, for to us great coats are most comfortable in the evening. C. felt rather apprehensive moored so near such a place, but the steamer is patrolled all night, and we heard nothing more from the huts but the barking of numerous dogs.

The moon is getting brighter and brighter every night, and will soon light us on our way in full radiance. But that is only a figure of speech, for as a matter of fact, we do not travel by night. This morning we were awakened by such a noise. It was occasioned by our dragoman choosing donkeys for our excursion, and the owners of the rejected beasts were loud in their complaints, till a dahabîyeh hove in sight and they rushed away to find customers from it. Then followed the putting on the saddles, and a fierce dispute arose over one. It seemed about to be torn to pieces between the two rival claimants, who beat each other, not standing up to a square fight, but beating each other with sticks, etc. Then supporters gathered round, and one of the soldiers appeared on the scene, and beat both, while a dozen shouted the claims of each. What an uproar it was, and finally amid a cloud of dust the smaller man gave way, and the dust and noise subsided. The donkeys stood in a row, and when breakfast was over, there was another scene of wild confusion before we were all mounted and off. It was a long procession, and wound through two dirty villages, pursued by children crying for "backsheesh," who followed us across the plain for a mile perhaps.

On the way we passed the pits from which mummied cats have been dug by hundreds. B. thought she would like one, so got her donkey boy to put one in his frock for her. Suddenly he was seized and carried to the rear. We could not understand, and hurried to the dragoman to interfere. The boy returned minus the mummy, and Abdul said he would have been imprisoned had he kept it for B., as such selling is forbidden. Everything found belongs to the Government.

The tombs are about fifteen in number, but only four or five are of any particular interest. These are now protected by the Government. The front of the chief of the northern group is familiar by photographs. It has simple Doric columns, and Miss Edwards and others believe that Greek art and architecture can be traced to an Egyptian origin. Certainly the simple columns are older than anything in Greece.

The inside of these tombs are covered with inscriptions and paintings. Alas! they are disappearing rapidly. B. says that when she was here six years ago, they were ever so much brighter and less effaced.

Some of the scenes are very animated. Wrestlers in every sort of position, fishing, hunting, agricultural pursuits, flax weaving, etc.

7th 1 mo., 1895.

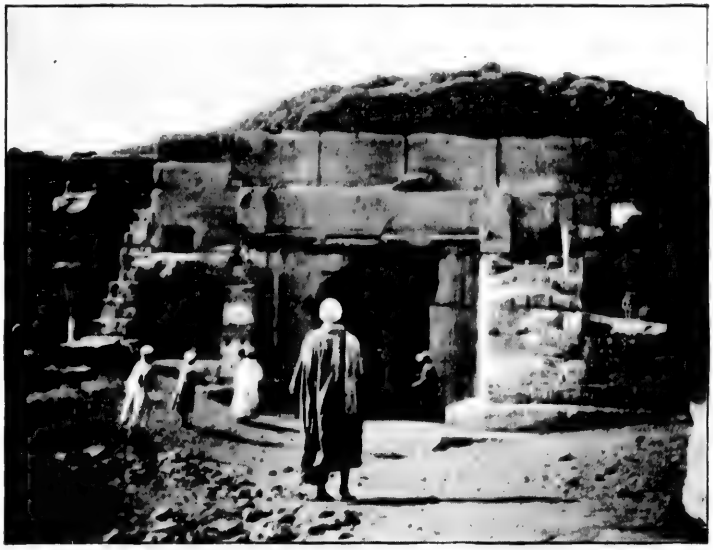
It does not seem natural yet to write ninety-five, and here it is hard to keep track of the days. They are passing very swiftly and pleasantly. We were all day yesterday (Sunday) at Assiout. There was no excursion planned but several went on one to the caves of the wolves beyond the town, and generally the day was not very duly observed. Assiout is the terminus of the railway from Cairo, and a considerable place. We hope to see it on our return, so yesterday C. and I walked only to the American Mission. They have large school buildings for boys and girls, and have some hundreds of scholars. In every way so far as I can judge, they are doing a good work.

We met only one of the missionaries, a Mr. Hart, and got our information from him. The principal was asleep and the schools are now having holidays.

We thought from a misleading notice that there was a chaplain on board, and I had settled on a young fellow with something of a clerical collar as the functionary, but he turned out to be the carpenter, and then we found that there was no "service" at all. B. spoke to one of the ladies and they asked me to give a Bible reading. The manager agreed, and gave us the dining saloon, so B. put up a notice to that effect. I confess we felt rather nervous as to whether anyone would come, but there were fifteen out, about half of all on board, and I trust it was to the praise of Him whose we are and serve.

It was warmly received by many, who came and thanked me, and has led to some interesting conversations. Some no doubt smiled at it all, but if He was pleased, what matter. I took up the subject "For what is your life?"

The party as a whole are pleasant, and some very agreeable.



LESSER TEMPLE, DENDERAH.

On the Nile. 11th 1 mo. 1895.

In a few more hours we will be at Thebes, the most interesting spot on the Nile, and before we reach it, I want to be up to it in my notes. Poor things they are, and very trying I am sure to all who attempt to read them, but if they give any one any pleasure, I am satisfied, and I keep them as a very imperfect record of these happy days. I have only one day's doings to describe, the day at Denderah.

The temple is about half-an-hour's ride from the river, and a few years ago was entirely buried under rubbish, a village being actually built on its great roof. M. Marriette undertook the excavation of this fine monument, and completed it after much hard toil. It is just about the age, the great portico at least, of our era, 1890 and more, and is therefore, for Egypt, a modern work, a thing of yesterday compared to the Pyramids. But it is a magnificent structure, and, since seeing it, we are all enthusiastic, and are amateur Egyptologists.

We dismounted at the pylon, and walked down the dremos to the entrance. The massive portico is supported by twenty-four columns, the first having a stone screen half-way up built between them. Here we pass the door, and descending a long flight of wooden stairs are at last on the floor of the portico. The roof must be sixty feet over our heads and the great columns are only six feet apart. Inside and out, the whole surface is everywhere covered with carvings and figures or hieroglyphics. From this outer portico we passed into a smaller hall with six columns and chambers off it, then through two still smaller halls into the Holy of Holies. A corridor runs all round this room, and small chambers used for various temple purposes are off it. We went through them all burning magnesium lights. Then by a winding passage in the wall up to the roof. There were several small temples on the roof, and one single stone that we saw was eighteen feet long, by six by four. The whole thing is marvellously massive. Then we came down another staircase in the wall, and both these are covered on the sides with representations of the priests and kings in procession with banners and offerings, as they used to pass up to one of the temples on the roof and down again.

One of the most interesting things we saw was one of the passages in the crypt. Under the floor of the temple, down several steps, was a small square hole through which we wriggled and came into a narrow gallery about seven feet high and three-and-a-half or four wide. Here the hieroglyphics were beautiful, as fresh cut and clear as if they had been done yesterday and the little colouring there was, was fresh and bright also. The place

was infested with bats, who disturbed by our candles flew past us back and forth—sometimes almost brushing our faces.

One could not but admire how beautifully in all these dark and secret places this work was done. It must have been on Longfellow's principle—

"In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere."

Then we came back from the gloom of the inner halls to the portico, and found our lunch laid out there. Then we sat on rugs and the bases of the great pillars in the entrance reserved for the kings, and made merry with good appetites over a good lunch. After this we spelled out some of the cartouches, finding Nero, and Claudius, and other Roman Emperors, and afterwards walked round the building to see the figure of Cleopatra on the back wall of the temple. There was one unpleasant thing, the millions of bees that infest the temple. There are none inside of course, but outside, building on the cornice and plastering up the cuttings on the walls, they were flying in every direction. Fortunately I heard of no one being stung, but I assure you I walked with great circumspection. I have no doubt that as the small boy said "they have each a hot end."

Luxor. 13th 1 mo., 1895.

I had always wondered if travellers had not considerably overdrawn the marvels of Thebes, but we have been here only one day, and what we have seen thus far, has convinced me that over statement is impossible. The half has not been told. It is beyond all my anticipations. As I finished my last the pylons of Karnak were already appearing, and I had only finished and joined the group of gazers on the deck, when we drew up to the pier, and beside the very ruins of the temple of Luxor.

On the east side of the river is the town of Luxor, built on and among the ruins of the temple, and about two miles distant is the greatest of all the ruins, the Temple of Karnak. On the west of the river are several temples, and the mountains are pierced with tombs. The old city of Thebes was built on both sides of the river, the capital of Egypt for many centuries, and a great, populous and wealthy city. The two chains of mountains here sweep outward, forming a wide circle and enclosing a beautiful verdant plain. The river divides it, and bore the commerce of the country. The situation reminds one somewhat of the great plain round Rome, or that on which Athens stands, only this is more level.

And now I wish I could describe it, but my pen refuses a task so entirely impossible. There are first the two great pylons with the doorway between them, and before passing through there are, or were, two huge obelisks—one only now remains—the property of England; its companion has been taken to Paris where it ornaments the Place de la Concorde. There is a huge statue of Ramses II., buried nearly to his neck in sand, and on the face of the pylons are scenes of his life, particularly his defeat of the Chetas, his chariots and prancing steeds, spoil, captives, etc., are all there. Passing in on the one side is the excavated part of the temple, on the other and among the great capitals a miserable mosque. I cannot tell you of the courts and chambers, the statues and pillars, etc., it is beyond me.

Karnak is two miles away, but the two temples were connected by a dromos or paved way, lined by sphinxes on either side, many are in ruins, but enough remain to show how splendid it must have been. Miss Edwards thinks that there must have been 500 at least. You would expect magnificence at the end of such an avenue, and you are not disappointed. There is first a high pylon, and then a very wilderness of columns, and bases on a scale unparalleled in the world.

We spent most of our time in the great hall where the columns are sixty-two feet high and eleven feet six inches in diameter! In one place a column has given way under its weight and has been caught by its neighbour, against which it leans like a weary Atlas that might fall prostrate any moment, but which has stood so for years and years.

In one place the face of a pylon has fallen down, and the result is a hillside of stones shattered and piled up in wildest confusion.

Two obelisks are standing, and on all sides the ruins stretch away, a wilderness of overthrown pillars and walls. And these under the moonlight! The shadows were beautiful, and when the clouds passed and the moon flooded the whole with light, the effect was enchanting. We got back a little before ten, and retired weary but delighted with our nocturnal ride, to dream of all the ruined pride of the great Pharaohs.

This morning we were up early and went to the well-known temple called the Memnonium. This is considered one of the most perfect temples, as regards symmetry and elegance of architecture. It is much ruined, only small parts of the roof remaining. We recalled the line, "Had Thebes a hundred gates," as sung by Homer. Homer must have referred to pylons and other temple gates for it is generally believed that Thebes never had any walls. Perhaps the most impressive thing at the Memnonium

is the huge overthrown colossal statue of Ramses. It is of granite, and if one wonders how it could have been hewn in one piece and transported there, it is as great a wonder how it could have been so overthrown and shattered. It could not have been done by powder, as it was not then known, and an earthquake would have overthrown the pillars of the temple. But there it lies, the throne and legs shattered, and the head and body broken off at the waist, lie as they were thrown, backward, prostrate on the sand. There are no marks of the wedge or of any other instrument used in its destruction. It is the largest monument in Egypt, and the guide book says, weighed, when entire, 1,000 tons!

It was of this wrecked statue that Shelley wrote his well known beautiful lines:—

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

Shelley's lines are not quite correct, as the ruined statue lies in one of the courts of the temple and is surrounded by columns—but the mighty may well despair at such works. There are things more enduring than granite, and that are longer remembered than carven faces,—broken alabaster vases, and cups of cold water given in His name. What a comment on the attempt to perpetuate one's name by such works.

I wish Sunday were a quieter day and more religiously observed by travellers. There is a Church (of England) here, and several of the passengers attended service there. We found out the Presbyterian Mission Church, and went there. It is a native congregation under a native pastor and was in Arabic, but it interested us, and the pastor interpreted for me a message I had for them. The men and children were very attentive. The women, following the Eastern custom, were in a room closed off with a curtain. A. and C. went in and shook hands with them; I of course might not do so.

VILLAGE ON THE NILE.

ROYAL PALACE, MEDINET HABU, THEBES.

Then we had our own Friends' meeting in our cabin, and a sweet time it was. Most of our fellow voyagers were off to one or other of the temples in the afternoon, while we had a quiet time for reading. I am enjoying Moule's "Outlines of Christian Doctrine."

To-day we visited the Memnonium again, two tombs, the small but beautiful temple of Dèr el Medînet, and the fine ruins of Medînet Habû. There is one most interesting scene of judgment in Dêr el Medinet. The heart of the dead man is placed in one of the balances while the feather of justice and truth is placed in the other. Behind stands the Scribe God, Thoth, with his reed ready to write the result on the tablet held in his left hand. But of all the ruins seen here the immense remains of Medînet Habû are to me the most impressive and interesting.

It was a palace and temple, and one can see at a glance the different style of architecture in each. In one place in the palace is a representation of the king playing draughts with his wife, and the sculptures too are vigorous and fine.

In the temple there is one of the great halls which is very well preserved, and it is most impressive. Besides this large temple of Ramses III., there is a smaller and older one built by Thothmes III.

Yesterday I did not feel very well so did not go on the excursion to Karnak. The rest came back full of its praise. I have only seen it by moonlight as yet, and it may impress me more than Medînet Habû by daylight, but as yet the latter is supreme in my mind over all the ruins of Thebes.

It is as well to leave something to see when we return for our week's stay here.

The Temple of Edfou.

Immediately on landing we hastened away, so as to see the sun set from the pylons of Edfou. The distance is only about a twenty minutes' walk, and at last a narrow lane led us to the side of the hollow from which the majestic pile rises. The effect is indescribable. The building is almost entirely perfect, smothered under a village of crude brick for years, only the pylons, which are about 115 feet high, were visible. Some years ago, it was entirely excavated, and now one may see an Egyptian temple roofed and entire, almost as it was when the 100 years spent in its building were ended. We took a hasty walk through the courts and chambers, and then climbed the pylon in time for sunset.

What a scene was before us! To the front the noisy Arab village, with rounded and flat roofs, narrow ways, and minaret; beyond, the river stretching almost due north and south as far as one could see with the distant hills on the farther side. The town and temple seem almost in the middle and edges of a vast green plain, sweeping behind us to the low Lybian hills, and at our feet we looked down into the courts and viewed the stone roofs of the temple below. Then over all the sun was setting in a perfectly cloudless sky. It dropped, a golden ball, under the rim of the earth, and then a belt of violet circled all our horizon, and in the west such colours, as were never put on canvas, glowed in the sky.

A little imagination only was required to hear the chant of the priests as in procession, with banners and sacred boats,* they crossed the court, and wound through the long pillared halls.

There are some scenes that live in one's memory, and among them will be, I am sure, that sunset from the pylons of the temple of Edfou.

We were back to the steamer before the glow had left the sky. We met a number of youths from the Government School, who speak English very well and who were begging for English books.

I went with A. to distribute a few papers to twice as many pairs of hand eagerly stretched out for them, and we regretted, as we have many times, that those which had been ordered from London for distribution on this trip had not reached us.

Assouan has always been well known in Egyptian history. At the foot of the first cataract, and at times a frontier town, it has been in the past, as now, an important military and commercial centre. It has grown much in the last few years and struck us as a cleaner, larger, busier town, and more prettily situated than Luxor. It is a region of granite here, and great masses protrude from the river, round which steamers require to go with care. The harbour, if one may so term the riverside, is busy. There were two or three steamers beside our own lying there, dahabiyehs and row boats were numerous on the bank of the river, the street was full of life—and the scene was a lively one. Opposite lies the green island of Elaphantine, and beyond, the hills. There are Roman remains on the river, but of Egyptian ruins not many. The quarries we have left till we return.

On Saturday evening I found out the native pastor, and called also on a young American missionary who, with his wife, is

* "Arks" made in the form of a boat and used in religious processions.

living on a dahabiyeh and has been visiting villages on the river. His wife, poor thing, has been ill with typhoid fever, and is only now recovering. He seemed grateful for my call, and I was able to enter into sympathy with him.

On Sunday morning we went to the native church, and I was interpreted for, and in the afternoon B. visited the women and addressed them. In the evening I was asked to give another Bible reading which I did—about eighteen attending.

At Assouan they left the steamer *Prince Abbas* and by a short railway journey surmounted the first cataract, and were soon on board the steamer *Amkeh*. He continues :—

There are eleven on board, and nine of us are from the *Prince Abbas*, so we are already at home with each other. The two strangers are an American and his wife who seem very pleasant. Another steamer, the twin of ours, left shortly after us, and we shall be keeping near together all the way up the river. There are twelve on her. They are both stern wheelers, and after the type of the Mississippi steamers.

The accommodation is nothing to speak of, but we shall manage, and it is only for a week and a day.

The saloon is on top of the state rooms, and is covered over with canvas. We make ourselves very comfortable in our chairs, and have a fine outlook over the banks of the river.

It strikes us so far that while the Nubians have less land, their villages are better built and look cleaner, as they do themselves. Nubia also has one supreme advantage over any country I know—and one that I at least appreciate, it has no fleas nor bugs!

The Nubian Nile is very different to the Egyptian river. The hills are more broken, they come nearly to the river's edge, and the scenery is wilder, and in some ways finer than farther north. There are occasional openings in the hills that are verdant, but there is usually a narrow fringe of green—sometimes only a few feet wide by the river side—then the barren hills, and we know that the desert is always beyond, intruding on that narrow strip by sending down the valleys from the tableland above long rivers of beautiful golden sand that contrast with the deep red of the great granite boulders, or the fringe of green at their base.

A desolate region, and only saved from absolute death by this great river. The most noteworthy thing to-day has been our sail through the Strait of Bab Kalabsheh, where the high hills encroach on the river and narrow it considerably in their savage embrace. It is very rugged and wild.

We have visited the small and interesting temple of Dendûr of Roman times, and are now moored to the bank for the night. The other steamer is near us and to-morrow we shall, if all be well, pursue our upward course.

Nubia. 23rd 1st month, 1895.

The people here are cleaner than in Egypt, and the villages neater looking. I expected to see all the women in what I supposed was the national costume—an enlarged necklace of leather thongs with shells and beads worn about the waist, and they are then in full dress—but most of them wear the dark blue cotton dress and only some children the waist band. Their hair is done up in innumerable tiny plaits, the ends of which are fastened with clay dried on, about the size of a pipe stem, and the whole saturated with—castor oil! They resemble the Egyptians, but are of course not negroes, as one fancies Nubians to be. They all speak Arabic, and are Moslems.

Light hearted, happy people they are too, and with very few possessions, and in constant dread from the raids of the Mahdists from Khartoum. That reminds me, and I tell you now because this letter will not be posted till we are safely in Assouan again, if all be well, that they have been having trouble with the Dervishes lately. The boat before us had to have an armed escort, and travellers were not allowed to go to Abû Seir. A large camel corps was sent after them, and now we hope that the country is cleared. It certainly would not be pleasant to be captured and carried off through the desert, presented to the Mahdi at Khartoum, and have our heels split so that we could not run away.

However, we do not expect any trouble, and we hope to get to Abû Seir. There are about a dozen temples between Assouan and Wady Halfa. We have been to six or eight of them, but the greatest of them, and rivalling those of Egypt is Abou Simbel, which we expect to see to-morrow. The others are all small, and some are very much choked with sand. With one or two exceptions they are all on the west of the river, and on the verge of the desert. Derr is hewn out of the solid rock, but the portico is broken, and the sculptures very much defaced. We went through the village of the same name to it, attended by about forty people of various sizes, and ages. They offer you such funny things, glass beads, a rag doll, a pewter spoon, etc., and then very good spears and swords, baskets, etc. To-day we have been offered chameleons tied to strings by their long tails—poor harmless things.

Last night we had a most lovely sail. The north wind which blows steadily every day up the river, and sometimes very strongly, had fallen. The sun set in a perfectly cloudless sky. The whole horizon was crimsoned, and then in the west came on the most beautiful daffodil sky. Venus, looking three times as large as at home, set in the soft light, and then came the darkness. We ran on the east side of the river, under the black masses of the seven doors of Korosko, which towered up above us to the starlit sky. On the other side of the river was a plain with palm groves, fading from sight against the last bar of light in the west, and through them flickered one or two fires where the villagers were cooking the evening meal. And above, the heaven studded with stars, which were reflected in the slow-flowing river. We got on deck, under the canvas covering, and watched and thought on it all. That was a sunset; this morning we saw a sunrise.

We moored at Korosko, which is now a strong military post, garrisoned by some 800 soldiers. It commands the desert route to Khartoum, the one by which Gordon went, but since the troubles in the Soudan there is no trade going on.

Behind the post is a high hill, on the top of which is a signal station, and early this morning we were roused to ascend it. We were called at five, had a cup of tea and some biscuits, and escorted by some of the men from our boat bearing a lantern, we started. The village was asleep, the morning drum-beat from the fort had not yet sounded, even the dogs did not seem to know that we passed down the narrow streets between the mud hovels. The moon's whole disc could be plainly seen, though only a narrow crescent was bright with light.

The dawn was beginning already its ever new preparations for the surprise of the sunrise.

The climb was only stiff for the last fifteen minutes, and then we stood on the top. We could see the great bend of the river for miles, while on our side of it, we could see, only faintly, deep valleys and range after range of hills. The pale light gave place to rose and crimson, and at one spot there was a deeper tone that told where the sun would rise. By this time we could see some distance, and soon the whole scene was flooded with light.

And what a scene it was, the words of Scripture admirably fit it, "a waste, howling wilderness."

Waterless, barren, blasted, a tangle of valleys and broken hills, and stretching on and on in savage, awful desolation.

I wish I could enable you to realize it, and all those passages of Scripture which speak of barrenness and waterless wastes would receive a new and terrible significance.

We must have been an hour on the top, and then tramped home hungry to a much relished breakfast.

I have been getting on good terms with the crew, learning some Arabic words from them, and they are a pleasant lot of fellows.

The two steersmen say their prayers at least three times a day, turning towards Mecca and prostrating themselves to the deck many times, and they do not seem to mind in the least that we see them. Indeed, I am not sure that they do not enjoy an audience. I thought of One who said "that they may be seen of men," and while avoiding that, is ours not the fault of not enough "showing openly our faith"?

Steamer *Amkeh*, Shellal. 27th 1 mo., 1895.

We are once more at the head of the first cataract, to-morrow we intend to go down to Assouan. The whole trip has been most enjoyable, and were it not for home duties and loved ones, one would almost regret that this part of our tour is over. I have made friends with nearly all on board, and they have formed a kindly combination to teach me Arabic. The engineer is an Englishman, and came out here with the Nile expedition. He has been here ever since. He has had much to tell me of experiences on the river, and of things he had heard of the Mahdi, etc. I told him of our Adult Schools, and trust our conversations were not profitless.

Our head waiter is a fine, nice fellow, Said by name, who comes out with remarkable fresh waistcoats for dinner. The other waiter is a very small man with a very sad face, explained, probably, by the fact that he has two wives. The manager has been most kind and obliging—we all like him.

But I think the character that has interested me most is our old dragoman Ahmed. He is from Dongola, was for a short time with Gordon, acted as interpreter for Zuibyer Bey when that uncertain individual was a political prisoner in Gibraltar.

After a long conversation, he drew out a little statue of Anubis and insisted on my taking it. I said I feared I had not enough change in my pocket to pay for it, but he scorned such an idea. "No talk of piastres between us, keep it as a remembrance of your old dragoman." I promised him that if I ever saw Miss Gordon again I would tell her of him, and that he had been with her brother.

The crew, too, I fraternised with. There was one man who could speak English, and he interpreted for me. We discoursed about the Koran, and praying, etc., wives and children, and then they wanted to see my photographs, and were much interested,

passing them from hand to hand with cries of "good," over the boys especially,—girls they discount.

We went at slow speed past Abou Simbel on the way up, and visited it on our return. On Thursday p.m. we reached Wady Halfa. The town is a small one, about twenty minutes from the fort, but as the Dervishes had been troublesome lately, our boats were moored at the fort.

The fort is large, and no doubt is strong enough to resist any attack from the Dervishes if they were rash enough to make one. And then there are several outlying posts, guarding the valley well.

We walked through the fort. There are some twenty-five or thirty English officers there, and one had died the night before we arrived.

They get plenty of water from the river, so the palms flourish and the gardens are quite gay. We were up early the next a.m. for our long excursion to Abûsir. This is a rock overhanging the Nile about half-way up the second cataract, and from which a fine view is obtained. We crossed the river and then took donkeys, riding for about an hour and a quarter. The climb is not difficult, and indeed the rock itself is not more than 400 feet high, but the view is a fine one, and it is the *ultima Thule* of most tourists.

The face of the rock is a sheer precipice, at the foot of which roars the water of the rapids. These is no cascade here, only black and rugged masses of rock, with narrow channels between, and spreading here several miles wide. In high Nile many of these are covered, but now, and the Nile is not at its lowest, it would be rather difficult to get anything but small boats up those crooked, narrow channels against that strong current. This was the character of the river as far as we could see it to the next bend, and to the northward we could see the tops of two blue mountains, the lower and farther one being in Dongola. Beyond that we knew that that mighty river still stretched southward, a riband of water across the desert to Khartoum, the place always associated with the name of that great English General who for so long alone and unaided held the town against the rebels, and who was killed only *two days* before the English steamers bringing relief appeared, to find the object of their coming defeated.

Well, it was a scene unlike any other in the world, and one on which I shall never look again. For years I had had an ambition to stand on Abûsir. I have done it. There are other ambitions more important and less likely of fulfilment. There were a large number of names carved on the rock, but we did not add ours to what Miss Edwards calls "the illustrious obscure." We saw nothing of the Dervishes, or, what is more important, they saw

nothing of us. We did see a man on a camel who disappeared over a ridge, and who might have been a scout, but we got safely back.

Assouan Hotel, 29th 1 mo., 1895.

We seem not quite so far from home now that we are again at Assouan, and in a comfortable hotel. Wady Halfa was so far south, and we seemed to be almost in the heart of Africa. Here we are in the midst of fashionable life, and all the pomp and vain glory of *table d'hôte*, after the simplicity and freedom of steamer life. I did enjoy the Nubian Nile and left our steamer with some regret.

But I must tell you a little about our run down to Philae.

Of course the travelling down the river is at a much faster pace than going up. We saw the palms of that outpost of Nubia fade from our sight on Friday about 1 p.m. and about 3 p.m. reached Abou Simbel.

This is the great object of interest on the upper river, and would alone repay one for the trip. I remember as a child seeing in my "reader" a picture of this great rock-cut temple, and then how far away it seemed, and how unlikely that of all the youngsters in the Wellington School, I should ever see it. But I have seen it, and I have no doubt that I am the only one of those village boys who has. It is unlike all the other temples in Egypt, being entirely cut out of the rock.

About ninety feet square was cut away to form the front, and along it are four huge colossi, and these are to me *the* feature of the temple. They are sixty feet in height, and sit upon their thrones, their hands upon their knees, looking off over the river toward the sunrising, in calm majesty, the wonderful warders of this sacred shrine. Passing the great portal, one stands in a hall, with four columns on either side, with a figure of Osiris seventeen feet high on each, and from which open eight chambers.

Through an inner hall of four columns one passes to the sanctuary, where are an altar and four seated statues. The walls are literally covered with sculptures and hieroglyphics recording the wars and victories of the great Ramses II. There is the camp, the charge of the chariots, the river with men drowned in it, etc. One cannot go into details, but these are all most interesting. Then we saw the small room which was discovered by Miss Edwards and party, and which has their names over the door, the only time they put them on any monument in Egypt, so she says.

Then came the sunset from the top. Behind a barren country, with occasional hills rising from it, then the long stretch of the river, beyond a fringe of palms, then mountains and the desert

again. What landscapes these are—burned into one's memory as they are themselves burned by this blazing sun, which in summer must be all but intolerable.

But the mornings are so cold. I thought that one ought not to be in the tropics and where the Southern Cross can be seen and not see it, so I was called at four that morning, and was out on deck at a quarter-to-five.

In the east there were the first faint streaks of dawn, and in the dim light the colossi looked weird and unreal. Miss Edwards describes in what seemed to me too glowing colours, how as the first sunbeam strikes their faces they seem to become suddenly human, then it passes, and they are stone once more, keeping watch as they have done for ages.

I resolved to witness this transformation, so in my overcoat I went quietly on shore, climbed the sand slope till I was nearly on a level with the faces, and where the southern one was in perfect profile, as handsome as Miss E. had described him to be, and probably a portrait statue of the great Ramses. I scooped away the cold sand, a few inches down it was warm, and settled myself in the hollow to keep vigil.

I had the whole scene to myself, desert and river, mountain and stars.

There was only one creaking water-wheel going across the river, where a zealous husbandman was making wise use of the lowering water, and treasuring it as he was best able. Otherwise it was silent. The dawn brightened, the Southern Cross was paling, and in the glowing light the giant forms, Harmachis over the black doorway with the king making offerings, and the long line of huge hieroglyphics across the front, became more distinct. The custodian of the temple with his family evidently occupy the chamber found by Miss E., for I heard voices, and finally, at different times, about nine persons, large and small, emerged from it, and after morning ablutions at the river, the devout ones began their prayers.

By this time some of the passengers began to appear, and the place belonged alone to me no more. Well, one must not be selfish, but one wishes he had one or more mornings alone there. Then up came the sun over the eastern hills, and the rosy light fell on the top of the hill in the heart of which is the sanctuary. It travelled slowly down, the helmets are lighted now, and now it falls on the faces of the figures, and what was it that happened? I cannot describe it, but it was for a moment a transformation. They will rise up and salute the sun, and as you stand filled with awe, the moment passes, the light is on the breast, and the spell is broken.

I rushed down the slope to see how far the sun would light up the interior. When I reached the great door, it was pouring in as far as the end of the first hall, and the four columns on the north side with their figures with crossed hands on the breast were all in the sunlight. It was a marvellous sight, and then as I looked, the sunlight left the face of the farthest, and in two hours the sun will have gone round, and the place be dark till the next sunrise. Once in the year at sunrise, a level beam of light pierces through halls and sanctuary and falls on the altar. It must have been so built, as the temple is dedicated to the sun, that the mystery might happen at just that time.

We left about ten to continue our journey, and for miles—perhaps five—we could see those majestic faces, till the sand drift hid them all but one which seemed to lift itself up to peer after us, till it, too, was lost to view. Men come and go, they keep their vigil always. The rest of the trip down to Assouan leaves little to remark about. We reached Philae on Sunday afternoon, and had the view of it and the deck of our steamer to ourselves, as all the others left at once to visit it. We have been able generally to keep up our daily Bible reading together and First-day morning meeting. But I find it difficult to keep one's spiritual life up to the highest level one has known in the midst of so much sight seeing.

I am writing now from Luxor, where we arrived last Friday. It is now Sunday, and the 3rd of February.

We are in a delightful hotel here. It is large and airy and with such a beautiful garden. Roses and heliotrope blooming, palms and mimosa, it is as lovely as a dream.

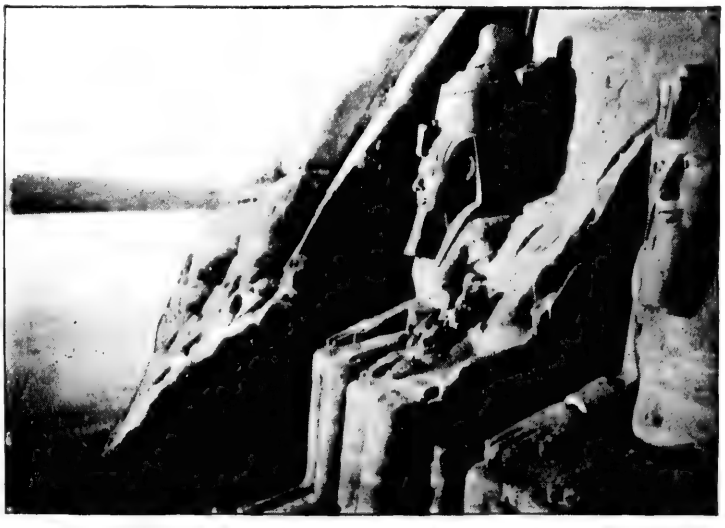
Luxor is becoming a very fashionable resort, and *table d'hôte* is a very swell affair. Certainly the climate is almost perfect, and there seem to be many invalids availing themselves of it. The country around is pretty, the outlines of the mountains fine, the ruins and excursions numerous, the sunsets glorious, and altogether, no more interesting place could be found for spending a vacation.

A visit to the Tombs of the Kings is one of the longest and most interesting excursions about Luxor.

The branch of the Nile that we had to ferry over when we were here before, we forded now, and splashed through with much enjoyment, holding up our feet as best we could.

What a road it is to these royal tombs! The Necropolis of Thebes and its temples all stand in a curve of the mountains in full view from the river and town, but these tombs are up in a valley on the other side of the mountains and several miles away. You round the low foot of the projecting hill, and enter a valley

INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE, MEDINET HABU.



ABOU SIMBEL.

that becomes more savage and barren as you advance. Sometimes it seems shut in by these hills, till it turns and you see the way opening up beyond. The hills seem crumbling down as if baked by the heat, the sky is blue and high, and the glare and heat of the sun are dazzling and trying, Up you climb, and near the end are found the objects of the trail.

One must believe that this dreary and desolate place was selected so that the tombs would keep their secrets, and the mummies rest undisturbed.

And yet how could such large works employing so many men to make them be kept secret, unless indeed they worked there unknown, and when their toil was finished were killed on the spot. They had no regard for human life—these mighty builders. But anyhow the graves and their rich treasure must have become known, long before the time of the Romans and Greeks, and for security the royal mummies were all removed from their magnificent resting places and huddled together in one small tomb near Deir-el-Bahari.

This was not in the least suspected till about the year 1873, and then from the valuable objects that were being offered for sale, scholars of Egyptology began to suspect that the natives of Thebes had made a discovery of great importance. And then began the most remarkable and important of any discovery made in Egypt. The Government took the matter up and arrested one Ahmed. An investigation followed, a confession came during its progress, and the tomb was shown which contained nearly thirty mummies of kings and royal personages. Think of that. What a find!

It seems that in 1871 some Arab found this tomb, and knew enough about his trade of antiquity hunter to know that he had made a remarkable "find"!

He, of course, could not move the huge coffins, so he told his son and two brothers, and for some years they rifled and sold small objects from it.

Valuable papyri were offered for sale and other rare objects, and these gave the clue.

The tunnel leading to the chamber was 220 feet long, and the chamber itself about twenty-five feet, packed with coffins and all funeral furniture.

All were carried to the Museum at Cairo and now one may look on the face of Ramses II., the great builder and warrior king, which had been wrapped up for 3,200 years. Think of it. The Pharaoh "who knew not Joseph," who oppressed Israel, and who is before one with his "bone and flesh and limbs and features." It is simply marvellous.

Well it was to the rock-cut tombs of these grandees of ancient days we were bound.

The plan of the tombs is much the same. A tunnel, descending sometimes quite steeply, sometimes having stairs, leading to halls and chambers, and in the bottom one, the great sarcophagus for the mummy. The two handsomest ones are those of Seti I. and Ramses VI.

The first is generally called "Belzoni's Tomb" because found by that brave traveller early in this century.

It had been rifled, but the alabaster sarcophagus was there, and is now in London. The sculptures are in bas-relief, besides modelled and painted in high colour, some of which remains. There must be a dozen halls and chambers covered with these, and representing the life of the king in the underworld. In some places they have not been finished as if the king died before the work was done. In one hall we were much interested in seeing how the artist or his pupil had drawn in red the figures, etc. Then these had been corrected in black by the master himself, and sometimes very much corrected, then they were ready for the sculptor.

The tomb of Ramses III. is 400 feet long and the red granite sarcophagus that used to be in it is now in Paris. It is sometimes called the "Tomb of the Harpers" because of a scene in it in which men are shown playing on harps.

But I have not time to speak of the others, of Ramses VI. and IX., nor of how we enjoyed our lunch under the shadow of a great "rock in a weary land," returning by the temple of Queen Hatasu, now being excavated. Here and at Karnak she is quite prominent, a strong minded woman, who had herself represented on the monuments with a beard and in man's costume—the first "Modern Woman," who got her rights and more too.

At the end of the Nile trip he writes :—

It has been very enjoyable indeed. B. says that if A. were well, she would like to turn right about and go up again. I don't think I should—once in six or ten years would be often enough for me, and I am wishful to get on and reach Ramallah and Brumana, where our real service and our truest enjoyment lie I am sure.

And yet how memorable such a visit will be! how great the pleasure in retrospect!

THE SLAVE TRADE.

Mena House, by the Pyramids. 6th 3mo., 1895.

We presented yesterday our letter of introduction to Mrs. Crewe, the matron of the "Home for Freed Slaves," and had an interesting interview with her.

I remembered the startling article by Mr. E. W. Brooks in the January issue of *One and All*, on this sad subject of slavery. He reminds his readers that it is not a dead issue, but a present question, and that while the Christian Church has been sleeping, supposing the work accomplished, there is in Africa an annual drain of human life of over 400,000 caused by the Slave Trade.

The most vivid imagination cannot conceive the suffering and horrors of this diabolical traffic.

Yesterday some faint echoes reached us of its barbarity and cruelty.

For some years now there has been no open slave market in Egypt, but there are slaves still held in the harems of Cairo, and smuggling them into the country has never quite ceased.

It came with a shock of surprise when it was found some time since that a Pasha had bought five slaves, and the case was immediately brought before the courts. His rank did not save the culprit, and the condemnation and sentence pronounced on him must have gone far to teach all would be offenders, high or low, that where there is British influence, and power, there can never be any encouragement of this awful traffic in humanity.

I wonder, however, whether this can be truly said of our influence in Zanzibar? If not, then every Englishmen should blush for the shame of it.

The "Home for Freed Slaves" has rendered good service in the years of its existence—some 3,000 having passed through it. Some of these have been educated and are now filling useful places, and another work of the home has been to put others out to service, and thus save them from the slavery of a life of sin on the streets.

It is managed by a committee of influential ladies and gentlemen in Cairo and like so many good works is curtailed for the want of larger funds.

The latest arrivals at the house were three slave girls from the Soudan. The slaves are nearly all women and children, as the men are mostly killed.

These girls, with others, had been marched along the coast for hundreds of miles, suffering untold hardships.

Far more than one half of those that compose the caravan at the start, never reach the slave market. They die by the way from fatigue and ill treatment. One of the largest slave markets is at the port of Mecca, and here at the shrine of Mohammedanism is this grevious sin wrought against humanity.

These girls came from Jedda, and were bought by some man near Alexandria. He had them smuggled in corn sacks to the

house of a friend of his, who received them for him, but happily they were discovered and rescued, and passed on to the Home.

When we saw them, they were recovering from the effects of their hard usage.

One had had burning matches applied to her eyes to force her to march, another had been beaten in the most shameful way, and here at last they had found a home and kind care.

To me, who cannot remember the war of emancipation in the United States, and until a late awakening had thought that slavery and the slave traffic had been almost abolished in all the world but Africa, and there reduced to a minimum, it brought home as nothing else had done how near and real and awful the traffic is.

These three young girls had only a few months before belonged to a peaceful village in the Soudan. If they could have told us in speech and we could have understood of that night attack, of the death of their defenders, of the slave forks, of the long march, of thirst and hunger, of torture and outrage, and we could have recorded it and sent it broadcast throughout England, would it not have stirred us all, and have given an impetus to the Anti-Slavery agitation?

But they speak only the jargon of their tribe and we cannot understand it. The Soudan is far from England, Livingstone and Gordon are dead, and the "open sore of the world" is not only not closed, but grows larger and sorer year by year.

Is there not some definite action that our Adult Schools could take in the matter?

And in the meantime do we not all of us need more information, and more light on this dark question?

We cannot be satisfied to do nothing while there is such appalling waste of life, such a sea of blood flowing in Equatorial Africa.

Happy any one of us if he have ever so small a share of the blessing which Livingstone prayed might descend on all who helped to heal this "open sore of the world." Perhaps a prayer for this was among the last petitions his lips uttered ere he was found dead upon his knees in the heart of Africa.

12th March, 1895.

My thirty-fifth birthday has come and gone since I have been here. I trust the serious reflections such an event should annually bring home have not been altogether absent, but I do not feel so old in many ways. My thirtieth birthday was at Rome, where will my fortieth be, if I live to see it?

By the illness of one of the party the stay near Cairo was prolonged. When it became known in the hotel that they were Friends, and some of the other guests were aware that they gathered for worship at noon each day, a number of the guests in the hotel requested that they might join in these meetings also. Amongst them the journal mentions Lady ——, a well-known philanthropist, who in sending a message asking if she might join them said : "Tell them that I am only an old pilgrim who needs refreshing." She continued regularly to attend the meetings, inviting others also, so that almost every day fresh visitors were seen amongst them.

These meetings continued during their stay. A portion of Scripture was usually read, followed by a time of silent or vocal prayer, and then the portion of Scripture was considered. Much satisfaction was felt, and the journal, in briefly noting the kindly appreciation of the help these gatherings had been to those who attended, says :—

Several to-day expressed sorrow that we are going away, and said they would miss the meeting so much. So we trust prayer has been answered, and our stay in this hotel has been of some service to the truth. Their interest in Friends too has been interesting, and altogether these simple meetings will be among our pleasant memories of Mena House. Mrs. —— said that in Scripture whenever anyone was sent into the desert it was as a preparation for service.

I am sure I hope it may have been so for us, and that when we reach Beyrout, in the responsible service that awaits us there we may find that these seasons have been helpful in fitting us for it.

We hear from Ellwood Brockbank that he has arrived in Jerusalem. Alas! that we could not have met him there and have performed our service, but here we are held, and perhaps there is some wise providence in it—indeed I do not doubt it.

CHAPTER XV.

Arrival at Brumana—The hospital—Meetings at the Mission—Services at colleges and churches, Beyrout—Confessing Christ—Dr. Vandyck—Ras-el-Metn—Damascus—C.M.S. Conference, Jerusalem—Meetings with Missionaries—Ramallah Mission—Micmash and Gibeah—Scene of Jonathan's victory—Village Missions—Freeness of Gospel Ministry—Friends and outward observances—Hotel Meetings at Jaffa—Thankfulness for service.

Brumana. 23rd March, 1895.

AT last I am able to date my letter as above, and assure you of our safe arrival at the place which we have looked to as the crown of our travels and service, and where the "dear delights" of fellowship and service are ours.

We got to Beyrout in the morning and found Dr. Beshara there to meet us. It was pleasant to see him, and to have his help in getting through the Customs.

We went to a hotel and had breakfast, and then with the Doctor I made several calls, presented my letter of introduction to Dr. Bliss, and had a very cordial reception from him.

Referring to the American College and the mission work in Beyrout, he says :—

There seems to be a real hunger among them and several assured me that they had been praying for the meetings. Then we had dinner and in three carriages and pouring rain started for our drive up the mountain to Brumana. It was the first rain we have had for some three months except one very light shower at Mena House. We had to have all our wraps out, as we found the mountain air very keen. In half an hour the rain ceased, and we were able to have the carriages open. You know from many descriptions the winding road that climbs the mountain, and how the view widens as one ascends, so I need attempt no description. It was lovely as ever though there was little sun. When we came in sight of Brumana we were signalled, and on arriving, we found

the boys drawn up on the step of the hotel singing, and the Friends below to welcome us. Then followed such hand-shakes, and we felt we were at last among our own.

They are all well and it is a joy to be here again. We are stopping at the hotel, which overlooks the Mission grounds and with fine views over the ocean and town. We had a cup of tea and were glad to have a fire made for us in the dining-room. After getting to our rooms, we found that our luggage had not arrived, so we had only our small bags, but managed to make shift with them. A comfortable dinner, and with wraps on we sat round the stove and were glad to have a call from Dr. Beshara and his wife. It does seem cold here after the heat of Egypt, but our luggage came safely this morning, and we have arrayed ourselves in heavier clothes, so are comfortable. It rained heavily in the night, but has cleared again, and we have been admiring the view. Miss Feltham and Miss Clayton have called, and Miss Robinson and Miss Bishop, so we have not had a dull morning. It strikes me that this country is progressing despite the misrule of the Turkish Government. Beyrout has greatly altered. A good harbour has been made, and the town itself much built up and improved. The railroad to Damascus is partially built, and the mountains seem to be more under cultivation, terraces more generally built, pine plantations larger, while Brumana is greatly changed. This hotel is new and many houses beside

Well you can hardly understand what a pleasure it is to be here again, and how I enjoy the prospect of meetings with our friends here.

25th March.

We have found it cold and have had a fire on all day. It is so very different to Egypt. Here we are among the mountains, 3,500 feet above the sea, and the range of Lebanon is covered with snow. It has rained the greater part of the time since we arrived, and you can fancy how we felt it, when we had been used to from seventy to ninety-seven degrees in the shade.

As we are the only people in the hotel, we leave our things in orderly confusion on the dining table. Our bedrooms too have had to have the shutters closed, to keep the rain from beating in at the badly fitted windows, and even then it ran in, making pools on the floor and the walls of our room ooze. This is certainly a summer hotel, but we have made ourselves comfortable. Yesterday morning fortunately it was not raining, and all but A. went to a little prayer meeting with the staff before the Arabic general meeting in the Meeting House. It was a good time, and then we joined A. at the Meeting House. The room was well filled—the

front seats on either side being filled by the boys and girls from the respective training homes whose bright faces made up an interesting audience, and behind them were the elder folk. We had a good time. After the children had sung a hymn, we had a time of waiting, then Theo. Waldmeier prayed, then A. spoke with liberty and I followed—Lotfallah Rizcallah interpreting for us. I offered prayer, another hymn and then the meeting closed.

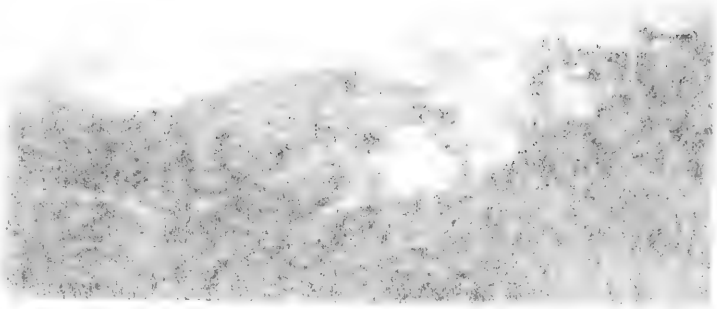
Despite a storm I wrapped myself up in mackintosh and leggings and went to the Sunday School, and then had a meeting at the dispensary. At the latter, —— interpreted for me. But alas! he has put off the native dress, so that he is not nearly so handsome as he used to be. Dr. B. came over with me, and Miss Cadbury called. We talked over our future service here. Then after dinner I went to the Young Men's Bible Class and we had a nice time together—making in all five meetings for me. A good start off. Scander saw me home with a lantern, the rains have so washed down the ways here, that one needs light.

To-day is fine, with some sunshine, but the clouds do not promise settled weather yet.

I have been all the morning at the Hospital, reading first with the patients, and then I went to the dispensary and saw Dr. B. examine the patients. This mountain seems to have many illnesses, and the doctor pulled teeth, extracted a polypus, and stethoscoped people all the morning. Dear Maria Feltham ushered them in and sent them out, got Dr. B. his instruments, and was as busy as a bee. This part of the mission is very busy every morning. Then the ladies came out and we walked down, or up to the village of Brumana, enjoying the fine views. Beyrout was in the sunshine, and the long line of coast looked fine as it rounded away into the unseen distance. Many new houses have been built, and the place has changed in appearance a good deal.

We are having a conversational Bible study here every evening for all who care to come, and I hope they may prove helpful. We shall not try much more till after our important meetings at Beyrout are finished. I find the dispensary a fascinating place. I like to see those who come, and to watch Spiridon make up the prescriptions. Our first Bible study time passed off nicely. There were about twenty-five out, and we considered the question of "Sin." I think it was a heart searching time.

Yesterday we were at the Doctor's to dine, and had a pleasant time with them. That is where J. and I stopped when we were here before, and it recalled our stay and its many pleasing incidents and scenes, especially the arched porch where we used to breakfast so often with the beautiful view over Beyrout and the sea.



HOSPITAL AND GIRLS' TRAINING HOME, BRUMANA.

ON THE HOTEL TERRACE, BRUMANA.

Their two children are of course much grown in six years, and Dick is going to England with Dr. B. and his wife this summer, and will remain at school. Dr. B. is one of the busiest men on the mountain, and is called in to settle all sorts of questions, from matrimonial squabbles to the direction a road shall run, and he does it all with dignity and wisdom. B. went with him for a horseback ride to a neighbouring village, and I went to the Boy's Training Home for a meeting with them. A nice lot of bright boys they are, and they seemed much interested while I spoke to them of our Lord's life as a boy. I am to go to them every day at the same hour except to-morrow, when B. and C. go to them and I take their hour at the Girls' Training Home. A. goes to Miss Feltham's Bible Class so that to-day we shall have three meetings going on at one time. The Bible study meeting last evening was larger than the evening before, and a solemn feeling spread over us as we considered our Lord's sacrifice on the cross as an atonement for human sin.

28th March.

There is not very much to tell as the days go by but we find them full of service and very pleasant.

This afternoon I went again to the boys and had a good time with them, and a nice walk afterwards with one of the boys who seems a particularly nice lad, and a real Christian. He was telling me of his conversion and of Thomas Little's instrumentality in it. T. L. seems remarkably fitted for his work, and much used in it. On our return we met Spiridon who came in with us to tea. Our evening meeting was not quite so large, about twenty-eight being there, but it was a very solemn time, and I trust a blessing may have been upon it.

There is an interesting young Abyssinian here, who was here when I was before and remembers me. He is a senior boy now, and very bright and interesting. I am sorry he has not been well for a day or two. I went in and spoke to him, and am glad to find him a Christian, and joyful in his Saviour. He and some twelve others of the boys have a sort of association and a weekly meeting for prayer and Bible study, no teacher with them. I count that a very good thing, and hardly equalled in our English schools. Indeed from what the senior boys have told me, and from what I see, there is an excellent moral tone in the school—and more than that, a real spiritual force.

Beyrout. 29th March, 1895.

I have an hour or two to myself alone, and cannot do better I think than tell you in it of our doings the past day or two. The evening meetings deepened in interest I think, and several expressed

their thankfulness, one saying of one evening's exercise that it was a message from heaven. Thursday and Friday evenings were rainy, but did not prevent a blessing being on the meetings. I was with the girls on Thursday afternoon. They listened well and I hope that some seed fell into good soil. On Fifth-day we dined at the Hospital and had a pleasant time with our Friends there. S—— has just joined the Monthly Meeting. It is a joy to see how he has grown. I had a nice time of Bible study with him, and a good heart to heart talk. He and Scander were showing me the printing press. Scander prints all the labels, etc., for the use of the dispensary, and does some nice work both in Arabic and English.

I had my last meeting with the boys that afternoon, and spoke to them of Daniel, the boy who "purposed in his *heart*." I do like those boys, they are very winsome. Then came on the English mid-week meeting, held at the hotel as the day was wet, and A. could not get out. It was well attended and a solemn time. I fear that there was some unfaithfulness in the early part of it that somewhat hindered us. I had a walk that same day with three of the young men and enjoyed it much.

Since lunch we called on Mr. M——, the Presbyterian minister, who received us most kindly and seems an earnest man. He asked me to speak in his church to-morrow, and I was so glad to accept. It was just the opportunity I desired, and I felt that the hand of the Lord was in it. How gracious He is, and I want all you who read these words to praise Him with me. Never before has any Friend preached in that building, though Eli Jones and others requested it—and to me it has come unsought.

I trust I may glorify Him in my service there. We had a sweet time of prayer before leaving, and I felt him to be a brother in the Lord.

Then we found Mr. Jessup out, so on to Miss James and Mrs. Hornby who direct the work in the British Syrian Schools. They were most kind and had already invited us to stay with them, but we thought it best to be here, and had engaged rooms. Four persons are rather many to invade a private house. They have taken such a kind and prayerful interest in our work. They are ladies of large private means, who live here in a beautiful Eastern house, and give their lives to this work. Truly they shall have their reward.

Then last of all at Miss Taylor's who for so many years has carried on a successful work among the Moslems and Druses. She has been inviting missionaries from outlying places to spend

the days of our meetings with her, and attend them. I am to meet missionaries and others at her house to-morrow night.

So God has been preparing the way for us, and opening hearts, and now that we may not fail Him but dead to self may glorify Him and deliver His message in simplicity and in the demonstration and power of the Holy Spirit.

The Doctor saw me home and then went to spend the night at his mother's. I had not a very good rest. The hotel is almost on the shore of the sea, and from my room one can see the curve of St. George's Bay, and the beautiful mountains beyond, while almost beneath them the waves curl over the rocks. Their wash upon the shore is a sound I have known from childhood, when I listened to the waves rolling in from blue Ontario ; perhaps it was all the thoughts it recalled that made me wakeful. In the morning, too, I was early awake, was dressed by seven, and had a clear hour for quiet before breakfast. The Doctor was in time, and we drove up to the College. Dr. Bliss gave me a kind welcome and I faced some 200 students, with the professors and some friends. To my surprise also there were Harley Clark, Tanius, and Demetrius down from the mountain. Dear fellows, they had got up about five, and had walked all the way down the mountain to be at the morning meetings, and then walked up in the afternoon again. I hope it was like the walk to Emmaus and that they went back with burning hearts. Well, Dr. Bliss conducted the opening exercises, and I gave my message, but I must confess I felt little power. The students listened well, but I was disappointed. I could not pour out my heart over them as I longed to do. Why is it so ? I cannot tell. It may have been in me, but I could only leave it. Then we drove around by the sea-front to the Presbyterian Church. I met Mr. M. in his vestry, where he had written out a programme, and after a time of prayer I followed him into the pulpit. Well, I was blessed with unusual liberty and power in preaching, and I am sure the word went home to many. Beside missionaries there were a number of tourists and some from this hotel. Two or three of them have introduced themselves to me.

In the evening Miss Taylor had opened her house and invited missionaries and others to meet me. There was a large company that crowded her large drawing-room, and I gave them a Bible reading. Quite a number remained to a second meeting, and we had a nice time of prayer. Then cocoa and some pleasant conversation with a number of young men, some of whom were students and had been at my meeting in the morning. It was about ten o'clock when I got back, tired but happy. How sweet t' e service of the Lord is !

Brumana. 6th April, 1895.

We are up here again on the mountains which are more glorious than ever in this sunshine, with our work down in the town over and done. I must take you down once more and tell you all about it.

The meetings began on the Monday afternoon with a Bible reading at three. It was not very largely attended, as the schools and many engagements prevented several missionaries from coming at that hour. I know one who worked till twelve at night so he might be able to come, and he got a blessing too as you might imagine. They grew in size and deepened in feeling as they went on, and I believe they were made a blessing to not a few. Two girls' schools came, and very attentive the young ladies were, and helpful with the singing, as we generally began with a hymn. We had only four Bible readings, and they did seem few, so many asked for more. The subjects were "The True Motive in Service," "The Type of True Service," "The Impossible Life made Possible," and "Communion with God."

The evenings were very solemn times and sometimes very searching. We had a hymn or two and then a time of silent prayer followed by vocal prayer "as led," and then usually Miss Mounsey spoke first, and I followed. Miss M.'s voice gave her a little trouble, but she got on very well. The meetings generally lasted an hour and twenty minutes. We did not touch the College staff as we had hoped to do, though some of them came very regularly. I believe that there is some "broad thought" among the younger men, and of course where there is that in the worse sense of the term, true spiritual life is always seriously affected, *i.e.* as to aggressive power.

I was invited to attend the College prayer meeting on Wednesday evening, and have another opportunity of addressing the students. I could not decline, as they had it at seven and I could reach the other meeting at eight o'clock.

So the Doctor and S—— went with me. Dr. Bliss was by me on the platform, and if ever I had a straight plain message and power to deliver it, it was then. To my great surprise when it was over Dr. Bliss held my hand all the way down the stairs and said, "Oh it was just what we needed. You were led of the Spirit. Just the points they needed to see. Cannot you come again," etc., etc. Well, praise the Lord, so things come round.

The next morning Dr. Bliss called while we were at breakfast to ask if he might give the students permission to come to the meeting that evening at the Hall. "It is very seldom we allow them to come down into the town in the evening, but we would like to have them get the advantage of your meeting," etc. Of

course I could not decline, so that evening one side of the hall was about filled with fezzed heads of students.

The good Miss James and Mrs. Hornby were most regular and helpful, and their very presence did one good.

They are the heads of the British Syrian Schools and have over 2,000 children in them. They told us so many interesting stories. One of a young girl, a Bedouin, who came to one of their schools and was converted. Her relatives took her from the school and married her to a man who was not a Christian, and he forbade her to see the teacher. When he was away, however, she used to slip over to the school and learn a new hymn or a text. When Ramadan came she would not fast. "No," she said, "the fast that God wants us to keep is a fast from evil words and things, and I will keep no other." When her brother heard this, he stabbed and then shot her. She lived four days so happy, singing hymns and repeating texts. "Tell the ladies," she said, "that I am so happy and am going home to Jesus." Her Moslem relatives tried to make her say "There is one God and Mohammed is His Prophet," but she would only say, "there is one God and Jesus is my Saviour," and so passed away. That is, I think, a sweet story.

We called on the old Dr. Vandyck, who, though nearly eighty, is still bright, and is the translator of the Bible into Arabic and the foremost Arabic scholar of the age. To my surprise, I found he is a relative of the Canadian Vandycks, and remembers being at grandfather Dorland's house on Hay Bay, as a young man. He grew quite animated over his recollections of those days.[1]

Brumana. April 8th.

Yesterday I was at four meetings. There was the prayer meeting at the Hospital at 9. Meeting for worship at 10. Gospel meeting at Brumana at 3.30, and a meeting here in the hotel at 7.30. This last, we hope to continue all the week, and are praying that much blessing may come from it.

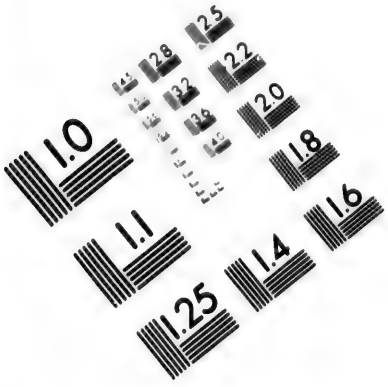
The Lord has been giving us courage and liberty in the ministry of the Word, and we hope to leave with clear minds.

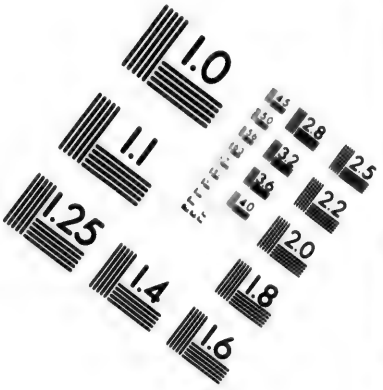
Jaffa. The Holy Land at last.

25th April, 1895.

What a long time since I last wrote you! and how much I have to tell you of. I must follow Luke's example and "write

1 Dr. Vandyck's death took place a few months after this visit.





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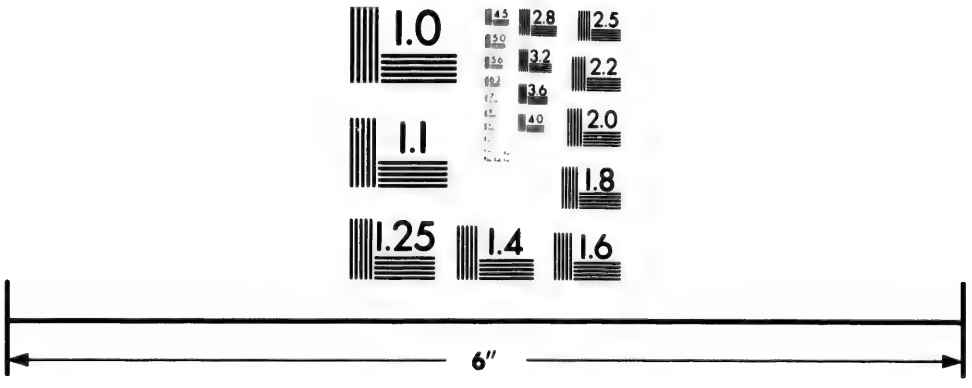

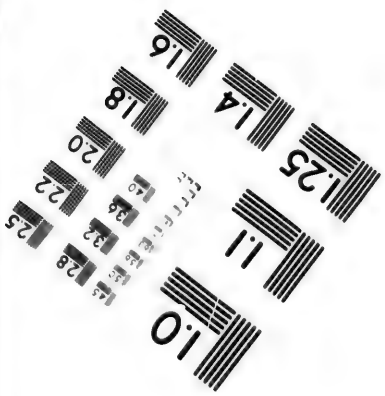

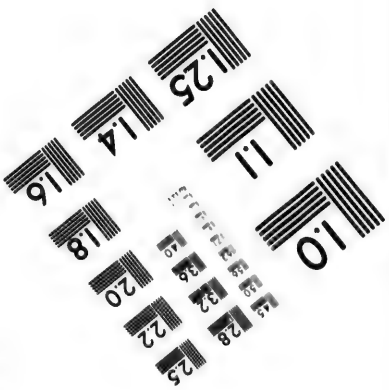

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unto you in order" about our wanderings during the last ten days or so. Well then, to return to our last meeting at Brumana. It was held at the hotel, and was the largest and best of all we have had. Dr. Smith, of Damascus, was much impressed with it, and asked me several questions about Friends afterwards. The next morning, B., Tanius and I with Margaret Trusted and the young girl teacher at Ras started for a ride to that place. Ras can be very plainly seen from Brumana, and looks such a short distance away, but it takes three hours, over one of the very worst roads in Syria. There is a deep gorge between, at the bottom of which runs rapid and muddy a branch of the Beyrout river. The bridle path is extremely rough, sometimes a mere flight of uneven, broken steps with loose stones and holes between. Three hours of this, the last hour rough but not steep going, brought us to the village and to the castle which is now occupied by our two missionaries. The village is beautifully placed on a ridge between two deep ravines—one of which we had crossed—and deserves its name Ras-el-Metn, the head of the district.

The village is divided into two parts, one Druse, one Christian; and on a hill just between them stands the old castle. It is a fine sight, but the rooms are very dilapidated, and its former grandeur when it was the stronghold of one of the Lebanon princelets, is quite gone.

Emma Bishop welcomed us, and after dinner we had a series of callers numbering in the course of the afternoon about twenty. All were treated to mulberry syrup and were very polite indeed, two Druse gentlemen especially, whose bows and compliments were quite overwhelming. B. told Tanius to tell them that she thought Ras was in a beautiful situation, to which one answered that it was more beautiful now that she had honoured it with her presence! Then he addressed to me a very flattering speech on the benefit that Protestant Schools had been to the country, etc. They are able to go on for twenty minutes among themselves with set complimentary speeches.

Emma B. took us for a walk through the village. That evening we had a very crowded meeting, Tanius interpreting for me. We started for home, or rather Brumana, in good time, after looking in on the large boys' and girls' schools. They seemed very orderly, and the children have very bright faces.

There is an opening for good work among this people in Ras. The Druses are hard to reach except through the schools. They are a fine, hardy, fighting race, but hate the Christians (natives) while they profess a great fondness for Englishmen.

The Lebanon is in an unsettled state, the Christian part of whole villages living under a threat of extermination.

GROUP OF MISSIONARIES AND J. T. DORLAND;
CITY OF DAMASCUS IN THE DISTANCE.

At Damascus he writes :—

On Friday evening Dr. Smith and Mr. Crawford called upon us and asked me to speak in the Presbyterian Mission Church on Sunday morning. I felt it to be a right opening and consented.

On Sunday morning, we found our way there with much difficulty, and met a congregation of about fifty, including missionaries and travellers. It was a deeply searching time, and I felt much help in delivering the message laid upon me. It resulted in their urging us to meet the missionaries in the evening.

We very thankfully accepted such an opportunity. Mr. Crawford sent a lad who guided our carriage to the place where we met about a dozen missionaries and had a helpful time of Bible study and prayer. We were very thankful indeed for this service in Damascus. It opened the way for some conversation among the guests in the hotel, and I met among others, Dr. Nelson from Brooklyn, who most warmly thanked me for the help the meeting had been to him.

From Jerusalem he writes :—

The Grand New Hotel, Jerusalem. 3rd 5 mo., 1895.

It is almost a week since I have written anything in my journal. The days have been so full, it seemed as if one had no time. Full because we have been having meetings almost daily. I must tell you how it came about so that you can admire with us how the hand of our God has been good upon us. You know that we had intended coming to Jerusalem in March, and then Miss Mounsey was ill, and we had to go straight on to Beyrout to be in time for our meetings there. This made us feel that perhaps the time for anything like a series of meetings had gone by, though we still hoped to see the missionaries and have some service among them. Well, the first night we were here at *table d'hôte*, there sat next Miss Mounsey two pleasant faced young ladies with whom she entered into conversation. The result was that she learned that it was the week of the Church Missionary Society Conference here, and their missionaries were up to attend it from all parts of the country. This was interesting, but we did not see any chance for work among them, till another lady, who knew the Thompsons, when they were at Ramallah (*i.e.* William and Susan Taber Thompson), and who had heard through them of our coming, came to us at once and said, "Your coming at this time is in direct answer to prayer. The afternoons are free, and we have been longing for some meetings. The Lord has sent you." Well then, a room had to be taken, but this was immediately

met by the manager of the hotel, Mr. Gelat, who placed a commodious room at our service. Then we saw Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hall, the heads of the Church Missionary Society, and we began with the meetings on Monday with thirty-six. We have had a meeting daily since, except on Tuesday when they (the Church Missionary Society Conference) had a meeting, and to-day we have had sixty-eight present.

Some of them seem so hungry for help and are rejoicing over the meetings. Of course we have missionaries from all the societies that are working here. It is a goodly number, and the meetings have deepened in feeling, as they have grown in size. Mr. Hall, and Mr. Wilson have been at every one and have taken such nice part in them.

We have had many testimonies to the blessing of the meetings and to our being here in answer to prayer that we feel much encouraged, and as the Lord has so evidently led us, we are trusting Him fully to bless, and to answer all His purpose in our coming now. Is it not lovely to find Him thus preparing the way, and bringing us here just at this time, for of course at no other time could we have met so many. We were intending to go to the Friends' Mission at Ramallah to-morrow but the desire for us to stay has been so pronounced and we have felt it right to do so, that we have postponed our going there for a week, and have arranged to have four more meetings here. We understood before coming here that there was little desire for such meetings, and we rather thought to find a hard field, but instead of this, here is this opening and much hunger for what I believe we are sent to tell them of the "fulness of the blessing of Christ." "It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes."

The city has changed much since I was here before. A large suburb has been built up outside the wall, and indeed on that side one would hardly know the place but for the Tower of David and the line of grey wall. And what an interesting place it is! There is no place like it in all the world.

On Monday C. and I went to a C. M. S. prayer meeting, and the others rode over to the Mount of Olives. As we had no meeting the next day, we concluded that it would be a suitable time for me to go over to Ramallah to see Hulda Leighton and arrange for our visit there. So I had an early breakfast and started on a capital white donkey and with a muleteer, before the others had put in an appearance.

It recalled my ride with J. A. Baker over the same road some six years ago, and how we nearly got lost in the fog and the rain.

This day however was fine, and I found I quite remembered the road. One got fine views of Jerusalem, and on the left was

"NEW CALVARY," JERUSALEM.

ON THE TOP OF THE "NEW CALVARY."

Neby Samwil—the ancient Mizpah, and on the right Anathoth—the city of Jeremiah. It is a ride of about two and a half hours, and I much enjoyed it. The Friends' Mission House is as I remember it, and H. Leighton seemed very glad to see me. She is alone, being the only American there, and having to depend on native helpers. It must be lonely for her, but she is very cheerful and contented. She has been very ill but is better now.

On Wednesday, in the morning, we went to the new Calvary, the "the green hill without the city wall," and spent some time on its summit. Its resemblance to a skull is, from some points of view very striking. The tomb that Gordon found just under the hill is now enclosed and properly protected. It was all open when I was here before. This is to me the most impressive place about Jerusalem, and I want before we leave to have a quiet hour there.

Jerusalem. Monday, 6th of May, 1895.

The rainy season is over, and every day is clear and bright. Generally we have three days of cold weather or cool, and then three of hot. Yesterday was the day it changed and was very pleasant. We thought of going to the morning service at the English Church on Mount Zion, but in a moment of inspiration Miss Mounsey proposed that we should go to the new Calvary and have our meeting there. We all most cordially agreed to this and with our shawls and wraps started off.

We climbed the hill which always seems to me the most sacred place in the city and vicinity, and choosing a ledge on its side seated ourselves in full sight of the Mount of Olives, and looking over the city. Then we read the account in the Gospels of the Crucifixion, and had a time of solemn waiting on the Lord, and then we sang Mrs. Alexander's hymn "There is a green hill far away." I never felt the truth and beauty of that sweet hymn more than then. Then when our meeting was over we sat for an hour or more and had a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." It was one of those mornings that abide in one's memory to bless for ever.

In the afternoon we went to the missionary service in St. Paul's and had a good service and sermon. Then came on our meeting, and a very good one it was. To-day we have had two, one at 10.30 and the last one at 5 o'clock.

They have been good times, and these good missionaries have seemed so responsive and grateful. There has been not a little blessing in them as many confessed. One clergyman said he was less of an ecclesiastic than he had been, and remarked how united in essentials we all were.

Jerusalem. 13th May, 1895.

They gave us a warm welcome at Ramallah. That evening we had a gathering with the teachers and the older girls, and on Sunday we had four meetings. The one in the afternoon was attended by the Church Missionary Society workers there, and it was most interesting to hear of the blessing on our meetings in Jerusalem. We were told that they had never had better times, indeed that they had taken a great step forward. All this is very grateful to us, and beside we have had letters from two workers, one of them a very prominent one, speaking most thankfully of blessing received. They had been having some sickness at Ramallah, nineteen of the girls in the boarding school having been down with influenza. They were quite well then, however, only Huldah Leighton is poorly. I think our visit was a cheer to her. We started for Jerusalem early the next morning, returning by Gibeon and Mizpah.

Again the illness of a member of the party delays them for two weeks.

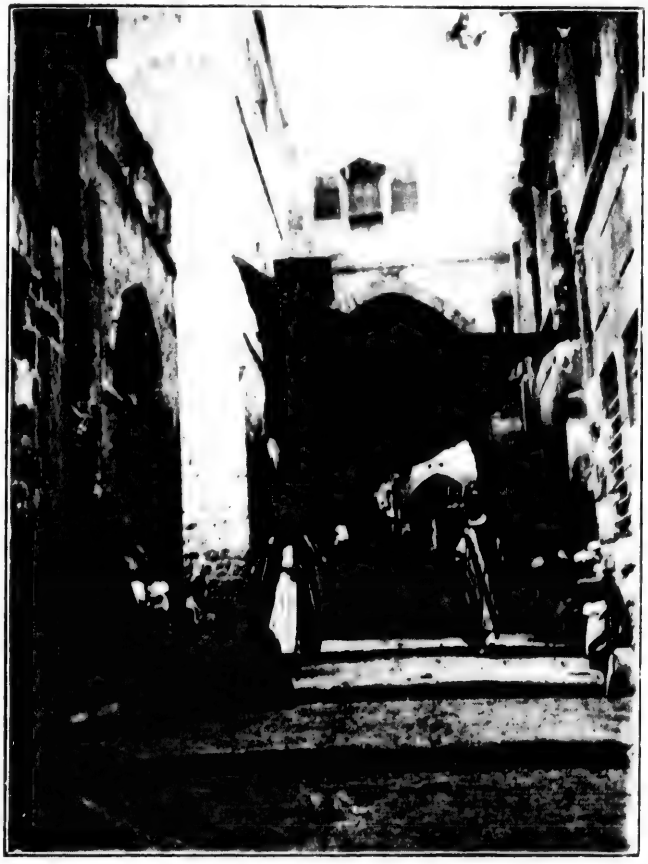
We have been so longing to get home and so hungry to see our dearest children, but there may be a Providence in this that will enable us to have some further service for our Saviour in this city so peculiarly His own. At least so thinks one of the Church Missionary Society clergymen here, who called on us this morning. He is so rejoicing over the meetings, but he wants more and thinks our having to stay points to having other meetings. It may be so. There were some who did not, or could not, attend the other series, who might come to another. We shall see.

He asked us if we had had prayers. We were only waiting for him to leave to have our time of worship, so seeing he wished to join us, we invited him to stay and had a nice time, committing A. to His care, and our staying on also, and asking that we may glorify Him in it all. What a rest it is to leave everything in His care!

Jerusalem. 17th May, 1895.

We had a delightful day yesterday. It came about on this wise. Miss Attlee, who lives with her father on the Mount of Olives, is a very devoted Church Missionary Society worker. She has some eight Moslem villages in her "parish" and some of them are three hours away. She invited us to go with her on one of her excursions and the day before yesterday, Mr. Sedgwick called to tell us that she was going to Michmash and would be glad to have us go with her.

There was the usual delay about getting horses for C. and me, and we got the fine, strong, white donkey for Lavina, but we got off



STREET IN JERUSALEM.

about 8.45, and joined our friends on the Mount of Olives in half an hour. Miss A.'s maid and her brother went with us, and we had two men, so we were quite a company. Our lunch was in saddle bags, carried on S.'s horse.

From the Mount of Olives we rode along the ridge to Mount Scopus, crossing an old Roman road, which was formerly the main road to the north. Mount Scopus is crowned by a new house built by some Englishman who spends a few months every year there. Then we passed down the slope with the hills of Benjamin before us. It is a wild country, but not all barren, indeed one often came across terraces, and fields of corn in the valleys. This was the country of Saul and where he searched for his father's lost asses. On the distant line of the horizon we could just see the village of Taiyibeh, the Ephrah of the Bible. A ride of over an hour, the last part of which was up a steep slope and then over pleasant green fields, brought us to Jeva, the ancient Gibeah of Saul and of Benjamin. This was the home of Saul and the city that was destroyed because of the sin of its men, and Rimmon to which the remnant fled is about two hours away but we did not get to it. Gibeah shows that it had once been an important city. There is an old pool to the north of the village, but no other remains that we saw. Leaving it, we soon begin to descend into a deep wady which is the head of the Wady Kelt or the Brook Cherith.

A little beyond, we could see the steep walls on either side of the ravine, and one longed to go exploring down it.

Now this is the very spot where the brave Jonathan performed his feat of arms as recorded in 1 Sam. xiv.

Reading the chapter on the spot, we could see how the whole thing happened. There was the Crag Bozez on one side, and the Crag Senah on the other. The one means shining and the other thorny. Above them on either side were the camps of the hostile armies, with only the deep ravine between. Jonathan had acquired a good deal of skill in rock climbing to go up that precipice on his hands and feet; however he did it, and killed the outpost of twenty men, alarmed the Philistine army, and before the Hebrews could strike a blow, the foe was fleeing.

Saul's watchmen in Gibeah could see the movements of the enemy plainly (verse 16). Reading it again and seeing the place made me admire more than ever the splendid character of Jonathan. Such faith and courage, such devotion to his father and such loyalty to David.

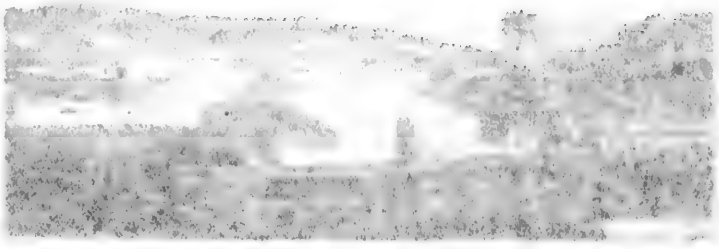
Michmash is at the head of a ridge, up to which we have a sharp climb. The present village is about a mile from Jonathan's exploit and seems to have been an important place. We found the

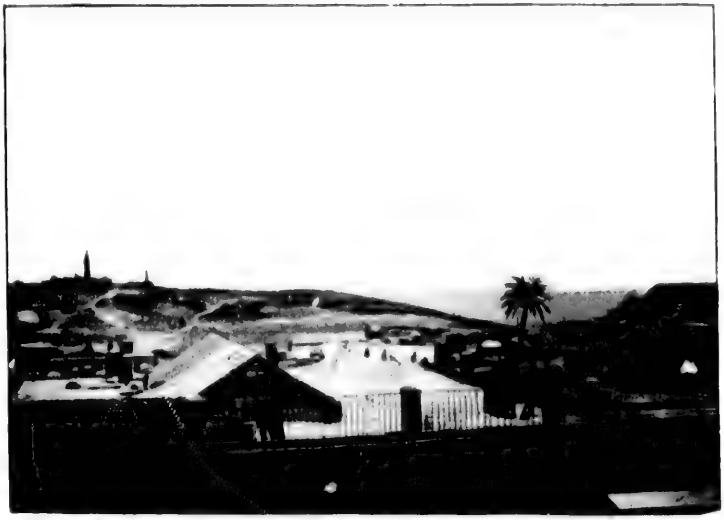
remains of a church, and some crosses on a stone built into a doorway—remains of Crusaders probably. We had our lunch just outside the village, and before we had done we had quite a number of people around us, to whom Miss A. began to preach. Finally a man asked us into his house, and we went. There was a court-yard in which we sat. They produced a doubtful looking straw bed for the ladies to sit upon, we found stones, the natives to the number of about twenty sat on the ground, while Miss A. for about an hour read the Scriptures and spoke earnestly to them. They seemed to listen intently, sometimes asked questions, and one man spoke against the divinity of Christ, but all were attentive. While we were so engaged, one of the women and her son built a small fire of thorns, and roasted on it a number of heads of green wheat, these they rubbed out on their hands over one of their flat baskets, and then it was passed around and we all took a few grains, the remainder being eagerly devoured by some dirty urchins, members of the family.

Another disturbing element was the vast number of bees flying everywhere. Against the side of the house a mud wall had been built, and into it jars had been inserted. The ends of these had been plastered over, all but a tiny hole, and in these the bees built. There must have been thirty of these in one place and as many more in two other places, but no one seemed to mind that, and no one was stung except Spiridon, who, after we went outside, was eating an orange which he declined to share with a bee, and the creature promptly resented this by stinging him on the nose. I heard a shout, and then saw him stopping and running and knew the deed was done. When I reached him, I had the mournful pleasure of pulling the sting out of the end of his nose, which had already assumed unusual proportions.

We left them with many salaams, but when we had got about ten minutes away, Lavina found that she had left her waterproof, so S. and one of the men went back for it. Of course, no one knew anything about it, the very woman who took it swearing she knew nothing about it. The Sheik was visited and at last two francs secured it. This occasioned some delay, so that we got later home than we expected. There was another delay at Gibeah on our return, as a young fellow had a sore finger which Miss A. dressed, while she told them at the same time the story of the Prodigal Son.

We came back to Anathoth, the house of Jeremiah. There are some remains of an old church, and the village has rather an unusually well built appearance. By this time the sun had set to us, and we were in shadow, following the path along the valley. It was a lovely ride. At last we came out on the summit of Scopus.





VIEW FROM THE HOTEL ROOF, JERUSALEM.

VIEW FROM THE HOTEL ROOF, JERUSALEM.

Here we said good-bye to Miss A., thanking her for a most interesting day, leaving her to go on to the Mount of Olives, while we came down an old road to Jerusalem.

The whole city lay before us in the warm afterglow of the sunset.

We reached the hotel in time for dinner, after a day in Saul's and Jonathan's country that will long stand out in our memory, amid scenes that make the history of the Old Testament so much more real to us, and of associations with earnest missionary work carried on among its villages still, for which our prayers will often ascend, that God's blessing may rest upon it in large measure.

The hotel where we are stopping is just inside the Jaffa gate, and opposite the Tower of David. It is very queer in its construction, being built over shops and having four streets meeting in the middle of it below. From the roof there are fine views, and as the sun is now on the last three tiers of stone in the grey wall of the Tower of David, I think I will just run up to the roof and see what the sunset is like. Well, I have been, and all the others went with me. We found many people out on their house-tops, the monks on the roof of the large Latin monastery, and some sweet sisters on the roof of their convent quite near to us.

The light was just beginning to leave the base of the Mount of Olives. How rapidly the shadow crept up till all was in it, and in an unclouded golden glory the sun set. The afterglow was not so fine as sometimes, but the line of sky over the Moab mountains responded with a rosy light. Just as we got down, the American Ambassador, with an escort of cavalry, drove in from Hebron. He had been down to visit the great mosque, into which perhaps not more than a dozen Christians have entered, and all have to have direct permission from the Sultan. We somewhat envy him and those with him, for it is without question built over the cave of Machpelah, the grave of the three greatest patriarchs and of their wives.

Our sitting-room is in the front of the hotel and has a balcony overlooking the street, of which we make a good deal of use. I only wish we could have select companies of our friends with us in it, so you could see the motley crowd passing below. We see all the life that pours through the Jaffa Gate, and down into David Street opposite us, and on the side of the dry moat is a row of tiny one-story shops. Tobacco, meat, fruit, groceries, sweet shops, and they always have a row of buyers before them. The first shop is directly opposite us, kept by a bright looking young Moslem. Oranges, lemons—such fine ones of both—tomatoes, potatoes, onions, apricots, cucumbers—of which everybody seems very fond—eating them out of hand, and vegetable marrow which they hollow

out, fill with mince meat and rice, and which makes a very good dish.

There is a barber's shop also, and we are able to witness the whole operation. Then the animals that pass! Laden camels in stately file, donkeys, poor horses, and an occasional fine Arab horse in splendid trappings. But most interesting of all are the people themselves. We saw one man with almost as many coloured patches on his coat as in an American patchwork quilt. Bethlehem women with their high white head dress and highly wrought garments, sellers of lemonade and other drinks with peculiar cries, one of which, freely translated by S., is, "Come cool your blood for a copper." These sellers clink glasses or tin or brass cups together, and the noise goes on all day long.

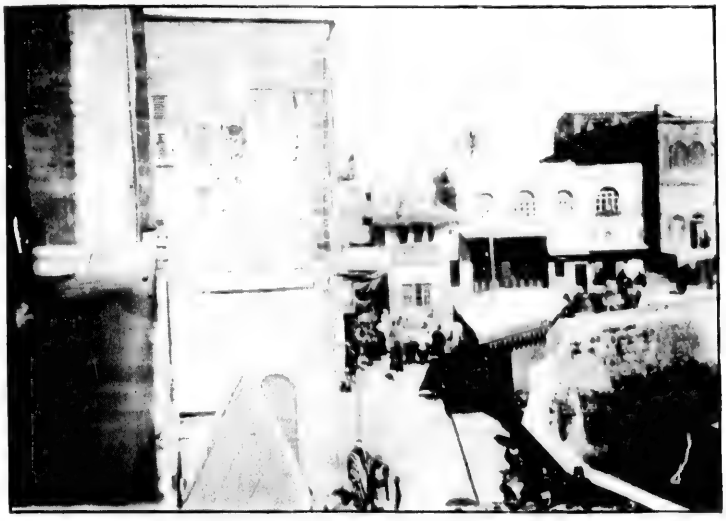
They are affectionate people, standing with their arms around each other often, and just as easily made mad and furious to get at each other, but held apart by thoughtful friends so that serious personal injury is not a very frequent thing. There is almost always laughter to be heard in the street from the careless hearts of these happy children of the sun.

Jews are constantly passing, and you can tell them at once. They are generally an effeminate looking race, and all the Polish Jews wear a curl before each ear. Country women in coarse blue garments, carrying their babes in queer little bags on their backs, the straps passing across the foreheads and leaving both hands free for other burdens. Their "lords," if with them, ride the donkeys; these poor things walk.

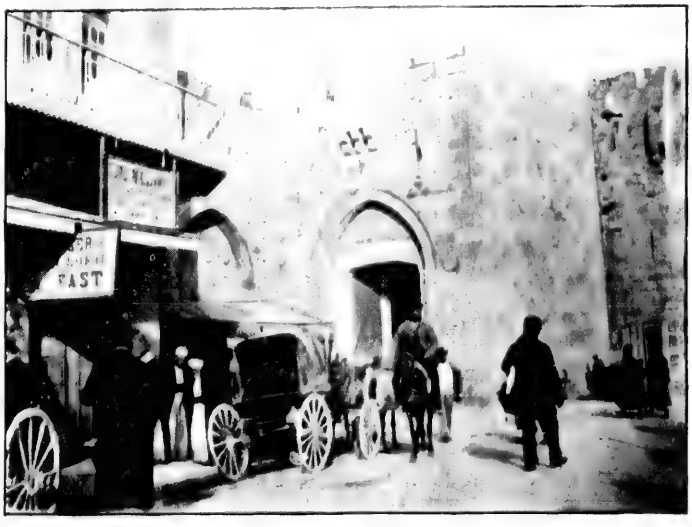
Turkish ladies in their white over-all garments—sometimes of bright silk—and with veiled faces, mince along on high-heeled shoes, having no scruples about showing their feet.

Occasional Europeans come, if ladies, in immense puggeries, and if men, with pith helmets, and nearly all carrying umbrellas.

This miserable Turkish Government has a way of pressing into its service any beasts it may need, without any compensation to their owners. At a corner on our right is the house for the guards of the Jaffa Gate. I never saw rawer or more undisciplined looking soldiers than these men. A poor man was coming into the city yesterday with five camels, when these soldiers made up their minds that they wanted one for some purpose. So they came out and demanded one. Then ensued a fine scene. The man protested, the camel snarled, but both were beaten, the camel was taken, and the man left to go on his way without it, wondering, no doubt, at the ways of Providence in permitting this villainous Government to exist. He will get his camel back to-morrow, or in a week, half starved, and over-worked. There are two wild-looking Bedouin bargaining for something now, and looking as if



DAVID STREET FROM HOTEL WINDOW, JERUSALEM.



JAFFA GATE, JERUSALEM.

city life were very foreign to them. One sees also an occasional Russian pilgrim, but most of them have gone now, though a few seem to linger around the holy shrines.

Jerusalem. May 23rd.

The days grow hotter and hotter. L.E.M.'s thermometer registered eighty-two degrees at 7.30 inside her room this morning. The meeting which we had arranged for at such short notice came duly off. We had not expected many to be there with so many engagements, and on such a hot day, but some thirty-three gathered up, and we had one of the very best meetings we have had at all. So we were filled with thankfulness over it, and rebuked ourselves for our little faith about it. Then we had a quiet evening to ourselves and the ladies said good-bye to S., who was to leave early this morning. Then he and I had a nice last chat and time of prayer. I was up early to see him off. He felt his leaving us not a little and we shall miss him in many ways.

Jerusalem. May 25th.

The hot weather continues, but the sirocco is not so bad as a day or two ago. We find our sponges as dry as a bone, although we may have used them only an hour or so before. The bread as we eat it grows dry at the edges, and yesterday we were surprised at hearing a loud crack and found that one of the tables in the room had cracked right across. Some other things also are quite bent and warped by the heat. The nights are cooler than the days, but we cannot sleep very well, so we shall not be sorry when day after to-morrow, if all be well, we leave for Jaffa.

I told you that we were going to the Mount of Olives for a meeting on Thursday, and so we did. M.E.M. and I on horses, and L. on her donkey, as usual. We found quite a r ber over from Jerusalem.

Quite a strong wind was blowing on Olivet, so we concluded to have the meeting in the lewan of the Attlee's house. I should think some thirty or forty were there. Old Mr. Attlee conducted it and the opening was in Church fashion. I spoke on the place of the Ascension in doctrine and experience, and then we had two clergymen called on for prayer. So it was a kind of a linsey-woolsey meeting, and I do not think it was so good as if we had had more freedom, and the guidance of the Holy Spirit. But this I must say—I have never met more devoted missionaries, more earnest and more spiritual than these of the C.M.S.

Some letters from Jaffa have put us in a difficulty. We knew that Mr. Walters, the head missionary there, was somewhat conservative, and we gathered from a letter from Mrs. Hollins that

I only was invited to the meeting in the evening. Then came a letter from Mr. W. to me, saying that they had arranged two meetings, but that ladies must not take part in addresses or prayers, as the natives would take offence. I thought of the words, "to whom we gave place by subjection," no, not for an hour. Of the result I shall probably be able to tell you later on.

In the afternoon we had another Y.W.C.A. meeting here, at which men were graciously allowed to be present. There were about forty out, and a very good time it was. They seem not to weary of meetings, as before that was broken up, Mr. —— came up and whispered, "Won't you have another on Sunday afternoon?" So after some consultation it was announced that our last meeting would be on Sunday p.m. It really seems as if our delay here has been full of blessing, though we are puzzled as to why Miss Mounsey should have to be ill so that we should have right guidance.

When we returned we found that Miss Attlee, Miss Elverson, and Mr. Sedgwick had stayed with the Mounseys to tea, and had opened out to them on the question of Friends and the ordinances. They had, as we should say, "a concern for us," and we think it very kind of them to love us enough to express it. It seems to have led to a very lively conversation, in which there was an opportunity of putting the views of Friends before them. They seemed much interested and hardly knew Friends had so much Scripture for their positions. Of course it was all in the most loving spirit, and they really seemed to have us on their hearts in regard to these matters. I think it very well for them to see some people who do have some degree of spiritual power without these outward things.

At last Mr. S. said that he thought many clergymen would be Friends if it were not for the ordinances. I don't quite see that, for they would first have to cease to be clergymen.

I was amused by Miss —— who on coming out of the meeting, and before this conversation, was telling me of the blessing these meetings had been, and how grateful they were to us for coming; then she said, "I wish you could see your way to join the Church." "Do you?" I said in surprise. "Yes, do you not think you would have a wider field for service?" "No," I said, "I do not. I belong to the Society of Friends by convincement, and I love too much its spirituality and freedom to wish to leave it."

They know so little about Friends, and have never tasted the joy of real liberty. Fancy being under Deans and Bishops!

Mr. S. called for me the same evening to go with him to address the native Y.M.C.A. It is the second time I have been

there. The young men from his class in Bishop Gobat's School attend, and they were so touched before that he very much wanted me to speak to them again. He thought that several of them were converted the evening when I was there before. So we went. It was a larger meeting than it was before, and they were very attentive. On the way home when he was thanking me, I said I was glad to do ever so little, and he answered, "But this is not a little. These boys are to be future teachers and preachers, and through them you may touch whole districts of the country in the future."

I trust indeed that it may be so. It is a legacy I covet to leave to this land.

I forgot to say that yesterday I called on Mr. Hall, the C.M.S. secretary here. He had called twice on us and we had been out, so I thought I ought to see him. He is a very nice warm-hearted man, and was overflowing with joy over the blessing the meetings had been to them all.

It humbles one to hear such things and we know the one only Source of blessing, though we are thankful to have been made the unworthy channels of it.

To-day is Saturday, and to-morrow is our last day here I hope, and now when we have had so much more service than we expected, and when it has been blessed exceedingly, beyond what we had asked or thought, I am well content to leave, nay, glad to go.

This morning we have been to see a tomb found about six years ago. It is believed to be Herodian, and perhaps the tomb of Herod's wife Mariamne. Some think that both of them were buried there, but history says that Herod was buried on the Frank Mountain.

We drove with Mr. Gelat with us. He has been untiringly kind to us, and we would never have seen this tomb if he had not gone to some trouble for us in the matter. It is owned by the Greeks and permission must be got from one of their convents.

The tomb has four chambers and a few other passages, all lined with very nice and well masoned stones. The stone at the door is in perfect condition, and is like a very large mill-stone. One can see perfectly how it ran in its groove, and how impossible it would be for a woman to "roll away the stone."

So to-morrow is our last day in Jerusalem, and on Monday we say farewell, and as far as we are concerned, a last farewell to the Holy City.

Jaffa. 29th May, 1895.

You will want to know something of our last hours in Jerusalem.

It seemed really hard to break up, and many farewells were spoken, but before this Mr. Sedgwick asked if we might sing "God be with you till we meet again," and in his prayer most tenderly commended us to the Lord, giving thanks for our having come, etc.

Then he and Miss Attlee, her father and Miss Elverson remained and we had a very pleasant chat. They presented me with four mounted and coloured photographs framed in olive-wood, and with them a line of grateful appreciation of our work. Was it not kind of them? It runs on this wise—"A little token of love and gratitude for the spiritual help and encouragement received through Mr. Dorland by the C.M.S. missionaries in Jerusalem." I was quite touched by this display of kindness, so unexpected and so sincere. They were much interested in our credentials which we read to them.

That same afternoon I had two interviews, one with a native seeking his Saviour, and I trust he returned to Him, and another with a Jew, a very interesting case in which happily the wife sees with her husband, and they want to get to England where they can confess Christ. He has the money saved, but wants to be sure of work when he reaches there. I could only advise him to come through some of the Jewish agencies who would be able to get him work in England.

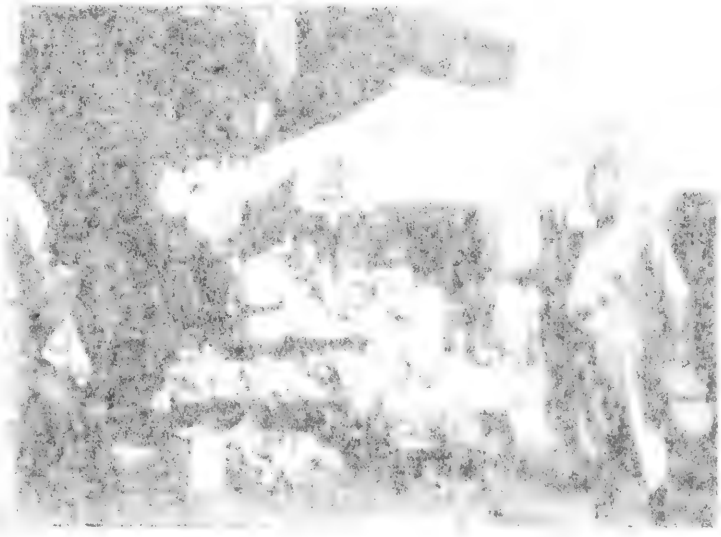
Then Mr. Attlee called, and at last we said "Good-bye" and they left us alone for our last evening in the Holy City.

The hills of Moab were glorious in their purple, Olivet was crowned with its tower and minaret, the temple area lay in the shadow, from six minarets in the city Muezzins were calling to prayer, the western heavens were aglow in saffron and green, the road to Bethlehem was a riband of white across dark purple plains, near us the swifts circled around the great grey towers of David's keep, and then it came over us that perhaps for the last time we were looking on the sights dear to our Lord, and where He Himself lived and walked. I think we all felt considerable sadness at leaving, glad as we are at the prospect of getting home soon.

We found the Hollins's at Jaffa on the platform to meet us, but unfortunately L.E.M. had a headache, and we could not accept their invitation to lunch.

They came around however, and we talked the matter over, *i.e.*, the situation caused by our letters to Mr. Walters of which I wrote you.

They had given the meetings up as he would not countenance them if women took any part, and of course we would not give up



CITADEL, JERUSALEM.

MARKET PLACE, JAFFA.

our principle, so then we arranged for two evening meetings here at the hotel.

Mr. Hardegg, the proprietor, offered us the use of the hotel saloon, so again we were provided for.

L. E. M. had to go to bed, but the rest of us went to Mr. Hollins's and met some of the missionaries at tea.

Then in the evening we had over thirty missionaries and natives at the meeting. We missed L. E. M. but had a good time I think. It *was* hot. Yesterday L. E. M. was not well enough to go with us to the Hollins's to lunch but we had a pleasant time with them. Some more of the missionaries came in to afternoon tea, and then we went round to the English Hospital for a meeting with the ladies. There must have been twenty-five or thirty out, but it seemed to me to be rather a stiff time.

The hospital is an admirable building, and excellently adapted for its work. It has forty-five beds, and must be an immense blessing to the place. They were able also to tell us of several professions of faith on the part of Moslems who had been patients in it.

We came back to the hotel, and in the evening had a second meeting, with a larger attendance, and a much better feeling in the meeting than the evening before. Mr. Walters was not there; he was at the first, and perhaps it was well that he was not, as he would have been tried over a very nice message L.E.M. had for us. The English Consul was there. It was a meeting to be thankful for. The Hollins's have been down this morning and we have had a nice season of prayer together. They have been very kind indeed, and seem so earnest in their work.

So here we are on the verge of leaving this land, and we feel that we have had service beyond all that we have asked. It has been wonderful how the way has been opened, and how we have been blessed.

We find that we have had since we have been away about ninety-five meetings, and twenty-seven of these have been in and about Jerusalem. This does not include prayer meetings and smaller gatherings. Truly we have been helped.

This trip will be among the purest pleasures of my life; not only has there been the great pleasure of an unique opportunity of sight-seeing in Egypt and around Jerusalem particularly, under the most favourable circumstances, and with the maximum of comfort and the minimum of fatigue, but there has been a service crowned by our Lord with a large blessing from His open hand, and that has been the best of all. What a pleasure it will be in all the years to come! Then things have gone on so nicely at home, and all have been kept so well. I want it only to humble

me, and to bring me closer and closer to Him from whom all these mercies have come. To this end your prayers help me, and I know that thou, dearest mother, dost often remember me in the place where remembrance blesses—at His feet.

There are only two things about it all that grieve me, and those are that I was not more able to serve Him better, and have not now a more grateful heart for unnumbered mercies.

After all, the part of our journey that we enjoyed most was our service for Him, and I think we shall not forget that in Heaven.

CHAPTER XVI.

Editorship of *One and All*—His writings—Interest in the East—Visit to Ireland—Adult School Jubilees—Visit to Leeds—Meetings for deepening of spiritual life—Characteristics of his ministry—Personal influence—Dedicated lives—Results—Service in Sunderland—Annual Meeting and Conference F.F.D.S.A., Bristol—His last meeting—Short illness and death—Funeral at Stoke Newington—Memorial Meeting Devonshire House—Conclusion.

THERE only remains now to be told the story of the last ten months of his life. When the party reached home on the 10th of June, 1895, and with a thankful heart he looked back upon the "great mercies" experienced "all the way," he immediately took up the active duties of the secretaryship of the Friends' First-day School Association, and continued to edit *One and All*.

Besides being, as in previous years, a constant contributor to the "Friends' Christian Fellowship Union Circular,"—a monthly issue circulating amongst the young men of the Society of Friends, and for which as joint secretary he was chiefly responsible,—he also occasionally contributed articles to *The Friend*; and during the year 1892 the International Bible Lessons which appeared in its pages were prepared by him.

Throughout these, as well as other writings that came from his pen, there is shown the same deep earnestness of purpose and devoted and fearless declaration of the truth that was characteristic of his life. If in these writings there is wanting the magnetic personal power that was such a strong influence in his addresses, there is a certain point, terseness and force, a manly directness and clearness of expression, as well as a latent humour that was no less characteristic of the writer. Extracts from some of his writings, as well as notes of a few of his addresses, will be found at the end of the volume.

He continued each of the above appointments until the time of his death. The interest in *One and All* was deepened, and its circulation extended as the months passed. While its pages were necessarily devoted to the advocacy of Adult School work, there were traces of the deep interest that had been aroused in the heart of the editor during his Eastern journeys, and particularly in the cause of the suffering Armenians. His letters to some of those he met in the East indicate the same feelings. To Spiridon Manasseh he wrote :—

I have heard with sorrow of the losses at the Mission. You will much miss our valued friend Lotfallah ; please give his widow a message of sympathy from me.

I remember Mr. Liggins quite well, and if Mrs. Liggins is with you when this comes tell her how much my wife and I sympathize with her. Indeed my dear Spiridon my thoughts are very often with you, and our prayers for you are offered to Him who hears, that you may be comforted and helped through all your sorrow and trials. You will be glad to have the Doctor and Rosa with you once more, and no doubt the visit from Isaac Sharp and dear Dr. Dixon will be helpful at this juncture, and more, I hope they may be much blessed to you. I often recall you all in my mind, and think of what you are doing. I am intending going to Leeds to-morrow for some meetings, and I hope I shall see your brother Tanius, and have some chat with him. For Christmas, our whole family are going to visit the Mounseys ; we shall be sure to have happy times if we all keep well, and you may be sure we will be speaking of you all, and of thee, and our days at Jerusalem. They were beautiful times, and never to be forgotten by us.

We sometimes wonder if all these troubles in Turkey will reach you, we wonder what the end will be, but we much hope that you may be spared any serious disturbance in Lebanon. We feel at times a little anxiety about your position there, but our gracious Father has you in His keeping, and there we can leave you with ourselves.

Lotfallah J. Rizcallah, whose death is referred to in this letter, had acted as clerk to the Brumana Monthly Meeting of May, 1895, when a minute was made expressing gratitude for the meetings that had been held during the visit already described. Towards the end of the year John Dorland wrote to Tanius Cortas from Sunderland :—

Hendon Hill,
30th 12th mo., 1895.

My dear Tanius,

I am afraid it will seem a long time since you wrote me, and it is, but shortly after your letter came I heard of your illness and waited till I should hear that you had returned to Ain Salaam before I wrote. That good news I heard some time ago, and have been only waiting for a suitable opportunity to tell you how glad I am that you have recovered from your so long and severe illness, and are on the way to good health. We must unitedly thank God that He has been pleased to restore you.

Mrs. Dorland and all our family are here with our kind friends spending the Christmas holidays. Miss Mounsey gave me your letter to read, with the account of your trying illness.

The Lord has raised you up, and He must mean you to have some service for Him on those mountains, and I trust for many years yet, you may teach—and *live*—among the boys in the Training Home, the Gospel of the Grace of God.

You will feel a bit lonely now that Isaac Sharp and Dr. Dixon have left you. It seems to us quite an exploit that I. Sharp should have got over to Ras el Metn and remembering the awful path you took *us* over, we were glad to hear that he had returned in safety and is now once more in England.

We cannot help feeling anxious about you even in Lebanon, in these very unsettled times in the Turkish Empire. We are filled with horror at the terrible condition of Armenia, and pray that the trouble with the Druses may not reach Brumana and Ras.

Do you remember our nice talk at Damascus over mission work in the East? I have not forgotten it,—that afternoon in your bedroom. How far the best of us are from that likeness to Christ that we desire and strive after. I am praying that I may enter into the new year of 1896 with a deeper consecration than I have known before, and that it may be the best, most holy, and most fruitful year of my life. To this end pray for me when the Lord grants you to get near the throne of the Heavenly Grace, as I remember you all at Brumana.

Remember me to all, but especially to Michel, Metre, and Spiridon.

I feel that I have a special interest in you. Of course I include you in this band, my dear friend. May the Lord bless you all.

Believe me with many salaams,

Yours very truly,

JOHN T. DORLAND.

Many of the addresses he gave about this second trip to the East were intensely interesting.

Before the end of the year, in connection with the F.F.D.S.A. work, he had paid visits to a number of places in the south and west of England and the Midlands, besides taking a journey to Ireland. He notes in his pocket diary the affiliation of some Irish Schools with the F.F.D.S. Association, addresses given on Egypt and Palestine, and other meetings.

Following this journey came visits to Cockermouth, Penrith, Stockton, and Sunderland. Attending the Sunderland Convention meetings for the last time that he was to take part in them, he notes that they were larger than they had ever been in previous years. There had been in his addresses at these meetings from year to year an unfolding of many of the deeper experiences of the spiritual life, and there was to be noted in them in most years from 1890 to 1895, as a friend writes, "a leading upward and onward through the whole series."

He was present at the Adult School Jubilee gatherings held at Birmingham and Sheffield, and of the former he notes that it was estimated that nearly 14,000 persons were present at the great meeting in Bingley Hall. Attending some other meetings in Birmingham, he mentions them as times of blessing, and in one "ten professed conversion."

On the 5th of November he wrote to Lucy E. Mounsey:—

> Just a line to tell you a little about Sheffield. It has been a most satisfactory jubilee—the tone and spirit of the work has been so good. The great meeting of last evening was splendid, and I was *so* helped, voice, words, thoughts, all seemed controlled and ordered. Praise Him! But best of all was the gospel meeting on the First-day evening. I was there seven years ago, and on that occasion some persons professed conversion. This time we looked for blessing again, and sixteen people were blessed. . . . I *did* rejoice.
>
> One man said, "I've good reason to remember Mr. Dorland's visit. I was converted in that little room that evening. His last words to me were, 'Pass it on,' and I've been trying to do so."
>
> Another man got up and said, "Yes, and I am one of the men he passed it on to."

Is it not odious to have the devil smirk at you, and congratulate you and say, "*You* did well"? I believe that there is a great difference between the Spirit *on* you for service and the Spirit *in* you for holy living and heart purity. I want more of both, but especially of the latter.

Of his visit to Leeds William Whiting writes :—

He always took a deep interest in Burley Road and I know it had a warm place in his heart. He was at our Annual Meeting some three years ago, and when leaving the building remarked "I should like to have a mission here sometime." We were not forgetful to remind him of the expression of this wish, and though the prospect of a mission was twice interfered with by other engagements (a year ago by his visit to the East) we had the great privilege of his valued help during an eight days' mission at the close of last November. It was indeed a long to be remembered time. Though immediate outward results were not very manifest we all felt that there was a deep heart searching work in progress. Many and heartfelt have been the testimonies since given to the quickening influence of that week. One man—a stranger amongst us—attended all the meetings. He had been a pronounced sceptic, and an associate with the "Anarchists" as he described them. The meetings were the means of his conversion, though as there was no personal dealing, the change in him was not brought to our notice until weeks after. It was, he said, the deep solemnity with which J.D. always closed the meetings that had especially influenced him. Before dismissing the meeting he would usually ask for further silence "that the Lord may give us His own benediction."

How near he lived to his Master, and how closely united with Him in his service! And so "in weakness" he was indeed "made strong." I was much struck with this on one evening of the mission when, on taking his place on the platform, he seemed under a good deal of exercise of spirit, and it was plain that he was humbling himself before the Lord. He leaned over to me just before rising to speak, and whispered, "Get to the Master's feet! I feel very weak!" The result was an address of perhaps more than ordinary power.

In a letter to a friend about this time he says :—

Humbling ourselves—but can we do it? Sometimes I feel almost insincere about it all, and Andrew Murray's meetings (some of which he had been attending) have not helped me much. I seem to know all they tell, but the thing is how to get a hunger

and thirst that *compels* one to wait and cry till He comes into the soul. I don't want it badly enough I fear. Does this mean that I do not want *Him* badly enough? It is awful, and I do want to want Him. A. Murray seems simple, powerful, convincing and deeply taught, but I almost feel that I am where only God can help me, though He might choose to do so in such meetings, or with those who are like-minded with myself. After all in deeper things the soul will be much alone. I have need of wisdom and teaching.

Toward the end of the year in a letter to Mrs. Whiting, he writes :—

Are you entering very deeply into the meaning of Christmas this year? Oh that 1896 may be the best year of our life! The most holy and most fruitful.

Referring to this passage William Whiting says :—

The closing paragraph in the letter of December 26th is very touching and very teaching in view of what 1896 has brought to him; truly the very best year of his life. The most *holy* because changed "into the same image," the most fruitful because now engaged in a higher and less restricted service.

Another of his intimate friends, Annie S. E. Thorp of Liverpool gives the following note of a conversation with him :—

I was staying with them at Deanbrook during Yearly Meeting and one evening when returning home, as we were walking from the station he spoke of some who had earnestly loved and served the Lord in younger life, but who when the cares of business thickened round them, in middle life suffered their zeal to lessen, and their love to grow cold. He turned to me and said with much feeling—"Annie, I would sooner die than cease to glorify my Lord."

It is impossible by any written description to convey a correct understanding of the power that was present in his ministry. It was impressive and eloquent, and his words were well chosen, but the power for the most part lay neither in his eloquence nor the clearness of his reasoning. His messages were no mere theories nor speculations, but bore the stamp of truth learned by deep personal experience. Added to the force of whole-hearted conviction and the emphasis of reality in what he said, there was ever manifest

the love of his Saviour and the unction and authority of one living in the will of the Father, and indwelt by the Holy Spirit.

Referring to the days of his youth when his ministry began, his sister, Gulielma D. Warder wrote :—

> The sadness and sorrow over the separation in the Society of Friends about that time, which tinged my letters from home, was deeply felt by John although so young, as he then felt called to the ministry of the gospel.
>
> The lack of sympathy, and in some cases, the disapproval of his ministry by loved and valued friends, were a source of grief to the tender-hearted youth.
>
> It was indeed a time of proving.

Some of the difficulties of that early ministry have already been described, but in him we may see exemplified the truth of the words that "God is above all systems; and earnest men, put forth and qualified by Him, will cause even straitened systems to expand."* So it proved in his case. The self-surrendered heart and the life of faith received in due time the abundant reward.

In a letter to a friend he makes a touching reference to this time, and to the influence of his parents upon him :—

> Dear dear father, the tears are very near my eyes as I write. It is "far better" for him—but such an irreparable loss to us. His was such a brave, pure, unselfish life—no one knew it better than his own children. How kind he was to me in the early days of my ministry—always encouraging me to do as I felt led—even when it seemed closing up the best chances of my life.
>
> "In the land of lasting pleasures,
> He has gladness, purest bliss—
> With Christ he keeps his Christmas,
> In a fairer world than this."
>
> I am most thankful that my dear mother keeps so well. What I am, under God, I owe so largely to my parents and sisters.

His early life was in itself a witness against that form of unfaithfulness which lays the responsibility of its inaction at the door of the Church, with the excuse that the system is at fault, or that local surroundings offer no opening nor

* "Gospel Ministry," by J. J. Dymond.

encouragement. He found that many difficulties disappeared in the presence of an unreserved consecration, and that strength was given to bear those that remained. He says :—

> I expected to have to put on a plain coat, but found it was not needed. I thought, "I may have to go to Madagascar or Fiji, and perhaps be eaten by cannibals," but the Lord left me to go along pretty much the same for a time, and then sent me to England, giving me a service I had never dreamed of. I thank Him He has enabled me to say, "Thou shalt do what Thou wilt with Thine own." My consecration means whatever the Lord means, and of course if He wishes me to go to any of these places I should have to go.

Although warmly attached to the principles of the Society of Friends, believing that the New Testament calls to a spiritual worship, to a free ministry under the headship of Christ, without distinction of sex, and to a simple democratic form of Church organization, he was at the same time without narrowness, and his ministry was an invitation to rest in Christ and to holy living under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

It is sometimes the case that thoughtful Christian men in the earnest pursuit of their researches have almost lost sight of the central truth of all revelation, so that the more extended view they may have obtained in some directions has meant to them (and still more to others who accept their conclusions without having passed through their experiences), loss instead of gain, a keenness and activity of mind at the expense of a soul-satisfying life within, the loss of the power and sweetness and joy of peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Neither his warm-hearted charity for others, nor the liberality of his views ever led John Dorland into this subtle error of a superficial regard of the work of Christ in atonement. He knew it to be the central truth of the Gospel of Christ, which "is the power of God unto salvation." *

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* The following sentence occurs in a letter from Rufus Garratt, dated 11th May, 1896 :—"My last letter from John was full of encouragement and inspiration in his bold, clear testimony against the errors that are creeping in with the critical spirit of this day, when so many are being led away from the truth as it is in Jesus Christ."

In his ministry even the illustrations he used, although most frequently taken from familiar surroundings, were to be noted for their point and appropriateness as well as their beauty. How he sometimes applied these may be seen in the following extract from notes of one of his addresses, when he referred to the conditions upon which the dew falls :—

When we begin to think revivals *necessary*, we are not finding God in the ordinary channels of blessing. Maintenance of the Christian life depends upon how we live in the ordinary ways of life, on the enjoyment of prayer and the study of the Scriptures.

Perhaps there has been lost to you that Divine blessing which the Scriptures call unction, you have become almost prayerless, hard and narrow; you have wanted everything labelled with your name; you condemn others and justify yourself, you let secular things separate you from your Lord, and a miserable double consciousness dwells within. How long is it since at family worship you really felt the Lord was there?

How long is it since your child came and confided in you?

How long is it since that man's soul became a burden and you agonised for him?

Dew does not fall on a cloudy night. Temptations and sin are clouds, and these prevent God's dew from falling upon thee. Be still—the dew does not fall on a windy night; we must learn this in the quietness of our hearts before Him.

We have put something in the place which God ought to take.

We must not put even our work in the place of God.

Let us get alone with Him and pray our prayer, until we have no more to ask, and then be still enough to hear the voice of God, for God does not lay His burdens on an already burdened heart.

A Friend referring to his ministry during a series of meetings, writes :—

There were times when listening to the voice of our beloved friend that the Spirit of the living God seemed so to possess him, and his theme was so entrancing that it became impossible to take notes.

The true greatness of the man was seen in nothing more clearly than in his profound humility. He had to pass through the fiery ordeal of a popularity that drew men to him everywhere, but, as a Friend said of him in the last London Yearly Meeting, he came through it unscathed.

With the same humble trust he kept his place at his Master's feet.

But almost more remarkable than his power in the public ministry was the influence that he exerted in his private or personal relationships with those whom he met. Frequently this resulted in other dedicated lives. The following is the record of an interview which took place on the first visit of John Dorland to England :—

The visit from our brother John T. Dorland has come and gone : I know not in what words to describe my thankfulness to my Father in Heaven for the blessings experienced by myself during the meetings, but more especially for those received by personal intercourse and prayer with him at my house.

Yesterday evening my brother H—— and I spent an hour with him upon our knees ; and it was such an hour as I have never experienced before. The first part of the time we were wrestling with God in silent prayer : during which time the Lord seemed to reveal to John Dorland just what our needs were, and just what were our failings and shortcomings ; for he prayed for us separately, in such a way that we felt at once that the Lord had been speaking to him about our souls' needs. Truly did we realize (as he uttered it in words) "That the form of the fourth was like unto the Son of God."

I can speak for myself (and I believe also for my brother) when I say that the Lord prostrated us at His feet as He had never done before.

I felt that the last thread of my own will was snapped asunder, and the words which came to my lips found an echo in my heart—

" Here I give myself to Thee,
Friends and home and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine for evermore."

I realized that the Lord did accept the offering and did cleanse my heart wholly. But it was not until this morning when walking in to business that His Holy Spirit seemed to come upon me flooding my soul.

Of another consecrated life E—— S—— writes :—

I have been sadly grieved at the loss we have all sustained in the death of John T. Dorland. I had hoped to see him visiting us in the autumn, for I much enjoyed his society and his words at the

conference at West Bromwich last November. When at business the next morning following the evening meeting, an old gentleman, a customer, came to me and enquired how I had enjoyed the meetings, saying how sorry he was that he was unable to get over to hear J. T. Dorland. "Why, what do you know of him?" I said. "Why, it was he that brought my son S—— to Christ when in America." Then I learned that this young man, a journeyman tailor, attended one of Mr. Dorland's meetings in New York and was there converted. Having since been successful in business, he has given much time to the Y.M.C.A., is president of the Epworth League, which numbers 6,000 members, and recently travelled over four states to see and converse personally with the various officers. Who can measure the influence of one man alive for Christ?

Yet one more letter may be given.

The Salvation Army Home of Rest,
Kemp Town, Brighton.
15th June, 1891.

Mr. J. T. Dorland.

Dear Sir,

On behalf of some sixteen officers of the Salvation Army who have attended your meetings while resting in this town, I write to convey to you the expression of their sincere gratitude to God for the words which He has enabled you to speak to us, which have been the means of light, blessing, and inspiration to one and all. We are careful to ascribe the glory to Him, but desire to send you this note of testimony, knowing something ourselves of the joy which comes as a consequence of having helped others Godward.

May He abundantly bless your further labours. The remembrance of your meetings will be constantly sweet to us.

In the bonds of His love,
Faithfully yours,

Staff Captain.

Altogether some thousands must have received definite blessing by the message of the Gospel through John Dorland, and to a still greater number his ministry was strengthening and helpful. There were also times when he fulfilled the part of a wise and helpful elder, giving words of encouragement such as lead a soul sincerely desiring to serve the Lord into a deeper humility and a

more whole-hearted dedication, or by faithful loving counsel pointing out wherein such service might be more wisely exercised ; and he ever entered into close sympathy with the young. In one of his letters referring to children and the care of them he writes :—

> What easy times people have who have no children. But give me the children—and not a lonely childless old age.

If sometimes there were outbursts of fun and an exuberance of spirits that seemed in striking contrast with the deep seriousness of his life and work, they too were made a ministry. While giving some relief from the intense strain caused by such continuous exercise of spirit for others, and the travail of soul for meetings he visited, they gave a brightness and piquancy to his whole conversation. Nor was it less manifest that this rare gift was under the restraining and sanctifying power which can alone keep it from becoming too caustic and inflicting pain upon others.

During his first visit to England he wrote to a friend at whose house he frequently stayed :—

> I have received a note from ——— inviting me to come to their home immediately on my arrival. Now it is most kind of them and I feel deeply grateful, but I don't want to go. I want to come to thy house. They said thou wert willing to give me up. Don't give me up, *please*. I don't like to be given up. Please say that I must make my headquarters with thee at any rate. I should not dare to whistle or slide down the banisters at ———. I am intending to come on Fourth-day. Hip! hip! hurrah!!

But it is difficult to describe this side of his character, which, to those who knew him well, was so pleasant, while it in no way diminished the earnestness of his life. Indeed his own journals fail to reproduce his racy speech ; and the delightful freshness and pleasant sympathetic humour which were characteristic of him can only live in the memory of those whose privilege it was to know him personally.

Other features of his character no less marked were his kindness and courtesy. It was the kindliness not of weakness, but of a strong nature full of grace, and his

habitual courtesy came from a dedicated heart and never at the cost of a sacrifice of principle.

He sometimes found it necessary to disappoint the expectations of friends, and knew the necessity of being alone with God and giving all praise to Him. Occasionally this led to his abruptly leaving at the close a meeting where he had been given great power in the preaching of the Gospel.

A few lines from a young Friend may illustrate his genial manner :—

> He was a true gentleman. His "gentleness" was shown in many ways and specially in those things which are sometimes called "trifles." At one of my first Yearly Meetings I was doorkeeper at one of those doors through which "weighty" Friends go to the ministers' gallery. Many Friends passed through the door opened for them as though it "opened to them of its own accord," but he never passed without a smile—all his own—and a "Thank thee." Such deeds—the evidence of such love—won hearts everywhere.

A friend who was familiar with Seburn Dorland, writes of his having had "a great desire to visit England in the love of Christ"; a service his failing health never permitted. Indirectly this desire found its fulfilment, as we have seen, in the extended and devoted labours of his youngest brother-in-law. The remembrance of Seburn's wish was frequently a great comfort to John Dorland while engaged in his work in Great Britain.

On the 8th of January, 1896, he makes the entry in his pocket diary, "I am asking for a New Year's text, but have had none given me yet," and a few days later there is the entry, "My New Year's text has been given me: 'Hold Thou up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.' Amen."

A week later he records that he had laid before his Monthly Meeting a prospect of service in Sunderland which had been upon his heart.

He received a minute for this service, but other engagements occupied him a few weeks before it was undertaken. On Sunday, January 19th, he mentions his presence at six meetings of various kinds at Bunhill Fields, London; visits were paid to Birmingham, Bishop Auckland,

Newcastle-on-Tyne, Ashford, Luton, and other places; lectures were given at Croydon and Putney; he addressed the adjourned London and Middlesex Quarterly Meeting of Friends on the subject of the "Duties of Preparative Meetings to their Attenders"; and meetings with Christian workers are also noted, one being at the Philpot Hall, Mildmay Mission. The work in Sunderland began on the 27th of February and continued nearly a fortnight. Bible readings were held from day to day and meetings in the evening.

At the beginning of these meetings he makes a reference to "delightful times of prayer" and "long talks over the best things" with his friends Lucy E. and Mary E. Mounsey. Of this occasion Lucy E. Mounsey writes:—

In recalling the many conversations of that last visit and those of one or two previous ones, much that J. T. D. said seemed a little incomprehensible at the time, but is all explained by his death. He spoke of the series of meetings to be held here in the autumn of that year, and said we had better not place his name on the circular as he did not feel that any messages would be given him for those meetings, though he fully expected to attend them "if still in the flesh." And he talked of his Canadian home in such a way, describing it so minutely, as if he might be returning there, that at last we asked—"Art thou thinking of going back to live in Canada?" And his reply came a little hesitatingly, "No—I do not see my way out of England, but I believe my service here is nearly ended."

It was during this last visit to us, only six weeks before his death, that the subject came up in conversation as to what would be his plea for entrance into Heaven. His answer was to the effect that "while thankful for the work and service the Lord had permitted him to do, he had nothing to plead but what Christ had done for him when he died on Calvary."

His diary notes "a large and searching meeting" on the last Sunday morning of this series, and that he was "much exercised for the Church."

L. E. Mounsey adds:—

His address that morning was one of the most searching character. He spoke from "Bear ye one another's burdens" and put before us our duties in that respect as a congregation. I remember well how he said—addressing the young men and strong

men—"If the few who now face this meeting were removed, how many of you are ready to come and fill their places? How many of you are realising your Master's call to you to 'go forward' that you may be fitted for His service? Are you obeying the command, 'Bear ye one another's burdens'?"

He brought out the sinfulness of the self-life with such power that many acknowledged afterwards that the message was indeed from the Lord.

Returning to London two days later he and his wife attended the Annual Meeting of the Acton Adult School—the last meeting of this kind that he records in his pocket diary, and in which he notes that they "both made speeches." It was an interesting occasion for those who heard them, and will long be remembered.

During the following week, "busy with Annual Reports" and work for *One and All*, he took part in a series of meetings for the deepening of spiritual life held in the different chapels of Willesden, and on Wednesday, March 18th, followed F. B. Meyer as one of the speakers.

The brief record of these meetings is the last entry his diary contains. Although unusually free from extended engagements he had immediately on hand much work both for *One and All* and for the approaching Annual Meeting of the F.F.D.S.A. at Bristol. Indeed, when a few weeks before he had been asked to write for the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner* in a "Symposium" on Birthright Membership in the Society of Friends, he felt that he could not undertake it. His reply, brief as it was, will no doubt be read with interest. It is addressed to Richard Westlake, the Hon. Editor.

Deanbrook, Acton Lane, Willesden, N.W.

15th 2nd mo., '96.

My dear Friend,

I wish I had time for the article that thou art wanting on Birthright Membership. But I must decline, as I have not.

I am not in favour of abolishing it, but I am in favour of some modification of the system, so perhaps anyhow, my stand is not sufficiently antagonistic to give spice to the symposium.

I shall be interested in reading the articles.

Thine sincerely,

JOHN T. DORLAND.

The Annual Meeting of the Friends' First-day School Association was held on Easter Monday, April 6th, and had been looked forward to with unusual interest.

A large number of delegates attended from London and other places. Arrangements were made for entertaining those who could go to Bristol at the end of the previous week, and a large meeting was held at one of the principal schools on Saturday evening. Much work was involved in completing the preparations for lodging the delegates and successfully holding the conference. It was a deeply interesting occasion, and the largest gathering ever held by the Association. Much satisfaction was expressed by the the visitors with the admirable manner in which all the arrangements were carried out by Bristol Friends. John Dorland entered into the work with his usual heartiness. Those present at the large gatherings at Barton Hill School on Saturday evening and on the following Sunday morning will remember the earnestness of his addresses. On the latter occasion he spoke from the third chapter of Malachi, pleading with the men assembled for a higher standard of personal purity and for dedicated lives.

The conference held on the following day was marked by many causes for encouragement—the opening of a number of new schools, the affiliation of schools already established, and a substantial gain in the total average attendance. There was no note of warning that he, who as Secretary to the Association had contributed largely to its success, was so soon to complete the course of his life on earth. He had, it is true, in his address at Barton Hill on Sunday morning referred in a solemn manner to the "Messenger of the Covenant" coming "suddenly to His temple," but how improbable it would have seemed that the powerful voice of the strong and eloquent speaker was making a last appeal to an assembled Adult School, and that before another Sunday morning it would be hushed under great bodily pain, and ere yet another had come would be silenced on earth forever. That Sunday evening he attended the Friends' Meeting at "The Friars," where he spoke with remarkable power from the command, "Be filled with the Spirit."

It appeared afterwards that he had spoken to a few friends of feeling over-tired, and of not sleeping well; he had evidently felt the nervous strain of these meetings greater than usual. He also caught a slight cold at Bristol, and returning to London the next day to attend the Quarterly Meeting of London Friends at Devonshire House got a further chill. It did not prevent him from going to his office as usual on the following day, but in the evening feeling ill he retired early and during the night suffered considerable pain.

On Thursday he remained in bed part of the day to rest for his engagements at Manchester on Friday and the following days. His wife felt a great longing to urge him to cancel these engagements, but she also had a strong consciousness that it would not be right to do so, as he seemed so strongly to feel the Lord's call to attend a special "fellowship meeting" for Christians, at Didsbury, on Friday evening, April 10th.

This meeting had not been planned by Manchester Friends, but was arranged at his own special request.

The larger meetings for the Adult Schools on the Saturday evening and Sunday had been arranged for some months previously.

On Thursday evening he wrote to his friend Oliver Brockbank, at whose father's house, Brockhurst, Didsbury, he was to stay, saying that he was not well, but that he felt his right place was to be with them on Friday evening. Accordingly he took train the next morning and was met at Manchester by Oliver Brockbank, who tried to dissuade him from attending the meeting that night and urged him to save himself for the more important meeting next day. He wrote one or two letters, had a short rest, but scarcely took anything at tea, and then with his friend retired to the study for a time of prayer before the meeting. Again, being evidently unfit for the meeting, he was urged to remain at home, but in vain; he replied that he *must* attend it, and to his friend's surprise spoke of it as "the only meeting for which, as yet, he had any concern." The room was not a large one and was crowded, a number having come over from Manchester, probably about fifty being present. It

was exceedingly warm and John Dorland was standing near the fire, nevertheless he wore his Inverness great coat while speaking. Those who were present spoke of his address as wonderful, and the occasion as one of remarkable blessing, never to be forgotten by those who heard him. He chose two hymns, the first, "More holiness give me," which he led himself, and again at the close of the meeting when another was suggested, he said "No," he would like,

> "Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise
> With one accord our parting hymn of praise,"

and that he would lead it. How soon its concluding lines were to be gloriously fulfilled in his own experience :

> "Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
> Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace."

The subject of his address was our Lord's teaching on the work of the Holy Spirit. Although it is impossible to convey the impression that was made when it was delivered, and those present felt it a message from God, careful notes taken at the time are reproduced at the end of the volume as contributed by Oliver Brockbank to *One and All*. "It was," says J. A. Baker, "a fitting last message of this honoured and faithful servant of the Lord, whose voice and messages have been heard by tens of thousands up and down the land, and whose words will now be remembered and treasured more than ever. Returning to Brockhurst after the meeting he immediately went to bed, and never rose from it again. At first no danger was apprehended, but the jaundice which first developed was followed by pleuro-pneumonia, and within a few days the hopes of recovery were slight. A hitherto unknown heart affection proved to be the gravest complication, and was the immediate cause of death. The doctors agreed that his constitution was sufficiently strong to battle with all the other diseases, in spite of his previous over-wrought nervous condition."

On Saturday morning, although he had passed a sleepless night his symptoms did not seem alarming, and he dictated a letter to Herbert Headley in reference to the forthcoming issue of *One and All*, also expressing the

hope that he would be able to return to London on Wednesday.

On Sunday he grew worse and was in much pain, and when on Monday the pleuro-pneumonia developed his wife was telegraphed for. Accompanied by her little daughter Bessie she went to Didsbury, and was followed by J. A. Baker, who went down on Thursday and remained till the end. With loving thought and tenderness John Dorland was cared for in the beautiful home where he had been welcomed as a dear and honoured guest. The best physicians and trained nurses were in attendance night and day, and every comfort that could be suggested was provided for him.

Oliver Brockbank writes, "Of his short illness there is but little to record. From the very first the pleurisy affected both his breathing and voice and he was only able to speak with effort. His mind also frequently wandered for hours together, reverting to his work and the recent meetings he had been holding."

Mrs. Proctor, a sister of Oliver Brockbank, who was at Brockhurst at the time and a good deal with John Dorland during the earlier days of his illness, writing to her brother says :—

"I have thought a great deal over the few words I had with John Dorland during his last illness, and remember once saying to him how much worse it was for a man to be ill than for a woman, as lying in bed inactive was so hard for a strong man. He gave me a very sweet look and smiled, saying, 'It is good discipline.' Then, as you know, he asked to see the children, and I fetched Marjorie and Baby.* They came in, in the awe-struck way young children will when anyone is ill. He spoke so sweetly to both, asking them to kiss him—which they did—and saying he had a little girl not much older than baby. Then he looked very kindly at Marjorie and laid his hand upon her head, saying, 'When last I came here thou wast very ill, and I came to see thee. Now I am very ill and thou hast come to see me.' Marjorie was much affected. Almost

* Marjorie Brockbank, a little child of seven, and Chrystobel Proctor, about two years old.

immediately he became tired, and I took the little ones quickly out of the room, and returned to bathe his face. I wish I could remember more of John Dorland's words, but most of them were simple requests for water, or to have his hands and face sponged, or unselfish wishes not to be 'a trouble' to such a kind friend as father was, by upsetting the arrangements of the house.* He did not converse much because of the difficulty of breathing."

One who was much in the sick room helping the two nurses says, "Mr. Dorland spoke very little except to Mrs. Dorland, owing to the pain which words caused him. He was very patient and anxious not to give trouble, and as his mind wandered I caught words about meetings and the Adult Schools. About four o'clock each morning a distinct change for the worse seemed to take place."

Although unable to read he asked for his Bible to be brought to his bedside. When it was placed near him he turned to the nurse, and said, "Thou wilt see I am a believer."

It was very affecting to see his little daughter Bessie, three years old, trying to comfort her mother with the words, "Mother, don't thee cry—don't thee cry." Very bravely Lavina Dorland bore these days of heavy trial. Although her husband had been conscious most of the time during his illness, and knew her to the last, on Friday he was in a critical state and unconscious for a great part of the day. As it wore on he grew worse, and in the early hours of Saturday morning the nurses noticed a marked change which showed that the end was drawing very near. He was able to recognise those about the bedside and to whisper "Yes" in answer to his wife's question, "Dost thou know me, John?" Two hours later, at 5.40 Saturday a.m., April 18th, he passed quietly away.

It was early, and around the old mansion, beautiful with the freshness of the spring-time, the sun was breaking through the trees in a flood of morning light. The fresh clear air, laden with the perfume of the opening flowers, came in

* William Brockbank who, with all his family, was unremitting in his kindness, six months later himself passed peacefully away, 17th September, 1896.

through the open windows, and amid the hush and stillness of the solemn hour rose the morning songs of countless birds. He had loved the beautiful in Nature, and his consecration to its Maker only made its loveliness more real. It ever bore to him the message of a Redeemer's love—dying, that men might live, and its resurrection promise was typified by the opening bloom of this last spring-time. The morning light was like his dedicated life—so pure and bright, and full of holy joy.

Both the time and place of his departure from those who loved him on earth to the brighter mansions of the home above were in remarkable harmony with his thought expressed on his first visit to England :—"Shall we not all wish to die in harness as George Fox did ; and at last say with him, 'I am clear, fully clear.'" And the circumstances recall too the words of Samuel Rutherford (whose life he had just been reading), when he says, "The good Husbandman may pluck His roses and gather His lilies at midsummer, and, for aught I dare say, in the beginning of the first summer months. And He may transplant young trees out of the lower ground to the higher, where they may have more of the sun and a more free air at any season of the year."

The body was conveyed to London, and the funeral took place on Tuesday, April 21st, at the Friends' Burial Ground, Stoke Newington. A large gathering assembled, many well known Friends and others having come from all parts of the kingdom and some even from Ireland to join in this last tribute of love.

It was a very solemn occasion and gave evidence of the profound sorrow with which the news of John Dorland's death had filled countless homes throughout the country, and indeed "all round the world wherever the name of Friend was known."

The solemn silence at the grave was broken by Joseph Bevan Braithwaite and Howard Nicholson in prayer, and Dr. Thorp of Liverpool in a few touching words referred to the walk of the sorrowful disciples to Emmaus and how "The Lord Jesus Himself drew near and walked with them."

The meeting which followed filled the large Meeting House to overflowing.

Bevan Braithwaite made an earnest appeal to the young and strong to make the occasion a time of holy decision; the late Isaac Sharp, then in his 90th year and only recently returned from one of his extensive journeys of visitation to Foreign Mission Fields, referred to an incident of his visit to Palestine when a clergyman and his wife had called upon him and told him they had longed and prayed for a spirit of revival to overspread their district, and that the subsequent visit of John Dorland had been the answer to their prayers. H. Vigurs Harris with deep feeling referred to the words "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away—blessed be the name of the Lord," and said that some found a great silence fall on their lips when trying to say from their hearts those last words that afternoon. They could bless the Lord for giving him but found it difficult to say "Blessed be the name of the Lord" for taking him away. Yet he could not read that the blessed Christ was ever impatient with human sorrow, or that the Lord was impatient to make any say, "Thy will be done" before He gave the spirit to say it.

Arthur Pease spoke of Christ's words of promise ere He was parted from His disciples, "I go to prepare a place for you," and how one of the little company to whom He spoke was soon to lose his life at the hand of Herod, while one was left to labour for sixty years, and he appealed to those present to be watching in waiting and working.

Howard Nicholson referred to a remarkable sermon preached by John Dorland in Canada fifteen years before (already alluded to in this volume), which he felt was fulfilled that day, and the meeting closed with prayer by Frank Dymond and J. B. Hodgkin.

The same evening a devotional meeting was held at Devonshire House, followed by a memorial meeting in the large Meeting House. The attendance was large, and it proved a time of blessing and consecration. The vocal ministry of the meeting was chiefly in prayer, testimony, and exhortation by younger Friends. Oliver Brockbank

gave a touching account of the last week of John Dorland's life, ending with a reference to the very definite call he had received to that last meeting at Didsbury and to his faithfulness in fulfilling it, even although, as they now knew, its fulfilment had meant being "faithful unto death."

Shipley Brayshaw, of Manchester, told how as he stood at John Dorland's bedside during his last illness, he looked up with a face full of love and spoke of the men of the Adult School whom he had come there to see. After his death he stood and looked upon him, and there came an overpowering sense that he was not there, but had risen; that it was not John Dorland he looked upon, but his earthly tabernacle. He remembered how years ago, he whom God had now taken to himself, placed a hand on his shoulder, and said "The Lord loves thee, brother, wilt thou love Him in return? wilt thou to-night give thy whole soul unto Him, surrender thy whole being unto Him?" He could never forget that night.

Dr. Thorp said it seemed so strange that those lips of John Dorland should be silent—so strange to realize that that genial, happy, buoyant Christian life was never to be seen here again. The only reason for which he could understand that he should have been taken from them was that his death should be a greater blessing than his life had been. He longed that they might realize that John Dorland was saying to them, "It is not I, it is Christ." If they had His spirit they would have whatever blessing they stood in need of. However much they wanted Christ, Christ wanted them more. He had always felt that John Dorland's life was like a bugle note of victory for the Church of Christ.

Various other friends having spoken, Arthur Dann of Brighton, from the words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," and J. B. Braithwaite, Jun., of the special call that was going forth to the younger members that night—the Meeting concluded with a solemn time of silent prayer.

Deeply affecting letters came from a large number of Friends throughout England, Ireland, and America, full of tender memories of him and expressing the most profound sorrow and deepest sympathy for his bereaved family. The loss is spoken of as irreparable; the sorrow as like a

wave sweeping over the Society ; his name as a household word ; the record he left behind him as rich and blessed ; the lessons learnt from him as never to be forgotten ; and the sympathy as wide and wider than the limits of the Society. But the letters are too numerous and space too limited to permit of longer quotations from these messages received from well-known Friends in all parts of the country. By younger Friends his loss was felt most keenly everywhere. A single extract from one of the letters must suffice :—

"Since hearing the terrible news of John Dorland's death—I say terrible because I cannot see it in any other light—I have been wretchedly unhappy. He did a great deal for me. I was back-sliding from the position I had taken when by his earnest counsel I was led to retrieve my position. Even my wife, while sympathising with my distress, cannot understand its poignancy because she did not know him as I did."

No less sincere and deep was the sense of loss amongst those in the humbler walks of life to whom, in Missions and Adult Schools, he had been the means of so much blessing. But again we must limit ourselves to a single quotation :—

"Yesterday afternoon in one of the classes a beautiful testimony was borne to the power of our dear friend's preaching, by one who heard him when last here. It had so gone home to his heart that the next day he could not have peace without first restoring to his employer a saw, a gimlet, and a screw-driver, which he had stolen from him. After this came quite a chorus of other testimony to the blessings received through our late dear friend."

In the houses where he had lodged in the prosecution of his work there was more than a common sorrow. We extract a few lines from a note received from one of these homes where he was obliged to rest for a few days : "It was our privilege to have him as a guest and patient to the end of the week. Never was it greater pleasure to minister to the wants of an invalid. He was so thoroughly patient and humble, and so grateful for every little thing that was

done for him, taking nothing for granted. He was such good company too, ready with an amusing anecdote, or a merry jest, or the more serious conversation which came happily and naturally. He much enjoyed reading a little book of Mrs. Ewing's, 'Jan of the Windmill,' seeing more in it than others who had read it before. He sat up late one night finishing it—later than one of his nurses thought desirable—and, overhearing her telling another member of the family, he said, 'And then thou goes and tattles; I should have thought thou wouldst have known better.'"

The publishers of *One and All* wrote in the next issue of that magazine: "The printing press stands ready, and the publishing arrangements are complete for circulating *One and All*, but our hearts are well-nigh broken when we see the idle pen, the well known desk, and the empty chair of one whose presence was always cheering and inspiring to those around him in his business life as much as to those who only knew him in his more public ministry and service for his Lord."

Canada Yearly Meeting of Friends issued a memorial, from which we extract :—

"The recent death in England of our dear brother John T. Dorland, a valued minister, formerly of this Yearly Meeting, has touched Friends in Canada with profound sorrow, and this Meeting desires to record its enduring and loving memory of his life and service while with us. It was a service richly owned of the Lord in the conversion of souls, the encouragement of the Church, and the fellowship that endures.

"His ministry began in Canada, and while we regretted that of later years his services were removed from us, yet we were grateful to see the Master leading him to wider fields of usefulness in England and elsewhere.

"In the bonds of a common sorrow this Meeting wishes to extend its loving sympathy to the widow, the aged mother, and the family of the deceased, and to London Yearly Meeting, which has so suddenly lost his active service."

Other minutes of sympathy were received, also a letter from the Friends' First-day School Association, of Philadelphia.

When a year later the London Yearly Meeting of Friends met, it issued a testimony concerning him, from which we give a few sentences :—

" In recording the loss we have sustained by the death of our beloved friend John T. Dorland, we desire to exalt the grace of God which made him so remarkable an example of obedience to the Divine Will, enabling him in the strength of his early manhood to fulfil his course with joy, to the praise of his Divine Master: and we trust that it may be the means of quickening us who remain in the service of the same Lord. . . .

" Endowed with unusual intellectual gifts, a remarkably retentive memory, great eloquence and power of language, a manly bearing, and an engaging and genial presence, his ministry was of no common order. It evidenced the close communion with his Saviour of one living in His love. Filled with the Spirit, his utterances became searching, powerful, and convincing. He spoke of that which he knew, and, although often passing through deep baptisms for the spiritually dead, his message was a clear call to deliverance, and a triumphant testimony to the victory through our once crucified and now risen Saviour. . . .

" To the close of his life, the blessing attending his ministry was very marked ; his lips were touched as with a live coal from off the altar of God, and it was a joy to him to realize that the power of the Spirit accompanied his preaching to the salvation and building up of souls.

" In the midst of service he was called home, on the 18th day of the 4th month, 1896, and though only 36 years of age, yet we rejoice to believe that his work was finished, and that he received his Master's welcome home, 'Well done, good and fathful servant . . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord !' "

Epistles from various Yearly Meetings of Friends in the United States addressed to London Yearly Meeting alluded affectionately to this common sorrow. From the epistle of the Wilmington Yearly Meeting we quote :—

"Our hearts respond in loving sympathy to the sorrow that has befallen you in the loss of our dear friend John T. Dorland, whose faithful service in our country many of us remember with grateful hearts."

No further concluding words are needed. The narrative of such a life is its own message and appeal. Such men, although they may never speak from a political platform, are among the world's truest patriots. Their influence cannot be measured, for

> "Hearts renewed cannot forget
> The light that dawned and faded not."

In a true dedication to the welfare of his fellow men he became oblivious to the distinctions of class or position, and while exercising a true courtesy alike to high and low, rich and poor, he was kept in the grace of a true Christian life toward all. Yet there was a sense in which one could only know his character fully as one met him and knew him in the love of Christ.

Distrusting all abstract speculations about goodness apart from God, or such as deny Him in dishonouring His Son, while professing to love His attributes, his clear conviction of the call of Christ gave him the self-forgetting boldness which enabled him to be the singularly free and powerful witness which God was able to make him. How true yet humble was his estimate of his own work will be seen from one of his letters,—"As I look back on my service it is like a line of light, the darkness is all mine, and among all my mistakes and weaknesses I have had His blessing."

In his own Religious Society his life did much, and will do more, to bring a revival of its early enthusiasm and gladness of service. A true Friend, he looked for "openings," as Friends say, and he got them. When he first visited England, there were many occasions when in this way he had laid upon him work for individuals and for places otherwise entirely unknown to him. But this never lapsed into mere sign seeking : in an earnest desire to know the Lord's guidance there was not only a humble expectation of knowing His will, but the willingness to obey it became ready and natural. After all he was great in that

which makes the most enduring greatness—doing the Will of God. His last leader prepared for *One and All*, and found in his desk after his death, reads, "It is the element of the eternal in our work that gives it both buoyancy and staying power. It becomes, in a sense, timeless, its outlook is heavenward and boundless. It breathes the air of the hills of God, and finds in Him and in the glory to be shared with Him, its inspiration for the highest and the lowliest service."

NOTES OF

ADDRESSES AND BIBLE READINGS

AND

EXTRACTS FROM WRITINGS.

NOTE.

THE following notes of addresses and Bible readings are mostly from those given at meetings held at Hendon Hill, Sunderland, and Nottingham. The series of meetings for members of the Society of Friends, held at Sunderland between the years 1890 and 1895, were for the deepening of the spiritual life of believers. It must be understood that these are but imperfect reports of what the speaker said, and are frequently mere notes with words and passages omitted, and in printing them we feel that they fail to give either any accurate reproduction of his words or any adequate idea of the life and power which accompanied their delivery.

The Scripture quotations are taken generally from the Revised Version, as John Dorland almost invariably used it at these meetings.

Following in order after the above will be found a few of the articles written by him which appeared in *The Friend*, and an account of an interview with the poet Whittier written for *The Friends' Quarterly Examiner*.

We also include a lecture prepared and delivered by him on "Some Present-day Needs of the Society of Friends," and end with the notes of his last address at Didsbury, near Manchester, to which reference has already been made.

NOTES OF
ADDRESSES AND BIBLE READINGS.

"COME UNTO ME."

"Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

"Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

"For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."

—MATT. xi. 28 to 30.

I suppose there are few passages of Scripture more familiar to us than these two or three verses which I have quoted. We have learned them in childhood at our mother's knee. They have fallen like balm many times since upon our wearied hearts; and yet I question whether the plummet of our experience has ever yet sounded the depths of love and tenderness which are breathed in these words of our gracious Lord. They sound over the weary notes of discord, the wails of want and woe—His own words of blessing, His own words of invitation.

Like so many invitations of our Lord, it begins with that word "Come,"—and there is in that single word a world of tenderness and entreaty, but at the same time it reveals to us how far away from Him we are. The very form of invitation implies the distance that sin has made between us. There can be no welcome in the words, there can be no grace in them to us, until we have first recognised this fact, that sin is between us and God, that we have wandered far away from Him. But when once there comes to our hearts the sense of home-sickness; when we feel that we are far from Him; when we feel lonely, with the weight and burden of our sins upon us; when we come as the Prodigal did,—then no other word can have in it the light, the sweetness, the grace that this simple word of our Lord has—"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I

will give you rest." It does not come to the rich, grown foolish in their wisdom; it does not come to the strong, grown weak in their strength; it does not come to a man full of meat; it does not come to those who are sufficient of themselves. There is no Gospel for the self-righteous, and Heaven is silent to the man who asks merely inquisitive questions; but for the broken-hearted, for the weary, for those who are heavy laden, all Heaven is filled with sympathy, and there are voices that are evermore calling the wanderers home.

Dear friend, art thou one of those who are labouring and heavy laden? Art thou one of those upon whom rests the burden of unforgiven sin? Dost thou feel far from the Master? Then to thee is this word of invitation sent. "Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest." I remember how deep the impression was that was made upon my mind as I looked at that masterpiece of Doré's which is supposed to illustrate the text—"Come unto Me." I wish you could see it, but as you cannot to-night, I want to try to describe it to you.

In the background of the picture are high dark mountains, little light falling upon them; and in the front of them is a long, dark ravine, at the entrance of which stands One with whose face and form we have all grown familiar—the Galilean Prophet, the Son of Man, and yet the Son of God. The light that encircles the Head lights up dimly the dark ravine behind Him, and His arm is outstretched, as if giving the invitation "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." Then in the foreground of the picture are all sorts and conditions of men. The bishop, with his mitre upon his head, looks to Him for relief—the emperor with his crown—the warrior with his sword—the slave with his shackles upon him—the maimed, the halt, the blind, the bruised,—looking with longing glances to Him who is standing with outstretched arms, saying, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest."

We stand before it, and look and look again, as the picture grows upon us, and then we feel the tears filling our eyes, and feel the throb of a great thanksgiving to God that we are among the number whose burdens have been laid at His feet, that we are of those who have come and have found His promised rest, the rest of forgiveness that comes by the taking away of our sin. God can give us rest in no other way. God has so ordained that we shall not find rest in our sins; that only by forsaking our sins, and by His putting them away can we know rest.

Truly has Augustine said, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is restless till it rests in Thee." Is this not true, dear friend? Thou hast sought other rests. Thou has sought to find peace elsewhere, and thy weary heart has fallen back upon

itself in despondency, and thy life confesses that thy heart is not at rest. How often a smiling face but partially conceals an aching heart!

We move in and out among men, we meet them at every turn in life, and we know they have not rest—deep rest—heart rest. Burdened, weary and faint, they have heard the invitation of the Lord, but have not heeded it; they have not *come;* they have not found rest, and yet the Master, the Lord Jesus, the Saviour, stands in our midst to-night. Will not your inner ear be opened to hear His voice? Will not you, weary one, burdened one, sin-sick and sin-sad, hear Him say, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest"?

It may be thou hast gone elsewhere than to Him. He says, "Come unto *Me*," and thou hast gone to creeds for rest, and hast said, "I believe," and yet thy heart has not found peace.

Thou hast done penance, and hast been religious, an attender of church, or chapel, or meeting. Thou hast gone through all the round of what thou hast thought religious duty; thou hast read thy Bible, thou hast prayed, thou hast done almost everything but the one thing; thou hast not come to the living Lord Jesus Christ, who died for our sins, and was raised again from the dead; who lives to bring to weary hearts the peace He offers, the reconciliation which His grace has made: "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

Henry Moorhouse was stopping once at the house of a gentleman whose daughter, a lovely girl in every way and all that a daughter could be, was not yet a Christian. Her father said, "Her love for us is tender and great; she graces our home and brightens it, she has a sweet temper and disposition, but she is not a Christian. We have been hoping that during your stay here she might really find her Saviour and the rest she longs for, and which we know she needs." One day he was studying his Bible in the library when the girl came in. He requested her to stay a moment, and in his kindly way that could not give offence asked her if her heart was at rest with her Lord. She said very frankly, "No, Mr. Moorhouse, No! I have not any great sense of sin. I would like to be a Christian, but I don't love the Lord, though I know He died for me."

He said to her, "Would you be willing to kneel with me here, and read the verse which I want to ask you to read, Isaiah liii. 5?" She said, "Yes, I will do it if you wish"—and they knelt together and read, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." "Now," he said, "will you read it, supplying the personal pronoun, 'He was wounded for *my* transgressions, He was bruised for *my* iniquities;

the chastisement of *my* peace was upon Him, and with His stripes *I* am healed.'" She read it once, and she read it again, and when she read it the second time great tears rolled down her cheeks, and she said, "Mr. Moorhouse, I never thought of it in this way before." He said, "read it once more," and again she read, "He was wounded for *my* transgressions, He was bruised for *my* iniquities; the chastisement of *my* peace was upon Him, and with His stripes *I* am healed." Then suddenly turning to him she said, "I see it, I believe it, I accept it; I see my sin laid upon Him; I give myself to Him this hour; with *His stripes* I am healed;" and she rose from her knees a Christian, her heart at rest in the love and peace of her Lord and Saviour. My dear friend, thou need'st not go from here carrying away this restless heart of thine; thou need'st not go from here bearing away with thee the burden of unforgiven sin which thou hast brought with thee. It were good if with a broken heart thou wouldst say to the Lord Jesus, "I give myself to Thee," and it may be thy life must go heavy and hard until this shall be done. For thy Lord loves thee too well to leave one stone unturned which shall bring thee to Him.

I believe it was at Mansfield the other day that I told a story that illustrates this. A gentleman had a son who was put to sheep farming, and he sent him to another gentleman who had a large farm in the north of Scotland. He became interested in his work with this good man, and every night the sheep were folded and he counted them. One night he found that one sheep had wandered away. The farmer said, "We must find it to-night; it will not do to leave it," and at last they did find it on the edge of a high cliff looking out on that wild northern sea. The sheep had somehow found its way down to a little ledge and was pasturing there on some fresh grown grass. The young man said to the experienced farmer, "How will you get it back? Will you let me put a rope round you and lower you to it?" "No," was the reply, "it would only be dashed down the cliffs on to the rocks below. No, it is safe there, we will leave it till its pasture is exhausted and it is faint with hunger; then when I go down to it, it will be glad to let me take it to my arms and bring it to the pasture above." Dear friends, do you not sometimes find yourself in pastures new? But be sure they will fail you some day. It may be in very love to you the Lord has sent you sorrow and disappointment, so that at last, finding no other refuge, you may find it in His arms. Oh, bless thee, treacherous world, that thou hast played us false, and driven us like sheep into the fold, our love into the Saviour's heart.

Many a man has had to bless the treacherous world for its disappointments that have led him at last to the promised rest that is in Christ Jesus. "Come unto Me and I will *give* you rest." It may be, however, you have not noticed before that there are two kinds of rest in these passages; there is the rest that the Lord says He will give those who come to Him, and then He says, "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall *find* rest unto your souls; for My yoke is easy and my burden is light." Did you notice dear friends, that there is first the giving of rest, before there is the finding of rest. In fact then, these two rests are very different; the first is the rest of forgiveness, when God for Christ's sake pardoned our sins; and the second is the rest of service that follows when we take His yoke upon us and learn of Him.

There are many who are trying to work to find rest, before they come to Christ and accept the rest He offers them as a free gift. They endeavour to take His yoke, they endeavour to learn of Him, they hope in this way to find rest, but never do find it, because they missed the first rest which is God's gift to them.

You must take it as His gift first; you must have from His own hand the gift of rest; then as you take His yoke upon you and learn of Him in loyal service day after day, you will find rest unto your souls. Do you see dear friends, He does not lay the burden upon the heart already weary. He knows how much we can bear. He does not command us to find rest by service. If we endeavour to serve before we have first found rest, we have missed *all* service, all rest. God's order is first, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest," then because thou art rested, and because thy heart is at peace, "Take My yoke upon you, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

I wish I could make this point perfectly clear, and impress it upon your hearts once and for ever. It is just the difference between the old and the new dispensation. It is just the position of the man who is receiving God's gift of grace, and rest as a gift, and the man who works in order to be saved; *he* takes up the burden in the hope of finding rest at last, while the one who knows God's grace goes first to Christ and finds rest, and then goes forth to service. It is just the difference between the old Jewish Sabbath and the Christian Sabbath. Have you ever stopped to consider why our Sabbath is on the first day of the week, instead of on the seventh day of the week? I fear many of you have forgotten that the Lord's Day begins the week. Many of you think that the first day of the week is Monday, that the Sunday ends the week before.

I don't know whether it is because you are not Friends, and so are not accustomed to call Sunday the first day of the week,

but it is only a revelation of the thought of hundreds of men that Monday begins the week and Sunday ends it.

It is the old legal Jewish idea; the Jewish Sabbath is at the close of the week; they worked through six days and felt they had earned the rest of the seventh day because of the six days labour; but in this dispensation the Christian Sabbath begins the week. We rest on the first day of the week, and then go to the work which the other six days bring. You see rest is placed first and labour follows. It is really the order of this text, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest; take My yoke upon you and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls; for My yoke is easy and My burden is light." Oh, weary one, who hast been toiling along the way, who hast been trying to work in order to rest, laying double burdens upon the heart already burdened; the first thing our Lord commands thee is to go to Him to find rest, before trying to do any service for Him, and there is a very tender touch in the original of these words. The passage might be translated "Come unto Me, I will rest you." It is not the thought of our Lord giving us rest apart from Him, and then sending us away to live it out. That is not the idea; winding up a clock, and then letting it go on by itself until it is run down.

All our blessings are associated with Christ, and come through His own heart and His own love to us; and the thought always conveyed to my mind is, not that of a mother's taking away her tired child at night to never so soft a crib, and giving it never so tender a loving kiss (although there are few memories so tender as those which recall the thought of the dear face that bent over us), even *that* is not the picture of our Lord's tenderness. No, He says, "Come unto Me and I will rest you." It is the weary child climbing into its mother's arms, leaning its head upon her bosom, and finding its rest upon her heart, and this is precisely what the Lord means. "Come unto Me and I will rest you."

Oh beloved, some of you are weary, needing so much the rest; some of you are so tired with your own will and your own sin, and why shall not the struggle be ended to-night? Will you not go to Him? Will you not let Him rest you in His arms, and carry you in His bosom? Oh that hour when first the deep peace of God comes into a man's soul and he is able to say, "It is all right, it is all right for ever. I am rested in the Lord's arms, they are around me. He holds me up, I cannot fear. Like a weary child I rest in Him." "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary, and I will rest you." Then if we know the rest, the service of the Cross follows; if we have learned the heart rest in the arms of our Lord, He will send us forth to learn the rest of service, for there is rest in service. Have you learned it? Have you learned how to rest

in your work? Rest in Him while at your work. It is a secret that some weary workers need to learn. One hesitates to speak of one's self, but you will forgive me when I say that for fifteen months I had on an average two meetings a day, and I suppose I have exceeded that in the nearly four months I have been at work again. I really believe that if I had not learned a little of how to rest in work, I could not have gone on quite so long in such continuous labour. But there is a way of bringing one's work to the Lord, of resting in one's service, of having the fever and the friction taken out of one's life, so that to do one's work seems easy and natural.

Dear friends, are you saying that His yoke is easy, and His burden is light? He says that it is. Have you been saying that you found it hard to be a Christian, that His yoke is not easy to you, and that His burden is a heavy one to you? Well beloved, think of the awful responsibilities you are assuming, when you flatly contradict our Lord's word, and when He says His yoke is easy, you find it hard to serve the Lord, to do His Will. Shall I tell you the difficulty? Because you have never been really willing to bear the yoke of the Lord well up upon your shoulders. A friend of mine, a farmer, told me that if either of his oxen when in the yoke, did not pull well up, it was almost sure to gall him, but if he pulled even and well up to his fellow then the yoke never galled in the least.

Dear friends, it is so with us. The difficulties in our service, the hardness of it, all come because we have been unwilling to keep step with our Lord, and bear the yoke well up on our shoulders, pulling well and steadily into it.

A modern English writer has said—"Half the difficulties of our Christian life, come from the attempt to half live it." When we really surrender to the Lord, when we really become thoroughgoing Christians, when we separate ourselves to the Lord, and choose His service, we find and feel that His yoke is easy, and His burden is light. Have not you found it so? Is it not so in your own case? That having found His rest in service and learned of Him, you have found it is true that His yoke is easy and His burden is light? Oh how many hearts have proved it so who were weary before! I remember some time ago speaking from this very text (at least I was speaking about the Lord's rest) and the next day a young woman I had never seen sent me a letter. She told me she had been a Christian for a number of years, but had experienced no heart-rest, and that at that meeting, it was just the message to her. She said "I can say I will rest now and am ready for work, because I have ceased from my own work." Cease from

your own work, and when you do, you will enter with God into *His* rest.

Rest in labour, joy in sacrifice, to find your highest blessing low at the Lord's feet, and your greatest joy in the bearing of His burden and the wearing of His yoke—this is for all of you.

Is it not because you have tried to bear this burden that you are so weary?

I remember the story of the gentleman who overtook a man going up hill in Yorkshire with a heavy pack on his back: he asked the man to ride, and the man got into the conveyance, but still kept the pack on his back. The gentleman said, "Why don't you lay down your burden?" He replied, "It would be quite too much to ask you to carry me and my burden too." So he kept it on his back and had no rest, because he was unwilling to cast it off.

I wonder, dear friends, if we are not repeating this man's stupidity. We say it would be quite too much to ask the Lord to bear us and our burdens too, instead of learning how to leave them at His dear feet, and go away with a rested heart.

"Child of My love, lean hard,
And let Me feel the pressure of thy care.
I know thy burden, child; I shaped it,
Poised it in My own hand, made no proportion
In its weight to thine unaided strength;
For, even as I laid it on, I said,
'I shall be near, and while she leans on Me,
This burden shall be Mine, not hers.
So shall I keep my child within the circling arms
Of Mine own love.'"

Will you not lean your hearts upon Him, weary, restless, longing ones? And such there are here, I know. Even if you have found the first rest, which comes of forgiveness of sin, many of you who are Christians are needing to-night to know the full surrender to your Lord, the laying down of your burden, the taking of His yoke upon you, by learning of Him, and finding rest day by day to your heart.

May the Lord grant it so to all of us for His great Name's sake.

SONS OF GOD.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God."
—1 JOHN iii. 2.

It is John, the aged apostle, who writes these letters to his brethren in Christ, out of a heart more largely enriched than others with the love of God in Christ Jesus, and with a knowledge of all the mystery of that love. What we know of this man's life is eminently instructive, from the time when his intimate companionship with the Lord began, to the time when his life closed upon earth. He spoke of love, of sonship, of fellowship, from the fulness of his heart.

We, knowing his character, can understand why he writes as he does; why the thoughts of light and love and fellowship are the themes that are nearest and dearest to his heart. His is an experimental gospel, and his epistles are the epistles of sonship and fellowship.

The story is told of his life at Ephesus, where it is believed his closing days were spent, that when too weak to address the gathering of believers in that city, he was still carried to the place of worship, and, often supported by the hands of others, he used to lift up his aged hands over the congregation as it dispersed, and repeat again these words of his Lord, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." He was wont to call his brethren, perhaps from his old age and his large experience, "My little children." So, again, he delighted in calling them, "Beloved in the Lord," and therefore in these words which I have upon my heart to-night, he speaks positively of their knowledge of sonship, and addresses them as "Beloved in the Father"; "Beloved, now are we the sons of God."

The question of man's rank in nature is not one of speculative interest merely, it is one of practical importance. Where God has put us, and the place He has assigned to us, these are questions that are surely worth our careful consideration and our prayerful thought.

There have not been wanting those who have believed that it must be God's intention to create an order of beings superior to man. Men like ourselves, but wiser and greater, more beautiful, more holy, who have never known the touch of sin and its shame, and who could never know, as we know, the joy of redemption from the thraldom of sin. We can scarcely believe that this is so, for not only has man upon him the stamp of the likeness to God that the brute creation does not possess, not only is he the only dweller

upon the earth that walks uprightly, and looks at the heavens, and seems to stand in the presence of God, with dominion over the works of His hands, but we must believe that he is the highest of the order of created beings, for we are told by the Psalmist in those clear words of his, "For thou has made him but little lower than God, and crownest him with glory and honour. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands" (Revised Version, Psalm viii. 5,6).

And again, if these words of the Psalmist need corroboration, they receive it in our Lord's quotation from the writings of the ancients, "I said, 'Ye are gods'" (John x. 34).

We would not try to appropriate to ourselves such words, if the Psalmist, and a greater than the royal singer, his Lord and ours, had not made use of them. This crowns our heritage, largely lost to us through sin, our dominion usurped by another, and the likeness to God we ought to wear, marred as it is and well-nigh lost. Nevertheless we *were* made in the likeness of God, and as the fragments of the broken mirror show what it ought to be, so we often in our ruins reflect our ideal glory, and bear witness to our ideal power, and the kingdom that had been devoted to us.

Have you ever stood in the centre of a ruined city? Desolated squares about you, crumbling arches, uninhabited buildings, long lines of solid masonry—the columns—the amphitheatre—the buildings all around—bear witness to its former glory and grandeur; so he who has seen the crown of God's creation, sees even in his ruin, traces of the eminence which might have been his, and realises, even in his fall, some of the purpose of God to restore to humanity its lost and lapsed possessions.

He made us like Himself. He breathed into us the breath of life. He made us a little lower than Himself, and crowned us with glory and honour. My dear friend, thou wilt gain nothing by either belittling thyself, or hurling stones at thyself. We confess the awful fact of sin, we confess the estrangement from God to which it has led, but we confess, too, the supremacy of man, and his superior rank in nature, because he alone has been made in the image and likeness of God; and moreover, if we need more proof, we find it in the fact that the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of Life and Glory, has Himself taken our humanity upon Him. God has never outranked His Son, and for us sonship in Christ is the apex of blessing.

What God has revealed in Jesus Christ could find no fuller revelation. The Son of God, and yet the Son of man, stands before us, revealing the heart of the Father, and revealing it in humanity. "For He took not on Him the nature of angels; but

He took on Him the seed of Abraham" (Heb. ii. 16), and by the very fact of His incarnation, His life, and death for our sins upon the cross without the gates of Jerusalem, proving to us for ever that man is the last and greatest work of God. And though sin has entered, we read the possibilities of our humanity, and find strength and inspiration, and hope and life from the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. He stands therefore before us as the representative Man. He can make none higher than Himself, for we cannot conceive of any other created being greater than He. "When He bringeth in the first begotten into the world, He saith, And let all the angels of God worship Him" (Heb. i. 6). Nor said He of any other than His first begotten "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever" (Heb. i. 8). And thou, my friend, art in a sense the son of God and an uncrowned king, an exile from the country thy God gave thee, divorced from thy birthright by sin, and yet, within thee, thou feelest the strivings and longings of a life that is from God. Within thy soul is the witness of conscience (if one may say it without being misunderstood)—the unfallen part of our nature—to which the Spirit of God is able to make His appeal. But while this is so, there yet exists among men a new order of men, outranking the natural man who is of the earth, earthy, almost as much as the Lord Christ, the Son of man, outranked all other sons of men, for by virtue of their risen life in Christ they are the sons of God. "Beloved, now are *we* the sons of God." Among humanity, among men, there is a new creation, there is a new race of men, outranking the first, superior to the first, and these are the sons of God.

Beloved, O let the word be heard by thy heart: by thy *heart*, my friend! Canst thou say out of thy *heart*, can it be said of thee, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God"? Not the sons of Adam merely; not of the earth earthy, merely; but *sons of God!* Living amongst men, yet new creatures in Christ Jesus, of a new rank, even spiritual men and women, by virtue of a new birth and communion by faith with our Lord Jesus Christ.

This new order of men does not come under the range of the naturalist's eye and thought, it is something that appeals to the moral sense of our inner nature, to our spiritual faculties.

But you, dear friends, will confess I am sure, that there are many men whom you know, men of power, having the stamp of sonship, according to the measure of the gift of God.

Now for a moment let me ask your attention to the contrast that these words bring before us. "Beloved, now *are we* the sons of God." I cannot help thinking that the thoughts of John went back to the long years now behind him, to the time when he with other young men felt their pulses beat quicker at the anticipation

of One who was to come to deliver their nation, the Son of the Father, a glorious King over a reconstructed Israel and Judah, for whom they hoped, and for whom they prayed; and then comes the thought of their finding the Lord Jesus, and how His grace wooed and at last won them, and how they were able to give the testimony—"We have found the Lord." "We have found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write" (John i. 45).

They knew Him now as the Saviour, they knew His Kingdom as the spiritual kingdom, now they were sons of God. I don't know whether any of you have read the tale called "Ben Hur"? To me the most interesting chapter was the conversion of the young nobleman to the conception of Christ's Kingdom as the moral and spiritual kingdom. He had been one who was prepared to forward the claims of Christ by physical force with a band of gallant young Galileans, with weapons concealed under their clothes, and had gone to the last feast at Jerusalem, prepared by force, if need be, to proclaim Christ as King. Then comes the struggle in his heart when he found that Christ's Kingdom was to be won and held by the power of love, that Christ's Kingdom demands a moral and spiritual change before men can enter it, and become sons of God through faith in the Saviour of men. My friends, here are the two conditions. You find an illustration in the life of the Apostle Paul. Here is the fierce zealot, the man who hated anything that opposed itself to the spirit or practice of Judaism. Here he is, going down to Damascus, breathing out threatenings and slaughter,—and here again is the man with the spirit of a little child, with the tenderness of heart that had known sin and forgiveness, preaching in market places, stripped, bruised, and imprisoned, but strengthened and encouraged by the undying love of God. Look on that picture, and then on this, and understand the force of that little word "*Now* are we the sons of God."

Has such a change come in thine own life? Art thou a member of the new order of men? Art thou more than a son of Adam?—a son of God? Hast thou been changed by the power of Christ's resurrection within thee into a renewed man in Christ Jesus our Lord? For He, as I have said, stands before us as the representative man. He is the first-born in the new series. He is the model, He is the sample man. He holds within Himself all that humanity needs to have, all that humanity can possibly be; it is all in Jesus Christ, for in Him dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. How shall we become the Sons of God? By somehow getting the Spirit of the Divine Son of God, and by being made like unto Him. It is not a feeble imitation of His life attempted in our own strength that we are called upon to undertake; it is not the endeavour to copy the

pattern of His life upon our own, with the sense of hopelessness that we can never do it. No, but we are called to have the Spirit that He had, and a measure of the power within us that He had in its fulness. And though between Jesus Christ and every other man there is in one sense the distance of infinity, at the same time we are called to be sharers in the power of His love, to be sons of God, as He was pre-eminently and absolutely in all fulness the Son of God.

How shall this be accomplished? An artist, with some of the artistic feeling within him, may attempt to copy one of the great pictures of Raphael; the lines may be perfect, the colouring beautiful, but he could not catch the genius of that master painter, nor put upon canvas the thoughts that burned in the mind of that man. But if you could get in him the genius and mind of Raphael he would be able, at least approximately, to undertake the works of him who was the climax of Italian art.

We have not as yet, it may be, the power within us, we are only the sons of men; for we are not sons of God until we believe in Him; but to as many as receive Him, to them gives He the right, gives He the power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name. So that in receiving the Lord Jesus Christ you receive within you the very life, the very Spirit of Christ, our living Lord, and are changed into the same image, and have in measure within you the possibilities and power of that life of faith, that new, divine, spiritual life, which we are called upon as sons of God to lead.

Art thou thus united to God by faith? Hast thou become a son of God? Are the powers of this new and resurrection life within thee? Art thou answering to the purpose of thy creation? Is the work of God being wrought out in thee? Art thou becoming more and more like unto God as the son bears the image of the Father? Alas the wrong that sin has wrought amongst us, till men often bear upon their faces, not the likeness of the Son of God, but the likeness of his enemy, the devil.

And now this question of sonship brings us to other and most serious considerations. I desire with all reverence to attempt a brief treatment of these subjects, and I desire that reverently, in prayer, you may try to follow me.

There must be certainly in the new creation of this order of sons a new relationship existing between thee and thy Father, and the Fatherhood of God implies the sonship of those who have received His nature. But there is in these days a sentimental idea attaching to the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God, which is infinitely mischievous. There are men who say—"But we are the sons of God, God is the Father of us all by Christ." The

men who make this assertion are unwilling to see that it is a relationship broken by sin, and like prodigals, we have wandered from our Father's house and spent our substance in riotous living. Our Lord did not hesitate to say to such, "Ye are of your father, the devil, and the works of your father ye will to do."

My dear friends, this is a sorry spiritual generation: we are slow to acknowledge it, but here stands the fact, and there is Scripture supporting the fact. What can we do but confess the awfulness of the truth that there are men who have not the Spirit of the Father, who are sons of men, but not sons of God, whose parentage is of the power of darkness, and not of life; for the apostle limits sonship when he says—"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are sons of God" (Romans viii. 14, R.V.).

Art thou deluding thyself with the idea that God is the Father of us all, the Universal Father, in any such way as leads thee to undervalue the sinfulness of sin, and the certain judgment of God which must rest upon sin? O the awfulness of it, not to be true to God! O the responsibility of the ambassador, unless with all earnestness, he warns men, and persuades them, knowing the terror of the Lord! My dear friends, are you resting upon false foundations, or have you come to the Lord Jesus Christ, the divine and only Saviour, the one way to the Father, the one life, the one hope of salvation? You must remember beloved, that while I have said what I have said about the lapsed relationship, it is a relationship that God the Father is willing to restore, and in His heart there is always the outgoing of beneficence towards the sons of men. It is on our part that the relationship is broken or that it remains so.

Don't you suppose that the father was the prodigal's father still, though his son was in the far country? Don't you suppose that he loved him, and that his heart went out to him during all those years of wandering, and can't you suppose that the son was dead to the father before he left his home? For there was no recognition of the father's love. He learnt it through his experience of destitution, and want, and by these means he came to know and be alive to it in a way he had never realised before. He might have died in the far country, and never have sought his father's house, or found his peace, and for you, dear friends, God yearns with the love of a father, longing to bless and save you. Will you have His mercy? What a world of regret and sorrow we see in these words of our Lord. "How often would I have gathered you, etc., and ye would not! Behold your house is left unto you desolate" (Luke xiii. 34, 35).

And if this truth teaches us the fatherhood of God, it teaches us also the brotherhood of man. And as in the fatherhood of

God, so in the brotherhood of man, we need to see—specially we who have been redeemed by the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ—we need to see, I say, that this relationship on our part is active in its benevolence, and in its desire to convert, and shelter, and brother all who are about us. For in Divine things artificial definitions drop away, and the real brotherly spirit among men is the love of God in the Lord Jesus Christ, making every man my brother, whether he be a toiler under the palm trees of some Pacific isle, or whether he has been brought up in my own town; all men are my brothers, and my heart must be filled with benevolence towards all.

This is something more, dear friends, than being bound together by the oath of brotherhood. A Christian man knows no such binding oaths as those of men united in societies, where your so called brother drops a sprig into your grave, and pays a pittance to your widow. The real brotherhood in Christ makes us really one. O that the nations had learned it, and war had ceased from the earth! O that the nations had learned it, and there were no longer conflicts between class and class, and the great sobs of oppressed London were not going up to God! O that Christian men who are sons of God, knew the brotherhood in God, and looked in every man's face, and saw in the brotherhood the weal and help of all!

Still, "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," and the truth of Christianity is travestied by the disaffection of men. An atheist sometimes shows brotherliness that is often (to our shame be it said) absent on the part of those who profess to be beloved of God. Brethren, these things should not be. If to-night we have been lifted up to a higher level, with a clearer ear and brighter view, if to-night there is within us any of the enthusiasm for humanity that filled the heart of the Lord Jesus Christ, O shelter and nourish it; go from this place resolved to confess Him, to love Him, to serve Him, until men shall see in thee the re-incarnation of Christ; until thou shalt be in thy measure, even as Christ to those that are about thee; and when every Christian man and woman is this to those about them, showing His spirit, revealing His love, doing good, the jealousies of sect and party, the self-seeking of little politicians, the love for systems that must wither and pass away are lost in the all absorbing love of God in Christ Jesus, flowing from us in streams over the world.

Dear friends, it is your place and mine, as the children of God by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, to show His love, and manifest His grace.

This opportunity is nearly over, my voice must cease to be heard, and to-morrow, after the privilege of a week's service in your town, I go elsewhere. God bless you, God make you men and women who confess His name, whether you are members of our little section of the universal Church or not. God make you sons of God in deed and truth, revealing His Fatherhood, showing forth His Brotherhood, blessing the world with your life, convincing it by the death that you die, and at last you shall receive from Him the greatest commendation that God can give,—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." This will be enough for you; it will be enough for me.

LIFE IN CHRIST, FITTING FOR SERVICE.

"I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly."—JOHN X. 10.

The Gospel of John treats of regeneration, of faith and of the Holy Spirit. It is remarkable that the word "life" is used thirty times in this Gospel, though not perhaps more that six times in any of the others. It is the Gospel of life; God's power is made known in it by the Holy Spirit; it might almost be called the Quaker Gospel. *Life* is the first offer Christ makes to us, not peace, not only forgiveness, not joy; it is life from the dead. The Lord's greatest gift—Jesus Christ—came to give abundant life; and when we are alive in Him, He gives us peace, forgiveness and joy.

Many people are invalids, they have aches and pains; they know that they are alive, but cannot do much because they are invalids; they have not *abundant* life; a man with an injury of the spine might be utterly unable to move his limbs, and yet be alive, but this would not be abundant life. There are many Christians who are spiritual invalids; they have some sort of life, but not that abundant life which gives itself out in service for the Lord. If you, metaphorically, step on their toes, you will know it! This life comes through death,—the door of death is the door of life. As a grain of wheat dies, and afterwards brings forth much fruit, so we are to be buried with Him by baptism unto death, crucified with Christ, as the Apostle was,—dead indeed unto sin; then we share in His resurrection life, in the fulness that is ours in Christ. We talk so much about His death, that we almost forget that He is a living Saviour.

Every blessing is predicated to us in the cross of Christ; and while we have met God at the cross and been forgiven, we are not always to stay there. Following the cross came three days in the sepulchre, then the bands of death were burst, and our Lord rose triumphant over death and hell (Rom. v. 9, 10). "Much more then, being now *justified by His blood*, shall we be saved from the wrath of God through Him. For if, while we were enemies, we were reconciled to God through the death of His Son, much more being reconciled, shall we be *saved by His life*." This is taught us by the deliverance of the Children of Israel out of Egypt; the blood on the doorposts sheltered them when the destroying Angel passed

over the land, but did not give them strength. They had to eat the flesh of the lamb, and in the strength of that flesh to march out. *We* want to dwell with equal emphasis on the Lamb,—to live on His life, in order to have power to perform service.

Rom. viii. 34: "It is Christ Jesus that died, yea rather, that was raised from the dead, who is at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." We have to do with a *risen* Christ, a *living* Saviour, whose voice has spoken to us from the other world,—the pledge of our resurrection. Some of you have been lingering round the cross; we must remember that He has come through death, and is risen; now we know Him after the Spirit, by the birth and revelation of His Spirit in us,—a living Lord Jesus. He had life before the world was: "the Word was God." He was with the Father from all eternity; all the spoils of His great victory are not for Himself only, but for us, that we might be sharers in these things, partakers of the Divine nature. We must know a death unto ourselves, Christ must live in us, "that life which I (not the old pharisaical I) now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself up *for me*" (Gal. ii. 20), and in glad surrender to our Lord we rise into a joyful union with Christ, and are raised into newness of life, are sharers of the resurrection life of Christ. Grace like nature abhors a vacuum; put self away and God will fill. Have we risen to this conception? Have we understood the words, "Lo! I am with you alway," and that the supplies of one's life are in Him? The *fruitfulness* is in Him; the bunches of grapes on a branch are not its own; they are the overflow of the life of the vine in the branch. Is there such an overflow in us? just enough life, or abounding life?—the abounding life which makes service the greatest joy?

Every possible need is met in Christ, "ye are made full *in Him*." I used to seek for holiness in myself, but was disappointed, not having learnt that it should be mine only by His indwelling; only in myself as He is in me. Perhaps you look for power, grace and holiness in yourselves, *in Him ye* are made full.

What should we think of a washerwoman who said, "Dear me; I am afraid to turn on the tap"; she actually feared to exhaust the water resources of your admirable reservoirs. The Town Council would laugh at her foolish fears! Are we acting so? What a poor rate we live at! I have heard of a millionaire who tried to live on 2s.6d. a week, and died in the attempt! O Lord, we cannot afford to live on less than Thou canst afford to give us, we are so meagre, so barren, make room in us; keep the connection open in us with Thee,—the Source of supply.

2 Cor. ix. 8: "God is able to make all grace abound unto you; that ye, having always all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." Notice the three "alls" in which we are to abound! *all* grace, *all* sufficiency, in *all* things. There *is* a fulness, the fulness of which the plummet of our experience has not yet fathomed; fulness of peace, abounding peace, abounding in grace, and abounding in speech. "We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh." When we get an overflow, we are bound to speak.

If we abound in interest in politics, how easy it is to speak.

I have been amused, when travelling about the country, to see the very laboured way in which some kind host thought it best to speak a little about the last Monthly Meeting, what passed at the Yearly Meeting, or about the Home Mission; working up a few platitudes, which seemed, as it were, screwed out. But if I felt free to change the subject, to "talk shop," how their speech thawed and flowed, how easy our conversation at once became! It is the *fashion* to talk about fashion, about politics; if we are full of the Lord's love and grace, our talk about Him will be just as easy and natural.

Life expresses itself in action. We are to abound in spiritual work—to be always abounding in the work of the Lord. In what different ways two individuals will take the exercise needed for their health. To one, the thought of it is a delight; his horse or bicycle one of his greatest pleasures. The other, dreads even a short walk; he drags himself wearily to what his physician has prescribed. Do not we, like the partial invalid, somewhat grumblingly attend our mid-week meeting, monthly meeting, or class? saying, I suppose I must do it? whilst the cheerful Christian, after similar engagements would say, "such a season of refreshment."

Some have a large spiritual medicine closet, with bottles labelled as to the doses they ought to give themselves, and to which they constantly apply. Those having abounding life, have no need of such things, have no reason to be constantly feeling their own spiritual pulses; this shows a lack of Christian vitality. We need to get the fulness of the Lord Jesus for our own; have we been looking for these things in ourselves? Jesus can come into our life and live in us His own perfect life; we need abounding life for abounding service; abounding life blesses others out of its own fulness, and this leaves no room to talk of *ourselves*, but brings us to the place where we can say, "We are nothing, Christ is all." When Christ dwells in us, we have abundant life, waves of blessing, so free, so full! The fulness of Christ's life is to bear

us up for ever. Dost thou long for this? "Abundantly" comes from the Latin *unda*, a wave, so strong, inexhaustible, powerful to carry on the ship. The "abundant life" will carry on Christians in the same way, and all work will be delightful. Die to thy prejudices, thy criticism, thy own will, and thou shalt pass through death to resurrection.

A dear friend whom I knew felt that this experience was for her; she was a clever, intelligent, beautiful woman, and had long been a Christian, yet she was led to pray in her Yearly Meeting, "Oh! Lord, there is a life in me to sin; I long that I may know the fulness and power of Thy life." From that time she was *abounding* in speech, in grace, in good works, as never before. Are you fearful that such an experience won't last? Do you fear what God will ask you to do? Let us have the same measure of faith as the devoted coloured man Sambo, who, when asked what he would do, if the Lord were to tell him to jump through a stone wall, replied, "I'd jump; it would be the Lord's business to get me through!"

In 2 Peter i. 5-17, we have what may be called the Apostle's Addition Table—"Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. . . . . If ye do these things, ye shall never fall; for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." May that abundant entrance be granted unto us! and may we know the incoming of Jesus into our hearts as our victorious King!

THE SERVICE OF THE SERAPHIM.

"In the year that King Uzziah died I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and His train filled the temple. Above Him stood the seraphim: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly. And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory. And the foundations of the thresholds were moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke. Then said I, woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts. Then flew one of the seraphim unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar; and he touched my mouth with it, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged. And I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then I said, Here am I; send me."

ISAIAH vi. 1-8.

I want to ask your thought on the vision of Isaiah in the sixth chapter of his prophecy, that we may consider the seraphim as a type of true service. This is the only reference made to them in the whole Bible, either in the Old or New Testament; and yet it is enough to fill us with admiration and to teach us many lessons regarding our own service—

(1) Humility in service.
"Covered his face."

(2) Self-forgetful service.
"Covered his feet."

(3) A swift service.
"With twain he did fly."

(4) An understanding service.
"They saw God's Glory everywhere."

The seraphim are always in attendance on the Lord, occupied with His praise; praise and service go together hand in hand. One of them flew with a live coal he had taken off the altar, and

touched Isaiah's lips and said, "Lo! this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged."

(1) Humility in Service.

Their's is humble service—"with twain he covered his face"; this is the true attitude of true service that God can bless. If our heart is not right, God cannot bless our work as if it sprang from a humble and contrite spirit. Perhaps, amongst us to-day, there is a vast amount of mock humility, the counterfeit of the real virtue; it says, oh no, I am too unworthy to receive blessing—I wouldn't think of undertaking anything in work for the Lord, I am so unworthy. I remember hearing of a Scotchman who wished to be received as a church member, and was asked, if he became one, what work he would do. Would he teach in the Sunday School? No, he could not do that. Would he help in missions? No. Then what could he do? At last he said, "I could objec'!" He thought he could serve the church in that way; so do many Christians now-a-days; it requires no special gift, and is no evidence of real humility. Sometimes our apparent humility is only nervous shrinking, but *true* humility never shrinks from its appointed place. One old saint prayed, "Oh! Lord, take the pride out of our humility." Is it that you are not humble enough to have any service given you? Are you not prepared to go where the Lord sends you? If not, you have not seen the splendour of seraphic life. When you have heard the Lord say, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" there has been no answer, "Here am I, send me." Let us allow God to deal with this; it is really a sort of insincerity, a sort of sneaking humility; perhaps you say, "Oh! yes, but I am not fit"; if thou art not, thou *oughtest* to be.

Let us cover our faces like the seraphim, and take the place of death—say, "Ichabod" to our old life, and rise to newness of life with God,—seek a place of confession, and find it in dust and ashes.

When Abraham said he was "but dust and ashes" (Gen. xviii. 27), he had power to intercede for the cities of the plain. In 1 Kings xix. 11, 13, we have a delightful illustration of God's dealing with His servants. After the strong wind, the earthquake, and the fire, Elijah heard a still small voice,—"a sound of gentle stillness (R.V. margin)," and it was so when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out, and stood in the entering in of the cave. And, behold, there came a voice unto him, and said, "What doest thou here Elijah?" He needed this quiet period. When things are quiet around you, and your heart is quiet, there have been times, have there not, in your life when God commanded a silence, and you have heard the sound of a

gentle stillness? Elijah had passed from victory on Carmel, and then he fled from one woman, Jezebel! Have you known after some great blessing such a collapse as this? Perhaps you have been at a convention, and felt full of triumph, then you have let your fears,—smaller fears than Elijah's—cause your failure. Oh, may God speak to our hearts in stillness till we are ready to hear. Have we not cause to say like Job, "Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes"? The men who have served God must have known blessing and service through humbling, and the sentence of death on themselves. Humiliated or humbled you must be; you have your choice; will you let God humble you gently, or be humiliated in the presence of your friends? God will give us an utter distrust of ourselves, and our service; He will make us cover our faces that we may hear His voice, and receive strength. John the Baptist's star paled in the presence of the Saviour; "He must increase, but I must decrease." We shall be glad to make ourselves stepping-stones for Him to pass over in the presence of other people. We shall be glad to have the Lord spoken of while we are forgotten. Shall we be puffed up by God's using us? Ah! I think it will only make us more truly humble. It is difficult to see how sin can hold up its head when its neck is broken. From my own experience, I think Christians are brought lowest, when most under a sense of blessing.

"The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
The most when most his soul ascends;
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility."

(2) Self-forgetful Service.

Forget your own service; the seraphim "covered his feet"; they hid their own steppings; they did not tell their deeds. How often when I have thought I was glorifying the Lord, I have felt a reproach, something in me that liked to speak about *my* converts, *my* meetings, etc.; when our service is seraphic, we shall hide our steppings and not keep diaries eloquent with our deeds. Have you an ear for the praise of men? Can you bear dispraise as well as praise? I believe God has deliverance for us from both. The messenger should be forgotten in the message; instead of that, either we forget our Master in the midst of it, or else we forget our service. How often a capital *I* gets into our speech, and into our experience,—and big *I* and little *you*—an I a yard long! If others speak of their success, we have something to match it; we seem to think that because we are what we are, the Lord gave us this wonderful blessing. Our self must be put to death to see Him;

shall we forget our Master and remember our service? or forget our service and remember our Master? If we remember our service God forgets it, if we forget it, God remembers it. Which will you have? Matt. vii. 22, 23: "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, did we not prophesy by Thy name, and by Thy name cast out devils, and by Thy name do many mighty works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from Me, ye that work iniquity." I wonder if any of us are finding a subtle satisfaction in our work, letting it come a little bit between us and Him. Be sure if this is so that God forgets it. In Matt. xxv. 34, 39, the King commends the works of the righteous servants, and they answered Him, "Lord, when saw we Thee an hungered and fed Thee? or athirst, and gave Thee drink? and when saw we Thee a stranger, and took Thee in? or naked, and clothed Thee? and when saw we Thee sick, or in prison, and came unto Thee?" We had forgotten we did it, is it true?—when was it? They did not remember their service, nor the clothes they took, nor the pitchers of water they brought; but the King did, and He answered them, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto Me" (ver. 40). It is the motive that determines the value of our work; is our service after the seraphic pattern? Are we hiding our ways from the gaze of men?—"with twain the seraphim covered their feet."

(3) A Swift Service.

"With twain they did fly."

1 Sam. xxi. 8: "The King's business required haste." There is in the Lord's teaching the little word "go," which we do not make enough of; *ready* first, of course, but *go*. Put the emphasis of His love and power into it. When boys are going to run a race, you say, one, two, three, go! The Lord has appointed *us* a race; tarry ye in Jerusalem until ye be indued with power from on high, and then *go* ye into all the world." A teacher in a Sunday school was speaking on "Thy will be done," and asked his scholars, "How do you think the angels do the Lord's will?" To this one child replied, "The angels do the Lord's will in heaven without questioning." This is the true kind of service.

"Ours not to make reply,
Ours not to reason why,
Ours but to do or die."

The seraphim went swiftly; finish the work,—make haste! How very deliberate you have been about it! We don't live hundreds of years now, as they used to in olden times. We Quakers do not believe it requires a theological training for seven years to enable us to speak for our Master. The work belongs to all without that preparation, and if we are ready for service, the

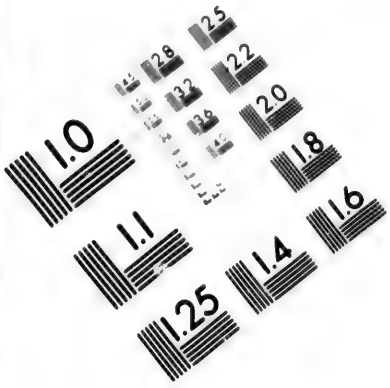
Lord will quickly give it to us. We cannot lay the responsibility on any one else. How long you have been about your service! Has not the Lord's "go" been sounding in your heart? Have you obeyed? In Rev. xiv. 6, John writes: "I saw another angel flying in mid-heaven, having an eternal gospel to proclaim unto them that dwell on the earth, and unto every nation and tribe and tongue and people." The angels are always busy with the King's commands; they know they require haste. With such a message, and such a need, we should be busy always with the King's business.

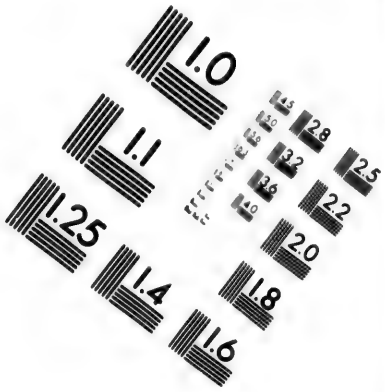
(4) An Understanding Service.

The seraphim said, "The whole earth is full of His glory." They saw and heard what others did not. Let us understand the Lord's purpose for us. The amount of ignorance there is about the Bible is wonderful; we know less about it experimentally in our lives than the Plymouth Brethren and others do. George Fox had the Scriptures by heart, which was the great secret of his life; all the early Friends were mighty in the Scriptures; they are our stronghold in the day of trouble. What time do you give to the study of the Bible? Do you languidly read a little, and often give the thoughts of others for your Bible lesson to your class, rather than the thoughts you have got for yourself? Jesus said, "The words that I have spoken unto you are spirit, and are life" (John vi. 63). We need to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest them.

In Jeremiah xv. 16, it is said, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and Thy words were unto me a joy and the rejoicing of mine heart." Many have a large amount of undigested, unassimilated Scripture truth in their hearts. God desires glory all through the earth; the Lord Jesus will come soon, the bride is getting her linen ready; socialists, anarchists, scientists, all say we are on the verge of an upheaval of society from its very roots. We rejoice that if it is so, "the government shall be upon His shoulder"; until then, it can never be a righteous government. Have you entered into the mind of the Lord about this? Have you entered into communion enough to know it? The seraphim did. We are, as it were, to have His eyes, His mind, to be filled with His will, His wisdom, and to go in His way for us.

Oh, that we might live so near to Christ as to anticipate His wish for us (2 Samuel xxiii. 15, 16). When David was in a hold and the Philistines were in Bethlehem, we read that he longed and said "Oh that one would give me of the water to drink of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate! And the three mighty men brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem, that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to





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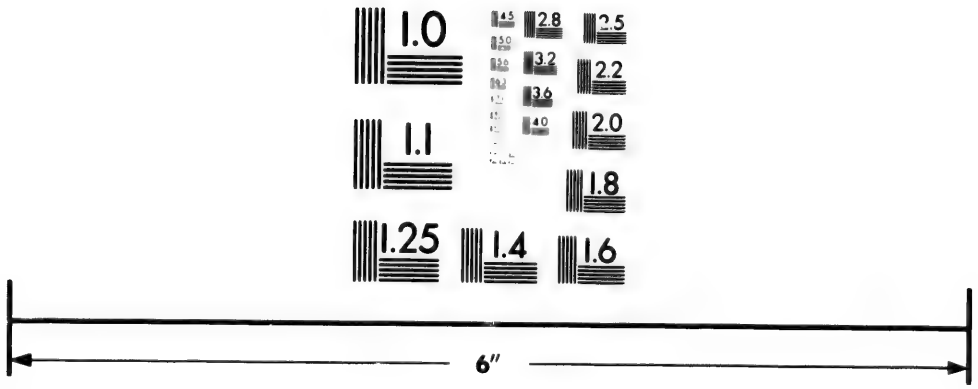

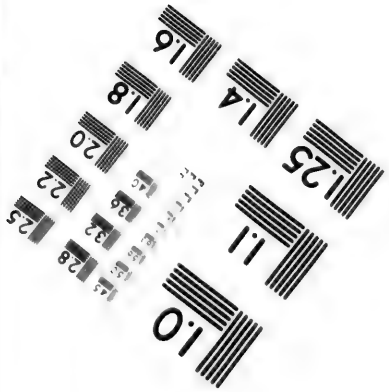

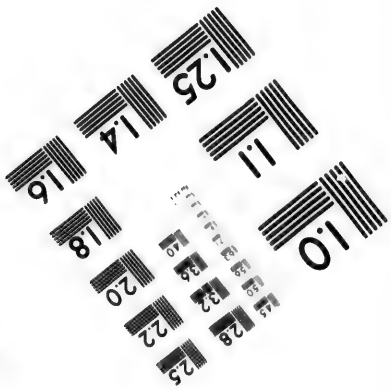

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David." It was no commandment,—they only fulfilled his wish. Do you ever anticipate the Lord's will? When I go home at night, my little girl runs to get my slippers, and sometimes embarrasses me with her attentions. I am afraid the Lord does not find us doing so. Are you familiar enough with your Lord? "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." Perhaps you are saying, "I am not in it, I am out of it all"; if it be so, it is an awful condition to be in.

Is our service humble, self-forgetful, swift, understanding service? Can we leave our reputation—what people say of us—with Him? What is our character, what is God's estimate of us? He rewards us according to what we have wished to do; let us serve Him with a perfect heart. A Christian worker fell asleep one day, and thought a stranger came to visit him; he said he had come to weigh his heart. He took it out; it weighed one hundred pounds. Then he broke the mass into atoms, put it into the fire, let it cool, and divided it into series, layers and strata, making minute notes on it. The whole mass weighed one hundred pounds; he found the component parts to be made up as follows:—

Wood	Bigotry	10
	Personal ambition ..	23
Hay	Love of praise ..	19
	Pride of dominion ..	15
Stubble	Pride of talent ..	14
	Love of authority ..	12
Pure Zeal	Love to God ..	4
	Love to man ..	3
		100

I wonder what our hearts would be like if treated in the same way? "When in my dream," said the Christian worker, "I looked at the figures, my heart shook within me; I cried out, 'Lord save me'; I besought God to save me from myself. I had prayed to be saved from hell, now I prayed to be saved from myself. I was probed and filled with light, and I shall kneel in heaven at the feet of the divine Alchemist, and thank Him."

Do *our* hearts show any better? God will show us how far short our service has come of what it ought to be. It must be humble, self-forgetful, understanding and swift, and these combined will give us power. We are here that before Him these questions may be settled. May we be delivered from pride, worldliness, doubt, and scepticism. God will not fail us, nor disappoint us; let us put ourselves into His hands to be searched, that all our heart may be hallowed by Him and filled with the Holy Spirit.

REST.

The basis of thought for this evening is in Hebrews iii. 19: "And we see that they were not able to enter in because of unbelief." Hebrews iv. 1-11: "Let us fear therefore, lest haply, a promise being left of entering into His rest, any one of you should seem to have come short of it" (verse 1). "For we which have believed do enter into that rest" (verse 3). "There remaineth therefore a Sabbath rest for the people of God. For he that is entered into his rest hath himself also rested from his works, as God did from His. Let us therefore give diligence to enter into that rest, that no man fall after the same example of disobedience" (verses 9, 11).

There is certainly something shadowed forth here that we feel too little of in our own life, and see too little in the lives of others; we are full of restlessness, worry and friction. People waste more strength in worry than in work, in unrest than in rest; yet we are hardly fit for the best service until we know this heart rest, and we see that it is for us.

> "And I smiled to think God's greatness
> Flowed around our incompleteness,—
> Round our restlessness, His Rest."

Let us see ourselves so surrounded by Him that we are in this environment; we often see Christians filled with fears, anxieties, passions, and cares that wither life; but this is not after the thought and purpose of God for any child of His; it is all wrong. I wonder whether it is because in hymns and prayers rest is relegated to heaven; this idea is utterly false; God intends it for earth, not only for after death; this fulness of joy, peace and rest is meant to be known *here*, that here we may know the best conditions of service for Him.

Rest is typified by Canaan; it is not heaven, it was a rest where enemies were known, victory through conflict, failure and God's forgiving grace; in heaven we shall have none of these. Canaan is a fitting type of rest on earth, of the Sabbath rest for the people of God. Do you believe it is for you? If not, you won't possess it. I remember an old saint in Cleveland, a coloured woman, a frequent expression of whose was, "I'm splorin' the land." She used to say, "I'm not tentin' down by Jordan any

longer, but I'm going on and tastin' de luscious grapes; I'm splorin' de land, and it's all mine." Let us explore the land, and not be the man who lived on half-a-crown a week, when the bank would have honoured his cheque for thousands. We are living on the border of our possessions, and we worry our life away with many imaginary troubles, when we might know the deep rest remaining to the people of God. What is this rest? The Apostle uses the rest of God as a type of our own. It is not the rest of weariness, and it is not imposed upon us by our own failure of strength, or because we have not faith for all the thirty or forty thousand promises, which we cannot claim as our own, if we meet them in the resources of our own life. When these resources fail us, we find our supply from the heart of God, from the fulness of His life; it is the rest of complete strength. We see a slight illustration of this in the ease with which things are done by a great machine that has an overplus of power for its work. I have often looked at a log in my brother's mill, brought up to the wheel to be sawn; the wood is put ready to the wheel when motionless, then a lever is pulled, the steam applied, and with complete ease the saw makes its way through the log, and the work is done; the power was in the engine not in the wheel. There is abundance of strength for us in the Lord; the rest that He gives will never be the rest of weariness; we can serve Him without effort or strain; it is an effortless life in the power of the Holy Spirit. It is not the rest of idleness, but of work; no one can do more work for Him than one whom He has rested and delivered from all sorts of cares and fears, and whose whole life has been brought under His control.

"Not a surge of worry,
Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry
Touch the spirit there.

Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest;
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest."

Isaiah xxvi. 3: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee," (Hebrew, "peace, peace," margin.) Phil. iv. 7: "And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus." Has such a conception of the Christian life been ours? Have we seen that it is possible for us, —that it is in the Lord for us?—that the power of the Lord Jesus may certainly be ours? He died for us to lead us into a good

land,—a land flowing with milk and honey. Your hearts say, this is the life witnessed to by the Scriptures and by Christians, and the one I see before me for my own possession. It is not an optional question, it is a positive necessity for service, for God, our tender Father, will never lay a burden on an over-burdened heart, never overdrive a tired sheep, and until we have strength for it He does not give us service. If you are wanting to escape from work, to get into heaven by the skin of your teeth, to be squeezed in, and saved as by fire, I am not speaking to *you*. I am speaking to men and women who are wanting to make the best of their life, to receive all God has for them, to enter *any* open door. You need to be rested first; "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest," (Greek, "I will rest you").—Matt. xi. 28. He does not send us away to live it out; He invites us to rest in and with Him. This is what the Lord would do for thee, dear, tired, nervous Christian, till thou art no longer weary, but hast absolute, complete rest, and then thou wilt be prepared for service. It is to be a Sabbath rest, —the Christian Sabbath, not the Jewish; the saved man works because he is saved, because he is rested; the Jews worked to be saved. Our Christian Sabbath *begins* the week, it does not end it; there is all the difference between the legalist who works to *get* rest, and Christians who work because they *have* rest. Our service begins by our getting thoroughly rested; out of that rest we are to do our work. Is there this rest in *your* life? Have you known about it?

Mr. Hopkins gives us three P's concerning this subject:—

(1) *Puzzled*. We say, "I don't understand it, I am puzzled about these terms, they don't mean anything to me"—puzzled in heart, puzzled in speech. After all we have to get it into our heart before we can define it.

(2) *Provoked*. "I am tired of talking of this unworldliness all the time; I won't go to any more meetings, they have quite upset me, indeed I have lost my temper two or three times; they unsettle me." If thou hast been feeling like this, it may be because thou art being taken out of ruts. If thou art saying, "They don't know any more of it than I do," the sense of being provoked may lead thee to investigate the truth, and at last to be

(3) *Persuaded*. At last you see it is for you; it is a life of rest, ceasing from self, remembering always that we get nothing from the Lord by a system of barter, only by being as a beggar, and saying, "I don't deserve it, but as Thou offerest it I take it; give me grace to use it."

Rest does not come by strain or effort, or intellectual apprehension, it is God's gift,—a Sabbath rest. There is a note of

warning to us in the exclusion of the children of Israel by disobedience from the promised land. "Let us therefore give diligence to enter into that rest, that no man fall after the same example of disobedience" (Heb. iv. 11). There is a moral connection between disobedience and unbelief, and they are used interchangeably; in the higher Christian life unbelief often follows some disobedience to God. The Children of Israel stood on the verge of the land, they believed the evil report of the spies, and left out God's power to bring them in and give them His grants in the land. Don't we sometimes say, "It is very sweet you know, quite ideal, but we really can't expect it, it is quite impossible." Beware, lest you commit the sin of disobedience as well as of unbelief. Is it something thou art unwilling to give up? perhaps thou art setting thyself up on a pedestal, and talking down to people. We ought not to do so. I have always found that the hindering of *my* faith has come from some disobedience. In Hebrews xi. all the forty years' journey in the wilderness is left a blank; is there a blank in thy life of which the angels make no record?

We have to take this rest by faith; are you willing now by faith to enter in? I had to say, "Now Lord, I believe this rest is mine, and I enter into it by faith." I felt no ecstasy, no ebullition of feeling, but a wonderful, deep, abiding peace; for months afterwards it lasted,—a great, deep peace, that nothing seemed to disturb,—and it would have gone on had I not been disobedient. We shall have it even when trouble and worry comes, and the criticism of our friends, which is so hard to bear.

The world sets up a standard like the Scriptures, but the Christian Church of to-day cannot do with men out and out for the Lord, such as George Fox and Wesley; it is full of half-hearted respectable Christians, without too much conscience, who will not take this rest. They say, I'm afraid if I don't see immediate results, I shall think I have not got it. What have you to do with results? Results are God's and you have to rest from worry about them; the harvest is not yours; you are only the link; God makes the seed grow. Stephen was filled with faith and with the Holy Ghost; we are not told that he converted any souls, but he made the greatest stir that ever happened in the Sanhedrim of Jerusalem! You may be reserved for such a thing.

In the midst of criticism you may have rest; there is always a place of rest in the centre of a cyclone; there may be a storm raging, but within,—in the heart of it,—there is stillness. I have heard too, that our heart rests eight seconds in every twenty-four hours, and without this fraction of rest it could not do its work. So in our life, when all is laid upon the Lord, when we have

entered in by faith, and are ceasing from our own works, we have rest. A little boy once said, "I have no difficulty in getting on with mother, all I have to do is to mind"; so with our Heavenly Father, we have only to "mind" what He says to us.

Do you not see what a blessed, free, gracious life this is?—all strain and care has gone, and we have entered on the Sabbath rest. Suppose a gentleman lost a capital of £5,000 in business, because he could not manage it; he would either have to make an assignment, or get the money borrowed. He asks a friend to lend him £3,000, but the friend will not do that because he loves him, and sees that he does not know how to manage it; so he *gives* him the £3,000 and comes in as active partner, and divides the profits. This is what God will do for us; He gave us the capital when we were regenerated, and now He wants to come into our hearts as active Partner. Every care was removed from that man; he does what he is told, and the business flourishes. You have just to do as you are told, and let Christ supply all for you. You have been exceedingly ineffective in the Lord's service; lay it on Him, you weary-hearted, restless one, you who have felt your burden of care, let Him thoroughly rest you, and then He will give you the work He knows you can do for His Name and Glory's sake.

"Hidden in the hollow
Of His blessed hand,
Never foe can follow,
Never traitor stand."

"Both my arms are clasped around Thee,
And my head is on Thy breast,
And my restless heart hath found Thee
Such a perfect, perfect rest."

"CHRIST IN YOU, THE HOPE OF GLORY."

"Now I rejoice in my sufferings for your sake, and fill up on my part that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for His body's sake, which is the Church; whereof I was made a minister, according to the dispensation of God which was given me to you-ward to fulfil the word of God, even the mystery which hath been hid from all ages and generations: but now hath it been manifested to His saints, to whom God was pleased to make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles, which is Christ in you, the hope of glory."

COL. i. 24, 27.

I feel that in the consideration of this subject, we shall need to take the shoes off our feet, because we come to stand on holy ground. Let us tread reverently, prayerfully, and in a teachable spirit. This mystery was hidden from ages and generations,—"Christ in you, the hope of glory." The teaching on this subject lays itself open to the charge of mysticism, but there is a true gospel mystery which the Apostle John and his followers have taught—that God is love, that our souls can entertain the Spirit of God, that we can have the knowledge of His will, and that our hearts can be His dwelling-place.

The crown of His blessing to men is to be made known to us (ver. 27). The fulness of love and of our relationship to Christ is taught and explained by John in his Gospel, which is to the other four Gospels very much what the Quaker Reformation is to Luther's Reformation. The Epistle to the Colossians is the Quaker epistle of mystery; it teaches spiritual experience, and shows deliverance from the vain rudiments of the world. It is a Divine revelation of these things, the very truth George Fox taught in his work among professed Christians,—not that he excepted the rudiments, but that he sought to lead them on to the knowledge of this mystery of Christ dwelling in the heart by faith. We call it a mystery, but it is not a dreamy contemplation, not a languid waiting; it is a practical blessed reality in our life, which

makes us witnesses to Christ in power, so that others see His glory, and are brought to confess the truth, and to obey it themselves.

Matthew xiii. 11: "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven, but to them it is not given." This mystery was only made fully known after the day of Pentecost, not till then did the Apostles enter into a full apprehension of Christ. Are we left to doubt about this? "Unto you it is given (that is, to those walking with Him in separation) to know the mystery of the Gospel of Christ." The Lord does not wish us to be always novices, we are to go on unto perfection. Every blessing of which I have spoken or am speaking is predicated in the cross of Christ, in Him who "bare our sins in His body upon the tree"; bear this in mind. But there are Christians who never get beyond the Cross, who do not understand that Christ is a living Saviour; it is only understood by the Spirit of God. In the Epistle to the Romans we read that "He was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification," that Christ bearing our sins and living in us, we are "saved by His Life." The Israelites were saved by putting the blood on the door posts and on the lintels, and then they marched out of Egypt in the strength of the flesh they had eaten.

You thank God that with His stripes you are healed, and you rejoice in His salvation; but you are also to know the fellowship of His sufferings, the indwelling of His Spirit, and to be buried with Him by baptism into death. This is where few are willing to go; circumcision by the Holy Ghost means pain, death, the inworking of the Spirit of God, "Christ in you the hope of glory." "Mystery" is, in the Old Testament, expressed by "secret"; it means something known to the initiated. Possibly Paul had in his mind the mysteries of Greece; in that worship there was a time when the novice became initiated. To know the deeper things of the Lord's life, we must by the grace of the Holy Spirit be initiated into them. Rom. xvi. 25, 26: "According to the revelation of the mystery which hath been kept in silence through times eternal, but now is manifested, and by the Scriptures of the prophets, according to the commandment of the eternal God, is made known unto all the nations unto obedience of faith." The mystery is to be made known to us through our obedience by the Holy Spirit; there is no other possible way than our willingness to obey Him in surrender and service.

Ephesians i. 9: "Having made known unto us the mystery of His will." In this blessed life—of "Christ in us, the hope of glory," we are brought into the knowledge of His will; few seem really to get into the mind of God; His will for us

is that ours should be an understanding service, but we seem to be so ignorant of it all. Is it because there is no relish for these things? because we do not ask the aid of the Holy Spirit in the study of Scripture? Is it because we don't understand dispensational truth, or social questions? We have not seen His hand in them, because we have not known the mystery of His will. It is amazing to see the calmness with which the Holy Scriptures are put out of sight, and when men despise and cease to study them they lose their relish for them. The Holy Spirit does not directly reveal to us things which are to be found there; some profess guidance which is contrary to this, but neglect of the Bible gives opportunity for the enemies' weapons, and from the loss of this arsenal of God come heresies and dissensions in the Churches. "For the Word of God is living, and active, and sharper than any two-edged sword, and piercing even to the dividing of soul and spirit, of both joints and marrow, and quick to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart" (Heb. iv. 12).

Psalm xxv. 14: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him; and He will show them His covenant." In coming to this I feel how inadequate are my words to express the thought in Ephesians v. 28, 32: "He that loveth his own wife loveth himself: for no man ever hated his own flesh; but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as Christ also the church; because we are members of His body. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and shall cleave to his wife; and the twain shall become one flesh. This mystery is great: but I speak in regard of Christ and of the church." The mystery of married life is a great one, and with regard to Christ and the church it is greater still. No words of mine can make it plain; the Apostle says we are members of His body and of His flesh, as we are bound to our Lord in marriage, the twain become one flesh. Betrothal and engagement come first, then marriage, and the bride goes to her own home. Our betrothal is regeneration, and our marriage is when we enter into this mystery, when we give ourselves up to Jesus Christ entirely. There must come a time when you *become* His; has your life been anything more than an engagement to Him? or have you become one with Him? 1 Cor. vi. 17: "He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit." All our life belongs to the Lord, He is one with us; it is the holiest, most wonderful, most mysterious bond of union into which He wishes to bring us. Are we entering into the mystery of the Lord's life? Have we yielded ourselves to Him, as those that are alive from the dead? Do we know Him in the way a wife knows her husband—co-operating in blessing and in understanding? He wants to find rest and joy in us, a resting-place in

the hearts of His own, for in this world He has no other. It is beyond what we can speak, a union that increases as years go by in much blessedness. Hast thou been joined to the Lord in one spirit to be altogether and only His? My friend, dost thou recognise no more right to thy maiden name, and past state? Thou art married to the Lord, thou art thy husband's—utterly and only thy Maker's.

Hosea ii. 14, 16: "Behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness and speak comfortably unto her. . . . . And it shall be at that day, saith the Lord, that thou shalt call me Ishi (my husband); and shalt call me no more Baali (my Master)"—no more Lord or Master, but husband. The Lord Jesus wants to bring all widowed, comfortless hearts to Himself, to be buried with Him, raised with Him into newness of life. It is not complex but the simplest form of life—"Christ in you, the hope of glory," always and altogether Christ. He is the Alpha, He the Omega; it is Christ, crucified for us, risen and interceding for us, dwelling in us, empowering us. It is He, and nevermore ourselves. This is the secret of life and service.

Some one may say, "I want this experience," or "I have got the idea," but you have not any right to want "experience"; it is not that, or the idea, my friend, it is Christ. Get Christ into your will, your thought, your life:—"No longer I, but Christ" (Gal. ii. 20). When He comes to fill our hearts, it is not an emotion—*that* passes. Do not rest on experiences, they fail you; Christ wants to be more than this to you, and He will fill the horizon of your lives. Some one in New York was attending some meetings, especially seeking for an emotional experience; he got what he wanted, and lay awake all night to keep it. Going to the meeting again next morning, rather discouraged, he found that what he needed was not a mere emotion, but Christ. A little boy was once looking at a picture of a woman clinging to the cross, and he said to his mother, "It isn't *my* Jesus, for He clings too." We need to know Him as a real, present, personal Saviour.

"It's not my clinging but His clasp
That can the foe withstand."

The Holy Ghost witnesses to us of Jesus always; we are to know Him, and the fellowship of His sufferings; we shall, as it were, come into touch with Him, we shall know a living present Lord, the power of an indwelling Christ. Cease looking for experience, you can have nothing apart from Him, but you will find all your needs met in Him. Did you think your faith was separate? You will find *He* is your faith. Did you try to work up your own? The Lord can't let you rest on *it*. He will let the

devil come and devour it; you must find that you are nothing, that you can't have anything, that it is Christ all outside, all inside, and your life given up to Him.

Christ is the *preparation* for the blessing, *and* the *blessing*. All things are ours in Him.

(1) *Faith*. Gal. ii. 20: "I have been crucified with Christ; yet I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me; and that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself up for me." It would be splendid for us to stand by the grave of our own dogmatics and opinions, and see them buried; our faith must be in the Lord. A friend said once about the rent of a mission building, "I haven't faith to the extent of the ten thousand dollars needed"; he asked the Lord for the faith he needed, and it was given him. A little girl wanting to cross a busy street, asked Lord Shaftesbury to help her; when they got to the other side, he enquired why she had appealed to him, and she replied, "Oh, Sir, I just looked in your face and I felt I could trust you." Lord Shaftesbury said he had been honoured by the Queen and many others, but never so much as by that little girl's faith in him. If you look into Christ's face, you will feel that you can trust Him.

(2) *Life*. John xiv. 6: "Jesus saith unto him, I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life; no one cometh unto the Father, but by Me." The life is in Him, He is the power for us to walk in the way, and know the truth.

(3) *Peace*. Eph. ii. 14: "He is our peace." Peace is in Him; have you thought the Lord might give it you as a sort of deposit? We are to go to Him for every little need as it comes.

(4) *Joy*. John xvii. 13: "These things I speak in the world, that they may have My joy fulfilled in themselves." Joy is what we have been wanting, we all long for it; but it must be His joy, we cannot have it apart from Christ.

(5) *Power*. Phil. ii. 13: "It is God which worketh in you both to will and to work for His good pleasure." How are you going to get power?—by having Christ in you. *We* have'nt to will and to work, the power does not reside in us, and it never will, but it is in Christ for us. Our wills are very weak, and give way when they should not, and are obstinate when they should give way. Have you given yours to the Lord so that He can work in it? Someone found he had a weak will, and asked the Lord to strengthen it, but the Lord showed him that he could have His will.

(6) *Wisdom.* 1 Cor. i. 30: "But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who was made unto us wisdom from God, and righteousness and sanctification, and redemption." Wisdom is the light in which His other blessings are discovered, then the rest follow. Do you feel that you are always doing or saying foolish things, and hurting people's feelings? If so, will you come and acknowledge your foolishness, and let Christ be your wisdom, so that others may see it? Then He will make you always gentle, and He will give you the mind, the brain, and the memory to work for Him.

This great "secret" Christ offers to us now—rest from ourselves, knowledge of others' needs, and ability to minister to them. How well it works on all sides! What is Christ to you? He is to you what your faith can take—a half blessing, or the fulness of blessing.

Rev. x. 8, 10: "And the voice which I heard from heaven, I heard it again speaking with me, and saying, "Go, take the book which is open in the hand of the angel that standeth upon the sea and upon the earth." And I went unto the angel, saying unto him that he should give me the little book. And he saith unto me, 'Take it, and eat it up. . . . And I took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it up.'" We often ask for things when all the while the Lord is saying to us, "Take these blessings," "Take it and eat it up." You will never get blessing any other way; He will be to you just what you will let Him be.

"Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come."

Col. ii. 2, 3 (Our Quaker Epistle again): "That their hearts may be comforted, they being knit together in love, and unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding, that they may know the mystery of God, even Christ, in whom are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge hidden." To be "knit together in love" is just what some of you need in your meetings, is it not? And you need also the riches of the full assurance of understanding; do you believe in assurance, or does it seem presumption to you? I prefer to agree with the Apostle.

No words of mine can shadow forth what may be ours, as the mystery is made known to us; these wondrous things may be our own, and our Christian life may simplify itself into "Christ in you, the hope of glory." May the Lord make us willing not only to be betrothed, but married to Him, that we may be joined in the one Spirit, and have all the blessings of Christ our Head.

WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

"He that believeth on Him is not judged; he that believeth not hath been judged already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God. And this is the judgment, that the light is come into the world, and men loved the darkness rather than the light; for their works were evil. For every one that doeth ill hateth the light, and cometh not to the light, lest his works should be reproved. But he that doeth the truth cometh to the light, that his works may be made manifest, that they have been wrought in God."

JOHN iii. 18, 21.

This is our Lord's word about judgment and light. John is pre-eminently the Apostle of love, and equally, with Paul, of truth; in both his Gospel and Epistles he opens to us the heart of our Father in Heaven; he says righteous, and, if necessary, hard things, and yet he says them in love.

1 John i. 5, 10: "And this is the message which we have heard from Him, and announce unto you, that God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in the darkness, we lie, and do not the truth: but if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin. If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. If we say that we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and His word is not in us." This is a plain, understandable word on the conflict between light and darkness. God and the adversary can never agree. We must either be the children of light or of darkness. You can test your position by your attitude on this question; are you bringing your deeds into the light to be looked at for His reproof or praise? We have been trying to welcome the light in our hearts, our thoughts and feelings; what has the light made manifest? You have perhaps seen the truth that all have sinned and come short of His glory; do any say we have not sinned? If so, we make God

a liar; *I* dare not say it. All have sinned, the light shows us guilty and condemned before the Lord; has it also revealed Christ as the sin-bearer? We cannot pause here, I trust all of us have brought our sins to the Cross of Christ to be borne away. This being so, we may yet find things in our life, and in the territory of our hearts, which are not thoroughly set in order by the King, not full of righteousness and peace. Dear friend, if thou art a Christian, and art conscious of things in thy life that will not bear the light—things in thy business, in thy thoughts, etc.—whatever profession thou mayest make, God says that profession is a lie. That is the dark, negative side of the question, not the bright side; let us note the contrasting conjunction "but"; "*but* if we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus, His Son, cleanseth from all sin." Let me remark that there is only one place where Jesus cleanses,—in the light, walking in the fulness of confidence with God; no where else can we claim cleansing. If thy heart condemn thee, if there is within thee the miserable light of condemnation, thou art not walking in the light; thou dost not know cleansing; thou hast not brought thy life to Him to have put away out of it what thou seest to be contrary to Him.

These are the most solemn and awful facts of our life. In the presence of a worldly church and of increasing scepticism, we have the more need to walk in the light, to be kept clean. Holy Scripture shows us that there is a life for us on the heights, the power of which we need to know; it is this to which the Holy Spirit is calling us,—the fellowship with the Son of God. Fellowship means partnership; not only do *we* take *Him* into partnership, and have our sin taken away, but He takes us into partnership with Himself in the fellowship of His sufferings, of His death, His resurrection, His service. Thus living and thus being cleansed we have fellowship one with another, and, "truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son, Jesus Christ."

This cleansing is a constant and continuous process. I once heard of a young man who was discouraged by reading Heb. x. 26. "If we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more a sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful expectation of judgment." He said, "I know I have sinned since I received forgiveness; I have hardly dared to believe that I am the Lord's child." He needed to be told, that our life once begun by faith is progressive; we sin, but come again and again for cleansing; "He cleanseth us from all sin," it is in the present tense. I marvel much sometimes at the statements of good men who say, "I have lived for such and such a period without sin, for the prince of this world hath nothing in me." We must

leave these things till the Judgment day, but I neither believe nor teach the perfection of human nature. The Apostle says, "I know nothing against myself; yet am I not hereby justified" (1 Cor. iv. 4). "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." There is here provision for all the failure of our life; some may feel difficulties when they go home, and may be tempted to say, it is all a sham, I can't believe it is real, I have no sense of love outflowing. If thou art not conscious of disobedience, believe even when thou hast no feeling at all; trust Him that thou art right with Him, honour Him even if the darkness be about thee; don't be afraid of it if thou knowest thou art keeping to thy surrender. Clouds are temptations but they are not sin.

"The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy; and will break
In blessings on your head."

The enemy will tempt you and prove you after your consecration, but do not be alarmed. A Christian's life is not measured by what he feels; if we keep our wills (not emotions) right with God, we may leave our feelings and the temptations of the enemy to take care of themselves. Ours is to be a life of Divine uncarefulness.

The greatest difficulties often come from those you love most; a man's foes are they of his own household. You are wounded in the house of your friend, a little criticism and sly taunts are so hard to bear. Remember the Lord Jesus passed through it all. These are not to be stumbling blocks, but stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things.

Supposing real sin comes into your life and you are overcome, will you wish to give it all up? What will you do about it? Leave the gift before the Altar, even if thou hast to make things straight, the purpose of thy life is to be given up to Him utterly; take thy sin at once to Him and know the cleansing. It is utterly wrong to wait for forgiveness, as many of us are apt to do; do not let us wait till we think we have repented sufficiently, and because we think repentance is good for us. God forgives at once but He insists on confession; the ground of cleansing is in the blood of Christ. Don't give up because of failure. My little lad, when he was learning to walk, often fell down; did I forbid him to try any more, and put him on a chair and say, "There you must sit"? No, I set him on his legs and said, "Try again." Surely our Father knows our needs, and "we have an advocate with

Him." Confess sin the moment it is committed, bring your failure to Him, and then and there take His forgiveness.

If I am asked whether we can know we are dead to sin, I reply that when we are alive in Christ we are more conscious of our sin. Death to self means wholly surrendering; do not mind the agony of it, let yourself go that you may know Christ's baptism unto death. This condition is maintained by a daily dying; keep your consecration by daily consecration. If I gave you this Bible, (I should'nt like to do it, it's one of the most precious things I have), I should give you all of it; if I found afterwards that I had some leaves belonging to it, which I had intended to give, I should say, "These are not mine," and pass them on to you at once. Now you will find after your wholesale consecration, that there must be a retail surrender. When I first consecrated myself I was not married, but when the Lord gave me the blessing of a wife I remembered that she was included in my surrender, and as each of our children were given, I realised that they were not mine but His. Your consecration must be daily renewed. It is so about death; by purpose and will we have died to self and all contrary to God's will, and then we must claim this death in detail; when we find things coming up which are not to His glory, we must say, "I died to this in my original death." I really thought I might have to go to Fiji or Madagascar, but I said, "Whatever Thou meanest in my consecration, I mean it too." I did not see England at all then, but when the Lord bade me go there, I said, "Yes Lord, that is in my consecration." You keep up your consecration by the daily including of difficulties as they are shown. Surrender, consecration, death are continuous things, they are like the blood that cleanseth; if a pebble lie on the path, it will soon get dusty and soiled, lay it in the brook, and the water will constantly cleanse it. The glands of the eye secrete moisture which washes the face of the eye, keeping it clean; in the same way we are kept clean by the blood of Christ day by day.

I am sure we shall often think of one another; we shall meet to pray for one another at the throne of the heavenly grace; the Lord grant to you and me that we may each have grace to walk in the light, and to know day by day the blessing of being cleansed from all unrighteousness. Frances Ridley Havergal, when facing her great new work, said something like this: "I rested upon and trusted my God for all the dark ravines of life, that these would be passed, and that I should be lifted into the light of the Lord." All her life was lifted into sunshine as a result, and there yours may be. This brings the remembrance of how the early Friends were called the "Children of Light"; they knew the power of Christ cleansing them as they walked in it. May this be known

by us, through discouragement, criticism, severance of friendships, separation from the world; one day we shall see that the severest things have been the greatest blessing, and when we stand in His presence, we shall thank Him for what has cost us the most. The early Friends showed their separation from the world by wearing plain dress, and we insist upon this spirit to-day as much as did Elizabeth Fry or any others. You probably will not have to put on a "plain bonnet"—put it on if you feel like it. I expected to have to put on a "plain coat," but found it was not needed. What *is* needed is our separation from the world, and our having fellowship with the Father and the Son. God wants willingness from us for anything; we do not want outward forms revived, but the spirit which led to them, that we may be cut off inwardly from the world. There is no other way of power and blessing.

Do you call it a narrow way? There is force in concentration, as we see in a mill stream and in gunpowder. These lives of ours, if too sweetly charitable, if so exceedingly broad, will be exceedingly weak; the life of power and blessing is the life our Lord walked in separation from the world — not in sympathy, but in spirit. So may we, walking in newness of life, be to His praise in the eyes of our fellow men.

"The way of faith is hard to flesh,
It is not hard to love;
If thou wert sick for want of God,
How quickly would'st thou move."

THE INSUFFICIENCY OF SELF AND THE SUFFICIENCY OF GOD.

"And such confidence have we through Christ to God-ward: not that we are sufficient of ourselves to account anything as from ourselves; but our sufficiency is from God."

—2 COR. iii. 4, 5.

Here are two lessons to be learned, as learned by the Apostle, and taught to us—

(1) The insufficiency of self.
(2) The sufficiency of God.

These are two lessons we suppose we learn early in the Christian life, but which, nevertheless, are the most difficult, and give the most trouble in learning. As we look over the past year and see resolutions made here at the last series of meetings, and not kept; or some work undertaken with no blessing in it; a temper over which we did have control for a time, which has now gained the mastery; we are inclined in our despair to wonder if there *is* a Christian life in which we are not constantly overcome, and constantly saying, "Here is failure." The reason and cause lies in this: We have not yet learned the utter insufficiency of self. To say it and confess it is another thing to feeling it, and feeling it so keenly as to make us trust to the sufficiency of God.

"Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to *think* (R.V. 'account') anything as of ourselves," was a great thing for Paul to say; educated at the University of Tarsus, and instructed in the law, he is now reduced to this, that he cannot even *think* anything of himself. Perhaps as these meetings go on, we shall learn what Paul had passed through before he came to say it. At the time when he was called Saul he felt equal to everything, certain always that he was right, with little of charity and less of thoughtfulness for others whose opinions conflicted with his own; a more self-sufficient man rarely lived, but now he writes "Ichabod" on all this. We feel able to "*think* of ourselves," and to "think of *ourselves*" too. All failure arises from these two things. In the Bible the characters of men illustrate this constantly; human nature always breaks down under testing, and fails us in times of

the greatest need. It was so in the patriarchal dispensation, the dispensation of the law, and will be so in the dispensation of grace if the truth is not really laid hold of. The history of the world is one long history of human insufficiency; boastful man thinks he can do so much, and is so proud of the efforts of his brain. Human nature, impotent and helpless, needs to be taken hold of by a Divine nature in the death of self, and learn the power of the resurrection, to give new power in life and service.

(1) *Failure often comes through fear.*

How large a part in our life this takes! At the first of our series of meetings a Friend told me she could not do all the service for God she would like to, because, she said, "I am afraid." Luke i. 74, 75: "Serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him all our days." When Abraham went to Egypt, fear for his own life made him tell a lie, and it was the same in the country of Abimelech; he argued with himself, "Sarah is my father's daughter if not my mother's, and therefore I can say she is my sister"; but *God* did not see it as truth, and this compounding of Abraham's conscience was not a thing on which His blessing could rest. Then see Elijah—the prophet in the wilderness how bold and fearless he had been! Look at his power—how he challenged Ahab, and prayed for no rain, and then how he won a great victory on Carmel, where he overcame the prophets of Baal. Yet directly after he was seized with a panic because *one* woman threatened his life—an abrupt change from heroism on Mount Carmel to weakness in the wilderness, where we find him even requesting that he might die! If it was not so tragic a change we should be tempted to smile. He did not mean what he said, you know, when he asked God to let him die, or else he would have stayed in the vicinity of Jezebel and let her work her wrath on him. Why, he fled for his life, and did not mean it at all. No, fear works foolishness in us all; the only remedy is the filling of the Spirit; if perfect in love we fear no more, for fear has no place where love abides in fulness.

(2) *Failure comes from impatience.*

Patience is one of the hardest lessons to learn, especially in these days when we almost live by steam, and put into one year the work our fathers did in a decade. We want a similar rapid growth in spiritual things, and because it does not come, we conclude that there is some great mistake, and get fretful, and feverish, and impatient, and this results in sin and failure. Moses was impatient, "he believed not"; one sin only was enough to shut him out of the promised land. He was not naturally the

meek man we have thought him to be; the word should be translated "disinterested." When he broke the tables of the law in a summary way, it shows that he could on occasion rise to authority, and could use it in splendid disinterestedness, except in this one instance; but one act of impatience shut him out of the promised land (Num. xx. 12). Look at Saul; the turning point in his life came through impatience when waiting for Samuel to sacrifice; he delayed his coming, so Saul thought he could not wait, and dared God in taking on himself the office of priest, for fear the people should get scattered. He made excuses, but from that time he went on in the downward path, to the gloom of Mount Gilboa, and the horrors of a suicide's death. Impatience led to failure. Beloved, it may have been this that has made *you* fail; it is a necessary lesson to learn, and when you have conquered it, you will find that it has brought a great change into your life. In the calm of God, we see that He does not do all things in a moment; He has a long eternity to work in, we *must* learn this. Perfect love can cure impatience; we cannot force God in any way, He is not at our call and disposal. When we learn this, though it is hard, all impatience goes out of our life.

(3) *Failure comes through unholy alliances.*

God's saints live a separated life. Israel was a separated people, separated that the purpose of God might be accomplished. It is self-evident that Christians cannot coquette with the world; we cannot dally with the pleasures of the worldling. Wise Solomon failed just through unhappy matrimonial alliances, which ultimately resulted in the disruption of his kingdom. His wives won his heart, and treasures of Egypt and idols were procured for them. Many Christian young men and young women have largely injured their lives by marrying with the ungodly. I cannot believe God's blessing rests on such marriages. I know men who have lost their usefulness in the world through taking an ungodly woman to wife; if they are already married, they must make the best of it, but such alliances cannot be made under God's guidance. The same is true of other relationships, for instance, our business. Christians cannot be in the employ of ungodly men, neither can a man have an ungodly partner without feeling the weight and drag of it. You are likely to make compromises, and it will hinder your testimony for Christ. Jehoshaphat, a good king, thought to build ships, and asked the king of Israel to help him; at last all was ready, the crews selected, and the ships launched, but they were broken up, and the voyage never undertaken, the great hulks lying on the rocks as a memento of the folly of an unholy alliance with a king who knew not God. We have had our Ezion-gebers,

our plans broken up; we could not then see why, but now we have found that they stopped us from making wrong alliances. Are your failures the result of alliances with unholy people, or complications on which you cannot ask or expect God's blessing? Separation from all things of this sort is necessary; you *must* choose between God and Mammon; for the highest purposes and for the truest service a choice must be made.

(4) *Failure is said to come from "force of circumstances."*

We have often heard that term and think it is a sufficient excuse for failure. Take your meeting for instance:—The ministry is not what it should be, we say; "as for the elders, we might as well have none, they are no good at all; the overseers do more harm than anything else; in fact, if I was only in a different meeting *I* could be different." Or we look at our social surroundings,—"Our family are not in sympathy with such things, call us fanatical, and after last year actually thought I was getting queer; circumstances were so against me I gave it up." Or if business circumstances were different,—we are not our own masters, and say, "It cannot be expected of *me*; of another it may be, he is different." The difference is in *yourself*, not as you may perhaps have thought in your circumstances and surroundings. Beloved, if a real change has taken place in your lives it cannot be hid, every one sees it. We must not complain of circumstances. Aaron made the excuse that the people wanted the calf, and so he thought it best to indulge them; he said that "he put the earrings in the fire and the calf came out," as if to infer that it was quite beyond his control, and that there had not been much moulding.

The difference needs to be in ourselves; God is above circumstances, and His power is over them. Paul, manacled in the dark dungeon at Rome, saw that all had fallen out to the furtherance of the Gospel. The Prætorian guard, and they of Cæsar's palace saw his bonds, and Paul could rejoice because Christ was preached, even though it might be by contention or strife. You get earthly circumstances under your feet when you are filled with the Holy Spirit; circumstances depend on Christ. The great circumstance is your environment by God, and His power absolutely lifts you above the power and force of other circumstances. Is it a question of policy—people are so politic now-a-days? Well, Ahithophel was a wise man, looked upon like an oracle of God, yet he found his end in a halter when he plotted against the counsels of the Lord; he was a man "wise in his own conceits."

Only the Lord knows the cause of your failure, and He will show it to you, and teach you the lesson of the sufficiency of God. 2 Corinthians i. 9: "We ourselves have had the answer of death

within ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead." 2 Corinthians iii. 5: "But our sufficiency is from God." Paul passed under the "sentence of death" before he learned the lesson. We need a Gethsemane to learn that the wisdom and strength of man is very foolishness; we are not able even to *think* of ourselves, and must find our sufficiency in God. We are shut up to Him, and cannot find it anywhere else. If you depend on man, he will fail you; or on emotions, they perish, having no foundation. I want that in this meeting we should be brought face to face with God, with Him who only can bless. With the sufficiency of God we can say (Philippians iv. 13), "I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me." We find the secret in Ephesians i. 19-20: "The exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe, according to that working of the strength of His might which He wrought in Christ, when He raised Him from the dead, and made Him to sit at His right hand in the heavenly places."

The power which raised Christ from the dead is a mighty unlimited power, which will work in us, and deliver us from failures coming from mis-alliances, from fear, from impatience,—from all these things and many more. It brings us to the place of rounded, well-ordered Christian life, wherein to "live is Christ, and to die is gain" (Philippians i. 21). May He give us to see that self and all its "creaturely activity" must have the sentence of death written on it, and let us learn to trust in God, who will raise us from the dead by the power of His Spirit.

THE POWER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT FOR WITNESSING.

"And we are witnesses of these things; and so is the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey Him."

—Acts v. 32.

Here we have the gift of the Holy Spirit, and the work of the Holy Spirit in witnessing. The Apostles witnessed to the things they had seen and heard. The great need we all have is to be indued with the power of the Holy Ghost for service. We need to have a definite, conscious filling granted us in the obedience of faith, that we may unite with Him in witnessing to the things we have seen and heard. It was to His followers,—to those men who had trusted and believed Christ and who had more or less confessed Him already, that He said, "Behold I send forth the promise of My Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city until ye be clothed with power from on high" (Luke xxiv. 49). They were conscious of their need, and they waited ten days till the Holy Spirit came and filled them, and a wonderful change was wrought in them.

Has thy life had its Pentecost? Amos iii. 3 (marg.): "Shall two walk together, except they have made an appointment?" God has appointed a place where He meets with us, and fills us with the Holy Spirit. How could these fishermen meet all the learning and philosophy of the Greeks and Romans except by the power of the Holy Spirit? If God has made an appointment with thee at this series of meetings to fill thee with the Holy Spirit, to go down into death and know the self-life to be crucified, the only way the blessing can be known is by obedience. Where then is the sticking point? It must be found, and thou must submit to the Lord in that place before the Holy Spirit can come. In my own life, missionary service was the sticking point; I thought it might mean Fiji or some other place, but no doubt it would have been made a delight if I had had to go there.

It may be some simple thing that keeps you from this induement of the Holy Spirit. I have found again and again with Friends that the difficulty is that their lips are not surrendered; if thou keepest thy "appointment" with the Lord, thy rebellion on this point *must* go. Or it may be worldly ambition that hinders; perhaps you have determined to have an income of £600 or £1,000, and then you will yield yourselves to the Lord, but you must be content to be a poor man if the Lord wills. *I* cannot know your heart, nor what has shunted you off the line of blessing; but you cannot receive the gift of the Holy Spirit until you are obedient; it does not come by struggling.

Confession is the point about which the conflict so often rages. In the days of the early church, the victory was fought out upon the lines of obedience. Peter said, "We have no choice in the matter about speaking, we must obey God rather than men." I don't know what your difficulty is; you may attend these meetings, take copious notes, may pray, but down in your heart you know there is *something* which must go out of your life, and you do not acknowledge it.

We may notice that the Apostles witnessed to special things; it was not about themselves at all, there were very few capital I's in their utterances, and it should be the same with us. What they witnessed to we find in the following verses (Acts v.[1] 30, 31.):— "The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew, hanging Him on a tree. Him did God exalt with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and remission of sins." The Apostles never got far away from the doctrine of redemption; they spoke from under the Shadow of the Cross. It is to be *my* witness of the knowledge of these things together with the witness of the Holy Spirit *to* me concerning them —a double and agreeing witness. If our witness is to affect and bless others, it will be because it is the testimony of the Holy Spirit. Your own heart must feel and know an exalted Jesus witnessing to you *now*, if you are to have any power or effect on others. The experience of five years ago will not have much effect; you can only witness—to the blessing of others—to what you *presently* know.

To what does the Holy Spirit witness in your hearts? Has He granted you repentance, as a Prince? and remission of sins, as a Saviour? Have you known power for service? In the measure of these, as living experiences, you can witness with power to others. How long is it since you had living communion with Christ under a sense of His presence? We want to witness to present experience, and if you are not in a state of present power, your testimony will have little effect. Do you walk with Him in

obedience? There must be no controversy with the Lord in our hearts, but we must obey. Did I hear some one say he did not believe in a definite filling of the Holy Spirit? It only shows his need of it. How often the blessing from these meetings slips away because we do not take the first step of obedience. Are you not longing that God should come? He has made an appointment with you to-night; will you meet Him? We must wait on the Lord to know His Will, but our love ought to bring us where it brought Mary,—to Jesus' Feet; you cannot know what a rest it is till you have given yourself up to Him.

STRIVING TOGETHER FOR THE FAITH OF THE GOSPEL.

"Only let your manner of life be worthy of the Gospel of Christ; that, whether I come and see you or be absent, I may hear of your state, that ye stand fast in one Spirit, with one soul striving for the faith of the Gospel."

—PHIL. i. 27.

The Philippian Church was dear to Paul's heart; it had been born in the throes of persecution, and its conduct and progress ever since had given him great satisfaction, so that there he found less to upbraid than in any other church he wrote to. He reminds them in this verse of their heavenly citizenship,—"Only behave as citizens worthily of the Gospel of Christ" (Philippians i. 27, R.V. margin); and he refers to it again further on,—"Our citizenship is in heaven; from whence also we wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ" (Philippians iii. 20). These are privileges that we need to be reminded of, and the object of these gatherings is that we should understand them, and that the whole of our life should be worthy of the profession and confession that we have made, that we should encourage one another to live more and more worthily of them. It reminds me of Ezra teaching the people, and reading to them out of the book of the law, which they had not heard for so long. "And when he opened it, all the people stood up: and Ezra blessed the Lord, the great God. And all the people answered Amen, Amen, with the lifting up of their hands; and they bowed their heads, and worshipped the Lord with their faces to the ground" (Nehemiah viii. 6). They began again to rear to Jehovah the temple which was the centre of their religious life, and they went home to start a fresh life, and to worship God.

We are here for the same purpose, to be taught of the Lord, to examine the charter of our privileges in Christ, and the responsibilities which rest upon us because of them. The manner of our lives should be worthy of the Gospel, and we want as the result of these meetings above all, not emotions, but that there might come

to us a power that should change our daily living, and cause us to walk worthily as citizens of the heavenly kingdom. Shall we not all open our hearts for God to show us wherein we have failed? and why the whole manner of our life has been unworthy of Him whose name we profess? Do not suppose that the Christian life can be dissociated from the individual life. I ask you to suffer God to examine you. Do not let us suppose that we can be held blameless if we dishononr God in our business; is the money you make clean money, and can you ask a blessing on it? Do you realize that your life must correspond with your profession even in business? Are there habits which are not to the praise of the King? Let us see to our homes, our pleasures, and our servants; we often excuse ourselves from the standard on which we insist in others, and many of us must feel that we have fallen short in this respect. This is our individual action, and we cannot throw the responsibility of it on to our surroundings. Never mind the condition of the meetings you belong to, or the eldership; whatever your circumstances, *you* are called upon to find a grace from God, which shall make the manner of your life worthy. I often grieve over the specious pretences to spirituality one so frequently sees.

There is also united action; we are to "stand fast in one Spirit, with one soul striving for the faith of the Gospel" (Philippians i. 27). Sometimes this is too little known in our meetings, and amongst our fellow believers. One thing about these gatherings is that we are of one accord, in one place, of one mind. The Holy Spirit guides us into all truth, and such meetings as these bring us into a oneness of spirit; I suppose under the broad truth of the Gospel there is room for different views of it, but never for views that will deny it. Oneness of faith in the one spirit leads to oneness of action, and makes us march in solid phalanx against the enemy; the nearer we live to God the greater this oneness of spirit and action will be. Our basal text might read, "Striving *with* the faith of the Gospel" (Philippians i. 27); and we are to be "workers together with Him"; "striving *with*" gives no forlorn hope, no other opposing powers are equal to His. The man whose faith linked him to Christ, and who knows Him as his Saviour, understands amid the changes of the present day how God is letting us see that which is wrong overthrown, and the moveable things removed and shaken, that the certain and stable ones may remain. We are called to this fight in the name of the victorious Christ. We cannot be indifferent to the Gospel, and I trust that one result of these gatherings will be that in our own particular meetings we shall make a stand for Jesus, and in His strength bring a stronger and a truly evangelical life into the Society.

1 Corinthians xv. 1, 4: "Now I make known unto you, brethren, the Gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye received, wherein also ye stand, by which also ye are saved; I make known, I say, in what words I preached it unto you, if ye hold it fast, except ye believed in vain. For I delivered unto you first of all that which also I received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that He was buried; and that He hath been raised on the third day according to the Scriptures."

It is a Gospel

(1) Wherein we stand,
(2) By which we are saved,
(3) According to the Scriptures.

These three marks go always with the true Gospel. The fundamental truth is "that Christ died for *our* sins"; is it in the forefront with you? Is it put forward in your meetings as the foundation truth, or only spoken of with bated breath? Christ Himself and His disciples appeal to the Old Testament, and most of all with reference to the fact that Christ died for our sins. Luke xxiv. 25, 27: "And He said unto them, O foolish men, and slow of heart to believe in all that the prophets have spoken! Behoved it not the Christ to suffer these things, and to enter into His glory? And beginning from Moses and from all the prophets, He interpreted to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself." This truth is what we build upon in these meetings:—

"Our hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness."

The second great content of this Gospel which Paul preached, was that Christ rose from the dead. These two truths go together:—death and burial, and the resurrection; the Apostles and believers are witnesses of these things. The way the phrases of the Apostles are now-a-days emptied of their truth, and their witness often set aside, is much to be deplored.

Now, are *you* building upon the right foundation? Have you seen Christ dying for *you*? If you do not rest on that, that is why your life has not been worthy; we need to return to these fundamental truths, for without them our life must have been feeble and our hearts faint. Let us seek to know more and more what it is to strive together "with the faith of the Gospel," that it may underlie everything.

THE SILENCES OF THE SOUL.

"Incline your ear, and come unto Me; hear and your soul shall live: and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David."

—ISAIAH lv. 3.

One great difficulty in God's dealing with us has been His inability to secure a hearing from man; He is always seeking to get us into that place where we shall hear. It is to help us in this that we have come together, that we may have easier access to the Lord. We have readily owned the claim of other things, and so perhaps have not had time to hear and wait on the Lord, and we have not known the fulness of life in Christ. We want above everything in these days to hear Him. 1 Kings iii. 9: "Give thy servant therefore an understanding (*hearing*, margin) heart to judge Thy people, that I may discern between good and evil; for who is able to judge this Thy great people?" A "hearing heart" listens to the voice of the Lord, and hears His commands; it is a heart that seeks above all to place itself in this attitude. The first condition of really listening is to be absorbed in what we are hearing; the physical attitude expresses eagerness to hear and all attention as of a man on tiptoe, with his hand to his ear, and straining every nerve lest he should miss the slightest word. It should be the same in our spiritual life.

John v. 24: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth Him that sent Me, hath eternal life, and cometh not into judgment, but hath passed out of death into life." "Verily, verily," means "give extra attention." This is the word of life to the soul that is in the sleep of sin. "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall shine upon thee" (Ephesians v. 14). Listen! hear! persuade a man to give you his mind and he may be convinced; when he does this to God, he is not far from stepping over the line from death into life. I trust that all here have passed that line. When did you last hear His voice? The first silence of the soul is

(1) *The Silence of Condemnation.*

Romans iii. 19: "Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it speaketh to them that are under the law; that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may be brought under the judgment of God." In the presence of God's judgment, and the sight of his own sin, man sees that he is guilty, and that he cannot right himself; the law tells him that "the soul that sinneth it shall die" (Ezekiel xviii. 4). His mouth is stopped; excuses, denials and doubts are at an end, and as a result of the Divine work of grace he sees himself a lost sinner in the sight of God. This conviction forces itself upon the strongest; I have known those who would have resisted it if possible, but it forced itself on them, and when they had no more excuses or self-justification to offer, in the silence of the soul they heard the Word of the Lord. It was so in the case of Job (Job xl. 3, 5): "Then Job answered the Lord, and said, Behold I am of small account, what shall I answer Thee? I lay mine hand upon my mouth. Once have I spoken and I will not answer; yea twice, but I will proceed no further." Job had come into the right position, he had no more to say, no further controversy to urge; his mouth was stopped, and in this silence God spoke to him. What will a man in this position hear? He will hear the sweetest word of Jesus to a sinful soul, "Thy sins be forgiven thee, go and sin no more." Have we known this first silence of the soul? Have we heard this voice, and passed out of death into life?

(2) *The Silence of Obedience.*

1 Samuel iii. 8, 10: "And the Lord called Samuel again the third time. And he arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou calledst me. And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child. Therefore Eli said unto Samuel, Go, lie down: and it shall be, if He call thee, that thou shalt say, 'Speak, Lord: for Thy servant heareth.' So Samuel went and lay down in his place. And the Lord came and stood, and called as at other times, 'Samuel, Samuel.' Then Samuel said, 'Speak; for Thy servant heareth.'" We can never know a higher attitude than this; the prophet never lost it, and we need to know it in order to a life of obedience and fulness of service. Samuel's was about the most beautiful and blameless life we know of, and I think it may be traced back to the place he thus took. Elijah is another example of the silence of obedience; he was alone, and God began to deal with him. 1 Kings xix. 12, 13: "And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice. (*A sound of gentle stillness*, marg.) And it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in

his mantle, and went out, and stood in the entering in of the cave. And, behold, their came a voice unto him, and said, 'What doest thou here, Elijah?'" When he covered his face, and stood silent before the Lord, he began to question him, and give him His commands; you know the result. We need to know this position of obedience day by day.

(3) *The Silence of Chastening.*

Psalm xxxix. 2, 9: "I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, even from good; and my sorrow was stirred." . . . "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because Thou didst it." It is something so to see His hand, that when His judgments are upon us we do not reply against the Lord, even about things that seem most to try us. I do not know what sorrows you may have had, but we have all known something of trial, and have been, or should have been able to say, "I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it." Disappointment, bereavement, loss in some way or other there may be, yet it is all for the best. Let us turn for a moment to Eli and see his resignation.

1 Samuel iii. 15, 18: "And Samuel feared to show Eli the vision. Then Eli called Samuel, and said, 'Samuel, my son.' And he said, 'Here am I.' And he said, 'What is the thing that the Lord hath spoken unto thee? I pray thee hide it not from me: God do so to thee, and more also, if thou hide anything from me of all the things that He spake unto thee." And Samuel told him every whit, and hid nothing from him. And he said, 'It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good.'" We notice the same spirit also in Job when he said (Job i. 21): "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." We must remember (Hebrews xii. 6, 7, 10) that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. It is for chastening that ye endure; God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is there whom his father chasteneth not? . . For they verily for a few days chastened us as seemed good to them; but He for our profit, that we may be partakers of His holiness." The Lord is perfecting us through chastening, and in it all there is a constant work of bringing us into His likeness. Remember that God's "afterward" will be enjoyed much more for the previous chastening. (Hebrews xii. 11): "All chastening seemeth for the present to be not joyous, but grievous: yet afterward it yieldeth peaceable fruit unto them that have been exercised thereby, even the fruit of righteousness."

(4) *The Silence of Moulding.*

Psalm xxxvii. 7: "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him." According to Luther this may be rendered, "Be silent

toward the Lord and He will mould thee." (Isaiah xlv. 9): "Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker! A potsherd among the potsherds of the earth! Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What makest Thou? or Thy work, He hath no hands?" (Romans ix. 20, 21): "Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? shall the thing formed say to Him that formed it, Why didst Thou make me thus? or hath not the Potter a right over the clay, from the same lump to make one part a vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?" Let us be content to let Him fashion us into whatever vessel He shall choose, and be ready to do the humblest service for Him. One of those who first wanted to go to China as a missionary—Dr. Milne—was for various reasons refused by the committee; he then asked to be permitted to go merely as a servant to those already there, which he was allowed to do. The man was exalted by the Lord, for he became a Chinese scholar, and eventually was the first missionary to translate the Bible. Have you been finding fault about your meetings, your work, and half a hundred other things? Be silent, and let the Lord mould thee; if thou art in the place where He wants thee to be, He will over-rule all the circumstances for thy good.

(5) *The Silence of Worship and Prayer.*

Habakkuk ii. 20: "But the Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him." I suppose we wait in silence in our meetings for worship, so that the Lord may speak first. We give Him the precedence and the pre-eminence in all things, and wait on Him. "Let all the earth keep silence before Him." This is too little understood by many, but I see more and more the great blessing there is in it for hearts that are determined to worship in spirit and in truth. I hope that in these gatherings we shall not be afraid of silence, giving freedom for prayer, that we may get to know nearness to God individually.

Psalm lxii. 1, 5 (marg.): "My soul is silent unto God; from Him cometh my salvation. . . . My soul be thou silent unto God: for my expectation is from Him." He is our salvation and all the blessings we expect are from Him, therefore let us be silent before Him. There is a silence that follows prayer, when the Holy Spirit works, and we can wait upon the Lord for His gracious answer, just as we do in ordinary conversation, giving time to the other to reply.

Romans viii. 26, 27: "And in like manner the Spirit also helpeth our infirmity: for we know not how to pray as we ought; but the Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered; and He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because He maketh inter-

cession for the Saints according to the will of God." Our hearts are His Temple, and He is the inspirer and offerer of prayer, and we stand aside so that His Spirit may intercede through us. He officiates at the altar of our hearts, for Heaven understands the needs of Earth, and God Himself inspires our prayers, and creates a silence in our hearts, weaning us from creaturely activity, as He makes His will known to us. This is a truth that needs to be emphasised in these days, and I believe the Society of Friends holds the key. I believe our meetings for worship should often know such seasons, when the service of words is over and done, speech is impossible, and we are led into a stillness before the Lord, in which His own words are spoken. I am desirous that we should all be learners in these things; I feel as if we were on the shore of a great sea of truth, and want to put before us the glories that are ours in this life of faith, that we might seek Him with earnestness of purpose, till they become a reality to us, and that, silent before the Lord, we should know the groanings of the Spirit that cannot be uttered. We know hardly anything of this, but are we individually to live always on the verge of blessings and not to have them? Shall we not ask Him to lead us on, no matter what it may cost us?

"Blessed, gentle, loving Jesus,
To the humble, broken heart
In his lonely closet kneeling,
Thou revealest what Thou art."

This is our great need, to have a revelation of the Lord Jesus Christ, till all our heart is taken up with Him, and we become His temples, where His Spirit is the Inspirer and Offerer of prayer.

PARTAKERS.

I hope our hearts may be united in prayer that the Holy Spirit may take of the things before us, and bring them home to our hearts. I want you to consider the word "Partakers," and all that it means as given in the magnificent book of Hebrews. In the first chapter we have shown us the Deity and Divinity of Christ as Son of the Father; and we may notice here how the author never, when speaking of the heights beyond, forgets the redemptive work of our Lord before He entered into His Glory.

In the second chapter we see Him, so to speak, after His exaltation, and thus we are led on to what follows (Hebrews ii. 9, 13): "But we behold Him who hath been made a little lower than the angels, even Jesus, because of the suffering of death crowned with glory and honour, that by the grace of God He should taste death for every man. For it became Him, for whom are all things, and through whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Author of their salvation perfect through sufferings. For both He that sanctifieth and they that are sanctified are all of one: for which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren, saying, 'I will declare Thy name unto my brethren, in the midst of the congregation will I sing Thy praise.' And again, 'I will put my trust in Him.' And again, 'Behold, I and the children which God hath given me.'" Is this glory too great for us? Is it beyond us? Can he not understand us? Listen to the next verses (Hebrews ii. 14, 15): "Since then the children are sharers in flesh and blood, He also Himself in like manner partook of the same; that through death He might bring to naught Him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and might deliver all them who through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage." Then as if to make it doubly sure he adds (Hebrews ii. 16): "For verily not of angels doth He take hold, but He taketh hold of the seed of Abraham." In order that the further things should be known to us in our partaking of Him, it was necessary that Christ should first be *partaker* with us, and become a man with men; He partook of flesh and blood that we should become one with Him, and one with the Father in Him. God gave His Son to be one with us, like as we are, yet without sin, that we might be one with Himself.

Romans xi. 15, 18, 24: "For if the casting away of them is the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead? And if the first fruit is holy, so is the lump:

and if the root is holy, so are the branches. But if some of the branches were broken off, and thou, being a wild olive, wast grafted in among them, and didst become *partaker* with them of the root of the fatness of the olive tree; glory not over the branches: but if thou gloriest, it is not thou that bearest the root, but the root thee. . . . For if thou wast cut out of that which is by nature a wild olive tree, and wast grafted contrary to nature into a good olive tree: how much more shall these, which are the natural branches, be grafted into their own olive tree?" The blessings and life we partake of are in the root, and the fruit we bring forth is the fruit of the root, not of the wild olive. These things are all in the Vine, in Christ, for us; we have none of them outside of Him, we partake of His nature, and the fruit is from Him, because if the root is holy, so are the branches. Wonderful is the love that brought Him near to us, and that led Him through the agony of the Garden, to the sacrifice on the Cross for us. He partook of the same nature that we might partake with Him of all there is in the Father for us, and that our hearts should bring honest homage and sincere praise to Him.

2 Peter i. 2, 4: "Grace to you and peace be multiplied in the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord; seeing that His Divine power hath granted unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of Him that called us by His own glory and virtue; whereby He hath granted unto us His precious and exceeding great promises; that through these ye may become *partakers* of the Divine nature, having escaped from the corruption that is in the world by lust." We, believing the great promises God has given to us though His Son, escape the corruption of the world, and become partakers of the Divine nature.

Hebrews iii. 1-6: "Wherefore, holy brethren, *partakers* of a heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our confession, even Jesus; who was faithful to Him that appointed Him, as also was Moses in all his house. For He hath been counted worthy of more glory than Moses, by so much as he that built the house hath more honour than the house. For every house is builded by some one; but He that built all things is God. And Moses indeed was faithful in all his house as a servant, for a testimony of those things which were afterward to be spoken; but Christ as a Son, over His house; whose house are we, if we hold fast our boldness and the glorying of our hope firm unto the end." The Lord Jesus is magnified above Moses and above Melchizedek.

Hebrews viii. 6: "But now hath He obtained a ministry the more excellent, by how much also He is the Mediator of a better covenant, which hath been enacted upon better promises."

We are called upon to consider this High Priest, in whom we have a better covenant, founded on better promises, a better Mediator, and better things to come. The whole book rings with the praise of Jesus Christ; are *your* hearts filled with enthusiasm for Him? Have you considered Him both in His humiliation and in His glory? There are some people who only desire to share the latter, and are not ready to bear His cross.

The word "*partakers*" is sometimes translated "communion," and generally signifies "having in common," "holding together." It means a joint partnership—fellowship with Christ—a partnership in which He furnishes all the capital and I get all the profits. It is from beginning to end all through Christ, and never a note of self praise. Hebrews iii. 14: "We are become *partakers* of Christ if we hold fast the beginning of our confidence firm unto the end." Hebrews vi. 4-6: "For as touching those who were once enlightened and tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made *partakers* of the Holy Ghost, and tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the age to come, and then fell away, it is impossible to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame." These verses show us that we are intended to be:—

"Partakers of the heavenly calling,"
"Partakers of Christ,"
"Partakers of the Holy Ghost."

It is nothing less than these we must know if we are to serve Christ in newness of life; we are taken by the Holy Spirit into an organic union with Him, till He looks on us as identified with Himself. We are to be members one with the Head, *partaking* with Him in all that He does and is, and realising what it is to say (Romans xv. 3), "The reproaches of them that reproached Thee fell upon me." When we think of what these things lead us to, we find that as yet we have only touched the fringe of God's blessing; are these possibilities felt by us? Do our hearts thrill at the thought of this identity, and of being linked with Christ in a oneness of calling? You will then know what it is to rejoice with Him, and to travail with Him in sorrow over a church forgetful of her Lord. Life is invested with a new power and dignity when we see it as linked with Him. Do you know it? If not, may there be such a breaking down amongst us before Him that we may enter into the fellowship of the Holy Spirit.

Romans viii. 16, 17: "The Spirit Himself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are children of God: and if children, then heirs: heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ: if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified with Him." In the

case of "joint-heirs" one heir cannot sell part of the inheritance without the agreement of the other. 1 John iv. 17: "As He is, even so are we in this world." His interests, His sorrows, His joys are ours. You who are labouring in the foreign mission field, is your work only civilising and educational? Such efforts are parts of the work, but those who know the true call are taken into the travail of Christ's Soul over those who are lost, that they may take them the message of peace.

Hebrews xii. 6, 11: "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. It is for chastening that ye endure; God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is there whom his Father chasteneth not? But if ye are without chastening, whereof all have been made partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons. Furthermore, we had the fathers of our flesh to chasten us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of Spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us as seemed good to them; but He for our profit, that we may be *partakers* of His holiness. All chastening seemeth for the present to be not joyous, but grievous: yet afterward it yieldeth peaceable fruit unto them that have been exercised thereby, even the fruit of righteousness." This shows us the discipline that may be ours, and gives a word of encouragement to those who do not understand the way in which God has led them. Have you been disposed to quarrel with the disciplining hand of God? Psalm xciv. 12: "Blessed is the man whom Thou chasteneth, O Lord, and teachest out of Thy law." Deuteronomy viii. 5: "And thou shalt consider in thine heart, that, as a man chasteneth his son, so the Lord thy God chasteneth thee." The reason for this discipline is pointed out by Paul in the following verses (1 Corinthians xi. 31, 32): "If we discerned ourselves, we should not be judged. But when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we may not be condemned with the world." How often sorrows and trials have been God's messengers to us! I once visited a poor woman who for years past had been suffering from a very painful disease; she had long rebelled against the afflicting hand of the Lord, but now she told me that she felt she had needed all the chastening He had sent her, and could not ask Him in any way to lessen it. The Lord's purpose is a purpose of love, and in this I think there is a fellowship with Him. We cannot share in His unique redemptive work, for "the chastisement of our peace was upon Him" (Isaiah liii. 5), but He takes us into His counsel for redeeming others. Hebrews xii. 12: "Wherefore lift up the hands that hang down, and the palsied knees."

You cannot go on faster than He wills you to; there are no lessons to be missed over in the School of Christ. God keeps us under His hand directly, and He prunes, trains, and works in us that holy character which leads to fullest service. There must be a being before doing, experience before effective preaching; we must know these things ourselves before we can help others to do them. Shallow work results from doing before being; and failure very often springs from our having undertaken that to which we were not called. We may have engaged in service before we were prepared for it. Isaiah said (Isaiah vi. 8): "Here am I; send me," but he could not have done his work before he had seen the vision of the Lord, and had had his lips touched with the "live coal" from off the altar. I know something of mission fields, and I think nothing could be more sad than for a man to be there surrounded by the darkness of heathenism, and feel that he had lost his connection with God, and that a lower motive had brought him there. Luke xxiv. 49: "We must tarry at Jerusalem till we are indued with power from on high" before we go forth. When we are ready and given up to Christ, we shall probably hear the call. If the root is holy, so are the branches; when we know His Resurrection Life, then we are ready for service. It needs no more consecration to go abroad than to do God's will in England. God wants to give us the meekness and gentleness of Christ, till He lives His life through His servants, and they are "*partakers* of His holiness." Shall we not yield ourselves as those that are "alive unto God" (Romans vi. 11), and reckon ourselves as "dead unto sin"? Then we shall find how God can enable us to be living for Him in the midst of this present evil world. You may remember these lines from "The Coming of Arthur," about the "Knights of the Round Table":—

> "But when he spake and cheer'd his
> Table Round
> With large, divine, and comfortable words,
> Beyond my tongue to tell thee—I beheld
> From eye to eye thro' all their Order flash
> A momentary likeness of the King."

But in *us*, by the grace of God, there must not be a momentary likeness, but an unchanging, constant fulness of power, victory, and likeness to Christ, and men shall "take knowledge of us, that we have been with Jesus." You may consecrate yourselves to some form of service, and not to God. Perhaps we have never been more troubled and perplexed than now, at these meetings; but let the result of them be that He has taken us down into death, and is teaching us that His purpose in all is that we might be *partakers* of His holiness.

WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?

I want us to-day to consider the question asked in James iv.14: "What is your life?" This epistle is an eminently practical one and bears very much on these times. The Apostle rebukes a fancied security. James iv. 13, 14: "Go to now, ye that say, to-day or to-morrow we will go into this city, and spend a year there, and trade, and get gain: whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow." Then comes the question, "What is your life?" and the answer, "Ye are a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." James was not a pessimist, but we shall gain nothing by hiding the facts around us. It is right for us to ask ourselves "What is the value and purpose of my life, and what is my responsibility in view of the cross of Christ?" Luke xii. 21: A man that "layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God," is poor indeed. We learn the same lesson from the history of Job; he was an important man in his day, what we might call the magistrate of the countryside. Job xxix. 18: "I shall die in my nest, and I shall multiply my days as the sand." Then God sent him disaster till all was taken from him; he had feathered his nest carefully, but God breathed disaster upon it. Yet it resulted in much blessing, as we are told by James. James v. 10, 11: "Take, brethren, for an example of suffering and of patience, the prophets who spake in the name of the Lord. Behold, we call them blessed which endured; ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord, how that the Lord is full of pity and merciful."

I wonder what your view of life is. If you would tell me, I could tell what your views of life and experience have been. Has it been that of the materialist? We find this illustrated in the case of the rich fool who built greater barns for his corn, and said, (Luke xii. 19), "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, be merry." This is a gross, base standpoint from which to regard life. Then there is the view of the sentimentalist—the man who curtains life with melancholy, is fond of tombs and graves, prays for dying grace, and lives in such fear of death that all his life he is subject to bondage; such a life is very unsatisfactory and repellent.

Then there is the truly Christian standpoint, which estimates human life rightly, viewing it in its relation with that which is to come—a life summed up in Philippians i. 21: "To live is Christ, and to die is gain." What is life to you? Business, aggrandisement, pleasure? There is a touch of sarcasm in Christ's words, "They have their reward." You mothers and wives, what is it you live for? Society? The fears of Mrs. Grundy? Or do you break through the lath and plaster of fashionable life? If you are seeking your greatest enjoyment in these things you will find they are even as a vapour passing away. Life is brief. Psalm xxxix. 4, 5: "Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; let me know how frail I am. Behold, Thou hast made my days as handbreadths; and mine age is as nothing before Thee: surely every man at his best estate is altogether vanity." Scarcely anyone *does* wish to know how frail he is. Psalm xc. 10, 12: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten, or even by reason of strength fourscore years; yet is their pride but labour and sorrow, for it is soon gone and we fly away. . . . So teach us to number our days, that we may get us an heart of wisdom." Will you offer that prayer to-night? The average life of a generation is thirty-three years, and it was not by chance I think, that this was the length of our Lord's life, rounded out in its consummation. Taking this average of thirty-three years, De Quincey says there are only eleven and a half working years, that is subtracting a certain part for illness and rest, and reckoning only the times when we are rightly at work. Queen Elizabeth said in her last dying agony, "Millions of money for a moment of time"! If any are not impressed with the shortness of life they should stand under Calvary; all the figures speaking of its brevity in the Bible show its importance. Doctor Webster the lexicographer, said that the greatest and most wonderful thought that could enter the mind of man was that of man's personal responsibility to a personal God. The responsibilities of life are so great! I wonder how they can be borne apart from Christ.

You say life seems such a weak thing, a mist, a wraith! You think it is not worth while trying to do anything. Vapour, you say, is nothing; why, compressed vapour is the greatest motive power in the industrial world, for it is under pressure that steam exerts its force. Your life is a vapour; you may need to have God's love to narrow your life in order that there may be force in it. At this day we often hear of "beautifully broad" people. Beautiful! But the most beautiful and forcible lives I know are those which have but one power and are compressed within the limits of God's will. How frivolous some of us are, are we not? Conversation

shows where our hearts are; why, you talk half the morning about the last bazaar, think of it! If you let the Lord compress and make use of your life it will be very different.

Job ix. 25, 26: "Now my days are swifter than a post; they flee away, they see no good. They are passed away as the swift ships: as the eagle that swoopeth on the prey." This is the thought of the post in olden times, with careful distances planned, and relays of horses. The king's messengers might not be delayed by any man; if God says your life may be like a post, see that nothing delay you. The King's message must be despatched at once, for we have not long to do the work in. We are apt to let small things hinder us more than large—

> "For want of a nail the shoe was lost,
> For want of a shoe the horse was lost,
> For want of a horse the rider was lost,
> For want of a rider the kingdom was lost,
> And all for the want of a nail."

A little thing such as the handing of a tract or the shake of a hand may do some one so much good. A simple "good night" once held a man back from committing suicide, and was the means of winning him back to life and to Christ also. Let your days be given to Him for whatever He may appoint.

Psalm cii. 11: "My days are like a shadow that declineth; and I am withered like grass." It may be that the shadows are lengthening in your lives, though you are not yet even thirty-three, and you should think of the evening that is coming on. It takes two things to make a shadow, the substance and the sun. Don't fear the shadows, if there has been some cloud, wait for the Sun of Righteousness to dispel it. Job vii. 6: "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope." God has a pattern for every life; the loom, pattern, and warp, are all the Lord's make. He has a fair, sweet design for every soul, but sin mars and defeats it. It is the purpose of Jesus to put away sin, so that we may rightly fill out our lives; it is a splendid thing to live out our life in the purpose of God. I was visiting a cottage in Ireland where weaving was going on, and watched how every thread fell into its right place, even to the last one making the point of an arum lily. I thought how there was One who would fill out our pattern if we would allow it; there is a life in the will of God that depends only on submission to His will. Measure your life by what you do for Him, and see that the shuttle as it goes back and forth fills out His pattern. Isaiah xxxviii, 12: "Mine age is removed, and is carried away from me as a shepherd's tent; I have rolled up like a weaver my life; He will cut

me off from the loom: from day even to night will Thou make an end of me." Your life is rolled up and cut off because your work is finished; you don't die too soon if you live in the will of God. Is your work finished? O may God open out to us what it means to live, and may we learn to love those things which belong to the kingdom of God. We should want, when dying, to be able to say (2 Timothy iv. 7), "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith." Oh, beloved, shall we not here and now bow before God, yield ourselves anew to Him, and find His grace to be sufficient for all that we need.

AND YE WOULD NOT.

—MATTHEW xxiii. 37.

Christ's love rejected, and the consequences.

This chapter opens with the most solemn denunciation of the hypocrisy, iniquity, and excesses of the Pharisees and closes with an outburst of sorrow. Our Lord cannot speak long in condemnation without breaking down in grief because He is compelled to condemn.

This is not a new tone in the voice of Jesus Christ. We listened on the mountain side when His speech distilled as the dew, we have heard it grow tender in sympathy for the suffering, lifted in authority when the money changers were driven from the Temple, imperious in tone when the devils were cast out, low in prayer as He taught His disciples to say—"Our Father," and we have listened in awe as His heart broke and His accents trembled with sorrow and gathered into themselves an expression of great grief because His Love and His Salvation were rejected.

It is this tone we have, when near the conclusion of one of His addresses He said of the Jews, "And ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life"; and again, when he was coming up to Jerusalem for the last time, He, her King, seated on the foal of an ass, and as the cortege rounded the shoulder of the Mount of Olives, Jerusalem with her mountains round about her, the sun flashing from the gilded pinnacles of the temple—Jerusalem, the city of God's manifested presence, the city of ten thousand memories—Jerusalem, the joy of the whole earth—lay before them in all her beauty and glory on that Palm Sunday centuries ago.

What memories stirred the heart of Jesus Christ. The procession stopped, a hush fell on the throng, and the Man on the foal bowed His head and wept aloud, the great tears fall from His eyes—tears of rejected love. He sees what is hid from them, He sees the Roman eagles surrounding her, He sees her in ruins, her people slain or sold into bondage; He knows she is choosing her own ruin and cries out, "If thou hadst known at least in this thy day the things that belong to thy peace,"—then the utterance is choked, the sentence is never finished, and He concludes, "but now they are hid from thine eyes." Yes, this is the tone in this outburst of grief, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the

prophets, etc." He confesses His failure, while He weeps over it, proclaims His own willingness to save, acknowledges the sovereignty of man's will and prophesies the desolation such a refusal brings.

There is the confession of failure—our Lord never concealed it. There were cities and men that He was unable to win. He tells it with tears, His Voice is heard in lamentation over it, and yet He had nothing in it all with which to reproach Himself. It was their hard-heartedness, their blindness, their obdurateness He bemoaned.

Here is comfort for us. We have wept and prayed over someone we love, a mother over her boy, a sister for her brother, and we wonder that our love is resisted, and our prayers unanswered and we have to say—"And ye would not." But may not the secret of failure lie in ourselves? Do they see the consistency in profession and life that should stamp the Christian? Do we hold in an even balance our duty and our doing? Have we not perhaps encouraged them by our prayers and discouraged them by our practices? Have we wished for their salvation yet impeded it by our unwisdom? O parent or friend, let us see to it that the reason of failure does not lie in ourselves! But if we can honestly say, "I have prayed from a pure heart fervently, I have endeavoured to so order my life that I might be a living Epistle"—yet the heart is obdurate, and the will still rebellious, then, we can only weep over them, and remember that even Christ had to say of Jerusalem, "Ye would not."

Let us learn also that all unwillingness and unreadiness to be saved is on the part of man. We pray sometimes as if we thought that God must be implored and besought and entreated to come to us and save and bless. What an utter misconception of His love! No, "He waits to be gracious," He grieves over our unwillingness,—"How often would I, but ye would not." He still says to every wandering soul "How can I give thee up Ephraim?" and in that "How" there is a world of tenderness and entreaty. He asks "What can I do for my vineyard more than I have done?" There infinite love can find no answer; our lips may well be silent; our condemnation is all of ourselves. He is always willing; while we are yet a long way off He comes to meet us; the first indication of turning homeward thrills Heaven with gladness. What more can He do? He uses all the compulsion of love, all the constraints of His Spirit, the care of His Providence, the influence of home, and prayer, and godly example, all the omnipotence of love is brought to bear upon us in Christ crucified, risen, interceding. What more could He do and respect our free agency? Nothing, and if men are not saved, the reason is—"they would not."

And here our Lord fully recognises the power of our will. We are not the subjects of blind necessity or inevitable fate, but possess the tremendous power of choice, the power that can resist God and defy Heaven, which at the same time renders us amenable to law, and puts upon us the responsibility of choice with its infinite consequences of bane or blessing. God has made man sovereign in his own will, this is a domain He never takes by force. He puts before us noble objects, He offers every inducement, but He never forces. Each one feels that he can say—"Yes or No," that "I can" is his dower by nature and that not to feel so would be paralysing to every effort to attain excellence. Allow me to quote from an American poet who here spoke truly:—

"So nigh is glory to our dust
So near is God to man
When duty whispers low 'Thou must'—
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

Let us be under no error regarding the freedom of our moral choice. God could not hold us responsible for the doing of things He knows impossible for us to do. Nor does He ever ask such things of us. Being able to obey His commands, He holds us guilty for not doing so. His charge against Jerusalem was not "Ye could not"—then would His tears have been meaningless, and His grief needless, but His charge is—"Ye would not" and in these words our condemnation is once and for ever laid on our own heads.

Yet men say, "I cannot become a Christian"; more truthfully might they say, "I will not." Christ came preaching the kingdom and saying "Repent ye and believe the Gospel." Now plainly we can repent and believe, or He asks impossible things of us and becomes an unreasonable tyrant rather than a loving Saviour. But one says, "I cannot feel sorry for my sins." God does not command this, but He says—"Repent of them" and this we can do. In this we shall be graciously assisted "for Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and Saviour to grant repentance." So unbelieving men say, "I cannot believe"—more truthfully might they say, "I will not believe." Yet they say not so in their business. We continually exercise faith in men, why not in God? "Ye would not" is Christ's reason. But the will-power may become weakened by mis-use or dis-use. There may come a time when we cannot choose. The brook near its source could be stopped by a child with clay but leagues onward it has broadened, it cannot be crossed now, with irresistible flow it rushes towards the sea. Yet there is no case too desperate for God's power, none need

despair. "To as many as received Him, to them gave He *power* to become the sons of God."

The *refusal* is the same whether it is *active* or *passive*. This refusal of Jerusalem was famous in its opposition ("Thou that stonest the prophets," etc.); that of the Gergesenes was passive and polite. Jerusalem cried "Away with Him!" the Gergesenes quietly asked Him to depart. But Christ left both. The same end was reached by different means. Jerusalem was no more really left by Christ than the land that besought Him to depart out of her coasts.

So there are men violent in their opposition, who in public places blaspheme the name of our Lord, and by so doing demonstrate their own insensate condition, and on the other hand, there are men in our churches who are not outspoken in their opposition to Christ, who are never violent, who are respectful and polite, but who say, "Please to depart out of our coasts," who would make themselves believe that because their opposition is not of the violent order it is therefore excusable. Not so, the same end is attained. One does by violence what the other does by indifference. You have no need to denounce Christ, no need to crucify Him afresh; just politely invite Him to depart out of your coasts—intellectual, moral, practical, that is all, and sadly He takes boat and departs, and Jerusalem and Gergesenes are left desolate. "Ye would not" condemns both.

This was the *last* opportunity. After such a denunciation, the rupture would be final. He left the Temple for the last time. He never again taught in her courts, and with His departure went the hope of the nation; the shrine will be deserted; the desolation will surely come, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem," etc. A last call comes to every soul. It may be yours this spring morning. Will you, can you, dare you again reject His love? Does He turn from you in sorrow? Does He weep over your rejection, and fill the air with His mournful words, "Ye would not"? O soul that rejectest Him, thy house shall be left unto thee desolate.

Desolation is the result of rejection. How sternly, fearfully, overwhelmingly, was this prophecy fulfilled within fifty years after it was uttered. One shudders as he reads from Josephus of the calamities that befel that fair city. "A voice from the East, a voice from the West," cried the maniac in the streets of the city, "a voice from the four winds, a voice against Jerusalem, a voice against the temple. Woe, woe unto the city!" There were portents in the sky; a star, shaped like a sword, hung over the city, a mysterious light above the brightness of the sun surrounded the holy hill in the night time, armies were seen surrounding cities and retreating and charging in the clouds. The ponderous brass

gates of the temple were found open of themselves, and as the priests entered to minister a quaking was felt, and a sound as of a throng leaving the sacred precinct, while a voice cried, "Let us depart hence." Famine, gaunt and hollow-eyed, stalked through the streets, mothers in their extremity ate the flesh of their babes, rapine and murder were everywhere—miseries untold, the walls broken down, the priests slain at the altars; and at last the temple was set on fire, the flames feeding on costliest wood overlaid with gold, or partially quenched by the rivers of blood that washed the dead bodies down the steps of the Temple; the moans of the dying, mingled with the prayers for mercy and the shouts of the Roman soldiery; 600,000 dead bodies were carried out—1,100,000 were killed in the siege, and thousands sold into captivity; it has no parallel in history, and one turns from the record sick and faint to find relief in tears. So great was the desolation that the historian tells us a Jew returning to the city would ask, "What place is this?" Desolate! Desolate! O soul that rejectest Christ's salvation, there will be something analogous to this in thy life. The enemy will encamp against thee, thy walls shall be broken down, thy temple defiled and destroyed, a voice shall sound in thy soul, "Let us depart hence," the fire of sin shall pass over thee—thou shalt be left desolate.

The painfullest pang in that desolation, the memory that will follow to condemn thee will be of that voice that said, "Ye would not." Your misery is self inflicted, your desolation is self induced. This is the most appalling desolation, spiritual suicide, moral death, God's Spirit resisted till the capacity for salvation is destroyed.

"All else is gone—from those great eyes
The soul has fled
When faith is lost, when honour dies
The man is dead."

Desolate!

Oh Man of the broken heart who wept over this city, history confirms Thy words, the ages bear their testimony to Thy foreknowledge; invite us once more, spare us a little longer, it may be our hearts will yield, it may be that we will suffer Thee to gather us under Thy wings, our heart's refuge, the nestling place of our spirits, the home of our souls. Here will we abide till these calamities be overpast. Some of us have found a place where we may build our nests, even Thy Altars. O Lord of Hosts, our King and our God, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee."

EXTRACTS FROM WRITINGS.

SILENCE AND—SELFISHNESS.*

A Spring morning! What delightful memories the words suggest. Warm skies, soft winds, fresh life all around; new hopes born of nature's awakening, and thought of better things, for

> "Forth in the pleasing Spring
> Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love."

A Sabbath morning also! The little town in its encircling hills knows it, and sleeps the weariness of the week away. The tall chimneys in one part of it give hardly any sign of fire below them; the blue reeks from home hearths rise later and slower than on other mornings, as if in keeping with the day. The sun is climbing higher, and more signs of life are seen, windows are thrown open to the warm air, and little children run in the sunshine through the gardens. The sun is higher. The clock in the square church tower chimes the hour of ten. Respectable people are taking their way to their respective places of worship. At the upper end of the town, near the fields on the hillside, is a small Friends' Meeting House, standing in its own high brick walls, with regular rows of grassy graves around it, on which snowdrops and crocuses bloom, and over which beeches wave their branches, throwing a network of shadow on

> "The low green tents
> Whose curtains never outward swing."

Enter the simple house. All is plain, but not mean, in appearance, within restful and calm, like those who take their places on the cushioned seats, and enter into the solemn act of worship. Within and without all is peace. The walls shut out all sights and sounds. "Silence, eldest of created things," reigns unbroken, save by a thrush's note without and an occasional sigh within, which rather intensifies than unsettles it. Sweet hour of meditation! Holy

* The great value which the writer himself set on the special manner of Friends' worship, proves that this article is written with no desire to undervalue silent worship, but, by drawing a strong contrast, to warn against religious selfishness.

time of prayer! How far away from this ideal season seem all coarser forms of sin and suffering. How the Divine peace broods over the worshippers. Yes, surely this is worship. "The sweetness, the reasonableness, the reality of it!" "Half-an-hour's enjoyment of eloquent silence," then a brief address, a tender prayer, silence, and as by a common impulse the meeting rises. Handshakings, kindly enquiries about one another, and all disperse.

Evening comes, and if possible in deeper peace, the little Meeting House witnesses much the same scene, save that the company is smaller, and the vocal utterance less.

But this is on the hillside and at one end of the town. At the other, near the factory chimneys, where the polluted stream, "foul and dank," runs sluggishly through the valley, are long rows of comfortless brick cottages, grimy and evil-looking. Dirty children play in the streets, singing ribald songs; women, untidy like their houses, sit on doorsteps or gather in knots to hear and retail scandal; coarse men stagger down the streets, short clay pipe in mouth, to homes that fear their coming. The wail of sick babes is heard now and again, while unlovely and unloving old age, hating the present and fearing the future, mumbles its complaints to unheeding ears. The Sabbath of the one end of the town is not the Sabbath of the other. Night brings only more noise and more sin, which it kindly covers.

And these in the same small town! What to these men and women is that little place of worship on the hill-side? What welcome or help there? May they not think, though they do not know the words to say them, "No man cares for my soul"? And to the worshippers in that silence—what is the need of these people "festering in their sin" to them? Are they not saying, practically, "Am I my brother's keeper"? When they are clean and respectable, when they can enter into a worship that makes the heaviest demands on spiritual resources—in a word—when they have climbed our heights, and need no help, we embarrass them with offers of it. Silent worship, degenerated into the worship of silence!

"Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these least, ye did it not unto Me."

"The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the Maker of them all."

Silence and—selfishness.

CHRISTMAS, 1892.

We welcome again this happy season, which will so soon be with us. Not too many are the relaxations of our busy life, and when one comes, associated with the greatest event in history, with our highest hopes and deepest desires, with peace upon earth and goodwill to men, with home gatherings and renewed fellowships, we ought to hail it and enter into its amenities with ardour and rejoicing.

The Puritan objections to its observance have passed away or have modified the observance to something more spiritual and more in accord with its meaning. He who has entered into this apprehension feels a fitness in making it a season of gift-giving and charity, for in his eyes these are but the fruit of that first Epiphany, and are transfigured by its light and suffused with its spirit. To him it is not a question of a certain time, but of a fact that hallows that time and all time, not of its observance but of its spirit, and Christmas joy in his heart finds expression in his life.

To our childhood, all its throbs of expectation and thrills of delight, its rosy dreams, its merry gatherings, had some connection with the birth of the Babe in the manger and with a vision of angels, and "glad tidings of great joy."

To the younger man the season gained much in its meaning. The life of the Babe kept company with his own. The Lord was once as old as he was on his last birthday. He knew the awakening of new thoughts and desires. He looked upon life and gave it to the mastery of God's Will; and every Christmas, as the youth ponders over that birth and the life it made possible, he longs also to "increase in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man."

The man in middle life has bowed before the mystery of the Incarnation, and entered somewhat into its meaning. God has manifested Himself in Christ; He has assumed humanity and united it to Himself. In the man's heart the Babe has been born —Christ in Him—and every Christmas, though "by thronging duties pressed," he pauses and remembers, becomes a child again, hears again the old story—the glory has not gone from earth— "Immanuel," God with us, God in us, God in humanity, God immanent in creation—and with new courage he takes up the old service, to find it a ministry in His name.

And serene old age has not outgrown Christmas joys. Life's long experiences, that have written the wrinkles in his face, have brought him also a fuller trust in the revelation of God in Christ. The paradise his youth despaired of, the things he then only dared to dream of, are now the assured prospect of his faith, and death itself is welcomed as the opening of a door into the true life beyond.

Perhaps more than any other this season appeals to all ages and classes, and this because the fact it commemorates holds the deepest and most fundamental truth, and is most far-reaching in its purposes and effects. For to all men, not only to the rich and ruling, but to the homeless that shiver in the keen air, to those that sit by hearths unlighted, to all the thousands that are pinched by want and stricken by sin, Christmas has a message. In the Incarnation we have the crown and consummation of a spiritual process in the history of man, the pledge and prophecy that his lost dominion shall be restored, that God and man are not alien the one to the other, but their constitutional kinship made the Incarnation possible, and completed and perfected in the death on the Cross, it becomes the ground of our redemption and the secret of its power. In this truth lie involved all the issues of our faith. In its light we must read all our tenets and opinions. At this season we must the more earnestly pray to enter into the meaning and behold the splendour of that word of John, "The Word was made flesh."

What honour has He put upon man! He Himself was made one with us to make us one with the Father. On His human side He was descended from all sorts and conditions of men that He might save all sorts and conditions of men. If the emphasis of our ministry is laid on the death of our Lord, it must not be at the expense of His life. The Incarnation made the Crucifixion possible. We must not follow the tendency of the Latin theology to separate the last from the first, nor the tendency of the Greek to subordinate all else to its "one dogma of the Incarnation," but must endeavour to see the two parts making up one complete whole—the life perfected in the death for our sins, the death made possible and potent by the purity and divinity of the life.

In these two lies our hope for the future. Christmas is not only a reminder of the past, it is a prophecy of the future. It not only speaks of a union between God and man effected, but of a union to be perfected in all its results to man. It points to righteousness, brotherhood, peace. Its first morn was ushered in by the hymning of angels, and the shining of heavenly light—heard and seen by shepherds only, in the holy fields; its last will herald

the second Epiphany, when all things shall be made new, when the last wrong shall be righted, the last tear dried. Then

> Shall all men's good
> Be each man's rule, and universal peace
> Lie like a shaft of light across the land;

then all men shall be magi, and shall "fall down and worship, and present unto Him gifts—gold, and frankincense, and myrrh"; then shall He be "all and in all."

THE RELIGIOUS AWAKENING
IN
THE UNITED STATES.

The past few months have brought us news of great unrest and commercial depression from the United States, ending at last in the late terrible strike and riots, of which Chicago has been the storm centre. But along with all this there has been another movement going on—a widespread revival, the like of which has not been known for many years. It seems to have begun at Chicago last summer during the time of the World's Fair, when D. L. Moody and his coadjutors carried on their remarkable campaign, and thousands, including men out of almost "every nation under heaven," were brought under a Divine influence which either led them into the knowledge of Christian experience, or, if Christians, quickened their spiritual life. These went home, not to speak of the glories and marvels of the Fair only, but to witness to the power of a sin-bearing and living Saviour, and here probably we have one source of this river of blessing.

Another source seems to have been the financial difficulties into which the country was brought. When incomes were reduced by half or swept away altogether, when confidence was gone and men learnt how easily riches "take wings and fly away," they found time to think of the enduring treasure. These and other streams of influence became confluent, and God answered the latitudinarians of the churches, and the arrogant claims made in the Parliament of Religions by Eastern faiths to an equality with the Christian religion, by this gracious and mighty widespread revival from Boston to San Francisco, and from Chicago to New Orleans.

So prominent has the work become that the leading papers of the secular Press have been obliged to notice it, while the evangelical Press has been rejoicing over such manifest mercies, and the "broad-view" papers have had resort to the old explanations of "unhealthy excitement" that will prove "merely temporary." A modest monthly, "Record of Christian Work," published at Chicago, gives moving accounts of the deep spiritual interest in various places. Nearly all evangelical denominations united, halls and theatres were too small to hold the crowds that gathered to hear the Gospel, hundreds rejoiced in a new found faith and life, every form of service for others was helped, and one unique feature in some cities was a mid-week Sabbath, when for the hour of the meeting the majority of the shops were closed and employers and employed attended the meetings together.

It is interesting to notice the lines upon which this movement has gone. They are faith and prayer. Such blessings do not come without these. "The pulpits where liberalism is preached bring no revivals. Such churches do not want revivals. They would not know what to do if the Lord were to send them one. That sort of preaching does not wake people up—it puts them to sleep. It quiets the conscience. That scheme of thought that traces the moral law to an immoral imposture of Ezra's time, and all through the Bible reduces the supernatural element to a minimum, the work of incapable but pious frauds, reduces itself to a minimum as a spiritual force."

However we may agree or disagree with the foregoing quotation, the fact remains that those meetings that believe in, pray for, and expect revivals, are the only ones that have them. The results of such a work are always beyond our ability to estimate. They are not confined to the four walls of our meeting houses and chapels. All life is touched and sweetened by it.

In this American work one special phase has been its practical effect on social questions that involve the well-being of the masses of the people. How quickly, when men are truly reached and controlled by the Holy Spirit, do they feel the wrongs around them, and how clearly they see evils, unconfessed as such before, and perhaps almost unsuspected! They cleanse their hands of all complicity with the liquor traffic; they lend momentum, by their own example, to the new industrial order, which is to be shaped according to the laws of Christ's kingdom; they feel a responsibility towards local civic matters, and they know themselves to be responsible in measure for national sins. Their church ambition is put aside for honest work for the uplifting of their fellow men. They believe that any organised body of true believers ought to make an impression on the sin and degradation of its neighbourhood; that to confess principles with no attempt to apply them is hypocrisy; that in the Divine presence social and class distinctions disappear, no longer "rented and rated pews grade and seat worshippers according to their ability to pay." They have learnt to believe and apply that word, "One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

Are not all these ends most quickly and powerfully accomplished by a true revival of spiritual life and power in our churches? We are nearing the season of the winter's work among our meetings and schools. Shall not the Lord's remembrancers cry often, "O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years," and shall we not hear His answer, "According to your faith it shall be done unto you"?

THE RELIGIOUS AWAKENING IN ENGLAND.

The revival in the United States, referred to in a recent issue of *The Friend*, should cause "the Lord's remembrancers" to watch for the breaking of such a like blessed day over the Christian life of our own land. But what if these are saying already, in the anticipation of faith, "The day dawneth"? It may seem a bold saying to those who have not turned toward the light; it may be scouted by those who would fain believe that schemes of material and industrial progress only, or chiefly, are to regenerate Society; but those who, on the high places of prayer, have kept vigil, hail the day, and offer, in its sweet morning light, oblations of praise for the blessings it will bring. Their faith is not shaken by what seem to be the untoward tendencies of the times. They remember how almost always in the history of the kingdom of God, the silent preparations for a great advance went forward simultaneously with the arrogant claims of a gangrened sacerdotalism on the one hand, and, generally, defiant unbelief on the other.

The Reformation followed the darkest hour of corruption and appalling degeneracy in the Roman Church. Some of the unbelief of the time sheltered itself under the guise of religious forms and titles, till a Cardinal is reported to have said, "This fable of Christ has been to us a source of great gain." Who living in those times could have dreamed how a century would so change the face of things; how faith and thought emancipated from their long thraldom, would bring to Europe and the world the blessings of the Protestant religion? Yet through all these seemingly insuperable barriers, the faith and courage of the Reformers broke like a resistless tide, which

> Bare to the marishes and bitter places
> Healing for hurt, and for their poison balm.

And when the tide turned, and "the Reformation needed reforming," Baxter and Bunyan and Fox and a host of others wrought and suffered, and succeeding generations reaped the benefit.

Again in the eighteenth century, when the great evangelistic forces of Quakerism seemed exhausted; when the rising tide of Deistical speculation seemed about to sweep away the restraints of religion; when Bishop Butler is said to have declined the primacy, because "it was too late for him to try to support a falling Church"; when Voltaire had declared that the Bible would be

soon an unread book—during such discouraging days God was preparing the way for the mighty and almost world-wide revival under the Wesleys and Whitefield. If Bishop Butler had written a history of the religious movements of his time, he would probably not have noticed the beginnings of this great work, or he would have accounted them to be merely sporadic and temporary.

It is not difficult to find a parallel to these periods in our own time. There is an unmistakeable drift toward the material and formal; toward a discrediting of Holy Scripture; toward a disrelish for the deeper truths of revelation; toward a willingness to suppress or minimise the doctrines and claims of the Gospel. The hearts of some are failing them for fear, but those who are watchers on the high places see signs of coming blessing. It is their's

> To feel beneath the thirsty land
> The living waters thrill and start,
> The beating of the rivulet's heart.

They have climbed the watch-tower, and proclaim with the prophet, "Though the vision tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not delay." Such do not feel the "beating of the rivulet's heart" to be always in the "thirsty land" of the organised Churches. What great causes but have been born outside the Churches, looked upon with suspicion by them, tentatively adopted, and when their place and power were assured, tardily embraced?

There are signs of blessing that are clear to the vision of faith in these dark and cloudy days. In such gatherings as Keswick there may be some ground for criticism, but it can hardly be denied that, smiled at by many and unnoted by more, by a quiet but Divine movement this teaching is quickening the spiritual life of our land, and exercising a widespread influence. With "All one in Christ Jesus," differences are forgotten, "names and sects and parties fall," a fuller Gospel from an accredited Bible is preached, and the inevitable fruit in life and service follows.

The triumphs of modern missions are before us, and the watchers behold a deepening interest, keeping pace with spiritual advancement at home. Here is a boundless field for survey; but its witness is almost unknown, and its power almost unfelt by those who consider such work unnecessary, and an extravagance of misdirected zeal.

There is light for the future, in the Society of Christian Endeavour. This young organization is making itself felt in England. The thousands who crowded the Metropolitan Tabernacle at its recent national meeting professed loyalty to Christ, confessed the Gospel as the power of God unto salvation, and demanded confession and service. These are but the vanguard of

the mighty host whose steady tread faith hears, and thereat rejoices. In America it is reported to have given 614,150 members to the Churches in five years.

In our own branch of the Church there are some signs of certain blessing. The General Epistle of this year,* with its calm statement of fundamental truth, its wise counsel and hopeful tone, shows how warmly the weight of the Yearly Meeting is with evangelical teaching and service.

It cannot but help forward the revival, for which prayer is being daily offered. Reports of series of meetings held at various centres are other tokens of increasing life. In one that came before the Meeting on Ministry and Oversight, it was reported to have quite altered the character of the meeting and quickened its life. If this service is continued this winter, may we not expect many such results? Many Friends would hardly know for what special expression of spiritual interest the initials F.P.L. stand. But this new organisation, the "Friends' Prayer League," with its rapidly increasing membership, representing meetings over a wide area, has already, we believe, had a measure of answered prayer for which to render thanks. The morning devotional meetings during the time of the Yearly Meeting were unusually well attended and helpful; many testimonies were given to definite blessing received, and the tone of all the meetings seemed higher and more instinct with power than usual. Were they mistaken who traced it to united prayer? Again, the Adult School movement adds to the light. Men unreached by other agencies, have been won by this. Is it nothing that on every Sabbath day, say 50,000 men and women are sitting around an open Bible, and "by love serving one another"? Preserving its original impulse and its direction, there are untold possibilities in this modest movement.

These, and many more, sustain our faith in the face of so much that seems disheartening. Truth abides. The Cross has not lost its saving and attractive power. The Holy Spirit still witnesses to Christ, and imparts His life and holiness to believers. Are we not on the verge of a season of greater revival? The dwellers on the high places affirm it to be so. Their faces have caught the light, and their hearts know the joy of the morning. They call to those in the valley where the dark still lingers, "Arise, shine, for thy light has come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon thee."

Let us believe it and look for a flood of light over all the land through these coming winter months.

The revival is not coming, *it has come.*

* Issued by the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, 1894.

OUR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Perhaps there is hardly any better test of the vitality of a Church, of its real devotion and soul travail, than the work it is doing in the Foreign Mission field. Judged by this standard, the early days of our branch of the Church were times of great fervour. The enthusiasm was intense, and for years after George Fox passed from the scene, was maintained. The activities of the early Friends almost parallel those of the early Churches. During the mediæval period, when the leaven of quietism had had time to work, there are few records of missionary labour. Occasionally a faithful soul heard and obeyed the call, but there was no organised effort, and hence no continued and permanent results. With the modern revival of evangelistic truth and zeal came also a desire to fulfil the mission of the Church given by her risen Lord, and to bear a part in witnessing to the nations.

The history of the Friends' Foreign Mission Association is too well known to need even an outline; and to what it has grown, its interesting report for this year, the twenty-seventh, bears eloquent testimony. It is a growth for which we, as a Society, should be profoundly thankful; and yet it has not been as rapid or as great as the need has been pressing, and as our resources would have made it, if they had but been available, by being consecrated to this end. Even now the Association is outside the organisation of the Society of Friends. This position may have been, and may still be necessary, but it is not ideal nor desirable. The Friends' Foreign Mission Association Report, with that of the Syrian, Armenian, and Bulgarian Committees, make up a total of work in this department, which saves us from the curse of Meroz, demonstrates our right to an existence as a separate body, and reveals an amount of faithful, courageous work that evokes grateful praise to the Lord of the Harvest.

It answers, too, the kindly criticism of some Friends who feared that there was a danger of the temporalities of the work overshadowing its spiritualities; who felt that missions should not be first educational and civilizing but evangelistic; that their primary aim should be the regeneration of the individual heathen, seeking first to bring him under the power of a new life, and

leaving civilization with its blessings to follow. Indeed, it seems from numerous testimonies, that the more barbarous heathen hardly care for the amenities of civilized life till their moral natures are quickened. "Regeneration is the root of reformation." The report reassures such. The right value has been put upon literary and technical schools. The educational and medical work has been blessed, and the secret of it is seen in the report of the Principal of the High School at Hoshangabad, who says: "There is a wide field for evangelistic work among our boys, and I hope among their families.

"My wife's Bible Class show as much interest in Bible study as a class in England."

And again: "We hope . . . . to be able to devote ourselves more completely to our boys, in the hope of drawing them to Christ."

It has also been said that the Association does not give its supporters at home enough particulars of persons under the influence of our missionaries, over whom to pray, and, when converted, to rejoice. The report this year is not wanting in this regard. Take the exceptionally interesting account of Joseph Taylor's work at Seoni Malwa. Whose heart will not respond to the opening sentences of the first paragraph on page forty-eight? Who will not sometimes be drawn out in prayer for the four men of Bhitaria, that they may remain firm, and for the other four, who, with them, standing before their friends and neighbours, solemnly promised to follow Christ? Or for the Mohammedan gentleman who, with others, came as a secret enquirer? Or for the young fakir named Ibrahim, who made his confession of Christ at the Meeting-house last Christmas time? Who will not rejoice with our dear friend in a "marked and decided improvement in the conduct and character of our last year's converts"? These things help to make our prayer definite. These men are made real to us and thus a personal interest is aroused.

The concluding words of Joseph Taylor's report, which find an echo in several others also, ought to wake a response among our young men: "I was again privileged to visit the five or six Bengali Christians who meet after the manner of Friends in Calcutta. There is abundant room for a duly qualified member of our Society to give himself for work in this great city. Two empty rooms in our bungalow also plead for occupants; but where are the educated young men of our Society, with the world-wide interest in lost humanity which impelled Fox and Penn to carry the good news to distant lands for the Master's sake." Where are they? Elbowing one another in the schools, businesses and professions in England. Proud to count themselves the spiritual heirs of Fox and Penn.

But we make their truth our falsehood,
Thinking it has set us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments,
While our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great impulse
That drove them across the sea.

Perhaps some of them do not believe in a "lost humanity," but unscripturally magnify the "Inner Light" till it contradicts the command of our Lord and the testimony of His servants. These have found the light that is in the heathen to be darkness, which rare and isolated cases of spiritual illumination unto righteousness, apart from the written or preached gospel, only show more grimly and awfully.

The missionary ranks are not recruited from such men. But the persuasion is strong, that among educated young men of our Society, there may be not a few preparing for foreign service. While thankful for those not so educated, who have gone under the auspices of the Association to our mission centres, is it not, according to the appeal of those already in the field, one need of the work just now, that young men born and educated as Friends, with the advantages that such a training gives for our work, with an intimate knowledge of Society discipline and organisation—allied with spiritual qualifications—should fill positions in our mission churches, in government and counsel, and in extending and consolidating the work? We need to hear again the words of the Master, "Behold I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields, that they are white already unto harvest."

There is everything noble and heroic in missionary work. It satisfies the "Divine thirst for self-sacrifice" in surrendered hearts. The greatest men the world has known will include among them the heroes, the martyrs, the explorers and statesmen of mission work.

If we could supplant the modern novel—so often sensational, impure, and atheistical—by the romance of missionary life, what a blessing to our young people it would prove! But the first need is an awakened Church. Whenever the Holy Spirit is outpoured on a Church, the work of separation to His service begins. Then we shall join George Fox in praying to be "baptised into a sense of all conditions, so that he might enter into the needs and sorrows of all," and shall have fellowship with that great and noble missionary of the thirteenth century, Raymond Lull, who says: "He who loves not lives not; and he who lives in Christ cannot die."

A MORNING WITH WHITTIER.

The death of John Greenleaf Whittier removes from us the last but one, and in some respects the greatest, of the group of early American poets. Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, and Holmes are stars of the first magnitude among the New World lights of poetry, and will probably hold a place apart—a constellation unequalled in brightness and beauty. Of them all, Whittier is the most distinctly an American in theme, style and treatment. This may somewhat account for the fact that it is only within a few years that he has been widely known in England, except among the members of the Society of Friends, who have always known and loved him. But here his popularity is a growing one. Nearly every great London daily paper had an announcement of his death, and an extended notice of his life, and in the main an appreciative one; while the representative of a great book-distributing house, which knows well the pulse of the literary market, places him next to Longfellow, as the most read of any American poet. In his own country his name is a household word. His countrymen have gone on from an interest in his poems to an admiration for his genius, and from an admiration for his genius to reverence for the man, his dignity and patriotism, his simplicity and charity. On his eightieth birthday—besides the banquet given him in Boston, the tribute of literary America—there was a shower of congratulatory telegrams and letters from various public bodies, and from men representing all classes. The public schools set apart the day, calling it "Whittier Day," and devoted it to a study of the poet's character and work, and to the recitation of his poems. It all showed an appreciation of the venerable singer, which, if felt for any other poet, has never been so fully expressed.

There are many who, like myself, owe him a personal debt of gratitude. As a youth he was a frequent companion. Under the maples, by lake and brook, I opened my heart to him. He led me down vistas of beauty unseen before, he interpreted Nature to me, he gave my life a new atmosphere of thought and desire, and in all drew me nearer to God. Like his own farmer in "Among the Hills," "the ridged horizon" lifted for me "its inner veils of glory."

It is not always that one has an opportunity of confessing such a debt, and discharging it so far as such a confession can:

and when, some years ago, it came to me, I gladly embraced it. It was at Portland, Maine, during the time that the New England Yearly Meeting was in session. Whittier, not then eighty, had come to attend it, and was the guest of his niece, Mrs. Pickard. A mutual friend offered to introduce me. We were received by Mr. Pickard, who said he would offer our names, but that as the poet was weary from receiving over thirty callers the evening before, he might not be able to see us. We were shown into the pleasant drawing-room to await the decision, and were re-assured by the message that he would soon be down. Outside, the bright spring sunshine fell upon the lawn through leaves the size of a squirrel's foot; the "sweet south-west at play," stole in at the open windows—it was a perfect morning, such as makes one feel at peace and in charity with all mankind.

In a few moments we heard a step on the stair, the *portière* was drawn back, and the poet stood before us. I have never seen any picture of him that does him justice. The tall, slight form, graceful in old age, the large head and massive brow, the thin grey hair, the deep-set and expressive dark eyes, the beard shaved away from the mouth and chin showing strength and tenderness, and the dignified Quaker costume—all made up a picture not easily forgotten. I remember particularly his eyes. How they lightened and changed expression in conversation, how they held one, how sincere and kind they looked, and yet there was a smouldering fire in them that would, one felt sure, quickly blaze up against wrong. All the bearing of the man was modest, almost shy at first. Indeed this was a marked characteristic of him. He always refused to be lionized, was guiltless of after-dinner speeches, and fled from publicity. Even at the dinner given him in Boston he excused himself from making a speech, and asked Longfellow to read for him a "bit of a verse" he had composed for the occasion. Oliver Wendell Holmes, at that dinner, thus refers to this dislike of the "garish day,"—

> "And the wood-thrush of Essex, you know whom I mean,
> Whose song echoes round us, while he sits unseen."

To mere inquisitive interviewers he was silent, or spoke in monosyllables. To those whom he trusted he was open and frank, an interesting conversationalist, to whom it was well worth listening.

Awkwardly enough I thanked him for his ministry to me.

"I hardly supposed I was known as far as Canada," he replied.

I hastened to assure him that while we admired Tennyson, and revered Longfellow, we loved Whittier.

"I am very glad," he said, "that my poems, if I may call them such, have comforted or helped anyone. Whatever reputation I have obtained as a poet is rather a matter of surprise to myself."

This statement would be almost impossible of belief from a less sincere man than Whittier, but one cannot doubt his word, and perhaps it was my surprised "Indeed" that made him add, "I had literary ambitions when a youth, but when I espoused the Anti-Slavery cause I was excluded from the best literary circles of the day; my political chances were barred, and the whole direction of my life changed." In his "bit of verse" read at his birthday dinner, he told his friends—

> "With not unglad surprise
> I see my life-work through your partial eyes;
> Assured in giving to my home-taught songs
> A higher value than of right belongs,
> You do but read between the written lines
> The finer grace of unfulfilled designs."

But this trait of extreme modesty did not keep him from coming to the front upon occasion. He believed in the truth of William Penn's saying, "It is the duty of a Christian to see that his country is well governed," and in the State Legislature, as later in the Anti-Slavery agitation, he bore a brave part, and by voice and pen served his country and his fellow-men. Then he told me of those days—of Lloyd Garrison, of the opposition to the cause, of the early poems that "were wrung" from him, of the sacking and burning of his newspaper office in Philadelphia, of how his own life had been threatened. His voice was low and clear, his manner animated, his wonderful eyes lighted up, and then as he ceased he added reverently, "I thank a kind Providence that my feet were ever turned in that direction." But it is not upon those poems "wrung" from him in the stress and strain of those years that his fame rests, but upon later ones, written in the quiet that succeeded. Yet to that first period belong "Ichabod," and "Randolph of Roanoke," which exhibit Whittier's genius in one of its noblest forms, and were a prophecy of what he afterwards achieved.

We spoke of the English poets, and of Tennyson particularly. He was not enthusiastic, but said with strong emphasis, "'In Memoriam' is a noble poem." What interested me most in this branch of our conversation was his remark, "Wordsworth is my favourite poet. I consider his 'Intimations of Immortality' a most wonderful poem." Most will agree with Whittier, nor think his praise too high; and while he spoke I was thinking that this was

not a case of the attraction of the opposites, as the two poets seemed to me to be very much alike in their reverent meditative spirit, and deep love of nature. Cannot the influence of Wordsworth be traced in some of Whittier's poems?

Whittier is a writer of good prose also. I referred to his introduction to John Woolman's journal, whom the poet regards as the greatest saint outside the Bible. Quoting Charles Lamb's saying, "Get Woolman by heart," he told me that Dr. Channing believed Woolman's remarkably pure style to have been a product of his saintly character, which led him to a natural use of simple crystal-clear speech. Whittier believed the theory, and he has illustrated it in his own writings. His strong, spiritual, pure character is impressed on all his best poems, making them a "well of English undefiled." One of his reviewers has said that the genius that could write the "Songs of Labour," "the most characteristic of all his poems," drawing such stanzas as "The Shoemakers," from waxed-ends, awls, and sole leather, could extract sunbeams from cucumbers. But one wonders how from such homely and slender materials he could have written such a poem as "Snow Bound." It is a perfect New England Idyll, and perhaps "the clearest expression of Whittier's genius." It achieved an immediate and immense success. That phase of New England life is almost a thing of the past, but remains accessible to us through the magic of the poet's pen, which places us in the charming family circle around the great wood fire, and in that hospitable farmhouse decades ago. A product of that Quaker home, its kindly simplicity, its sweet charity, its native purity, was before me in this noble man, and the noble work he had wrought.

Whittier was always and consistently a Friend. How could it be otherwise with such an ancestry and such a home? He still wore the "plain coat," not as any badge of narrowness, still less of superior sanctity. He talked most interestingly of early Quaker histories in New England, and one sees in running through the index of his poems how many were drawn from these sources.

He told me that when the Old Elm on Boston Common, that one on a branch of which it is supposed the Friends were hanged, was blown down, the Mayor of Boston sent him a section of the trunk. He had it sawn through several times, and one section his niece had utilized as a stand-top, which he showed us. The young elm, planted in its place, he was glad to think would witness a kindlier feeling among all sections of Christians.

There are some of Whittier's poems that have been by many misconstrued, and have laid him under the reproach of being Unitarian in faith. When the conversation turned upon these he

said, "I am not responsible for the construction that others put upon my words. They make me an offender for a word. I am not a bigot. I see the good in other denominations and appreciate it, but I am a Friend." I expressed my satisfaction at this, but said that perhaps some phrases might give colour to such statements. Laying his hand on my shoulder he said, "I do not want thee to be under any misapprehension regarding my religious views; I wish to assure thee that I am neither a Unitarian, nor a Universalist; *I am a Friend.*"

It was to me a final word on this subject, and I was thankful to have it from his own lips, a deliberate well-weighed statement. He was an optimist by grace, and perhaps by nature, with a loyal faith that Jesus Christ must become "all and in all," that—

> "I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care,"

and—

> "Age brings me no despairing
> Of the world's future faring;
> In human nature still
> I find more good than ill."

But all this through the "redemption that is in Christ Jesus,"—

> "Well may the cavern depths of Earth
> Be shaken, and her mountains nod;
> Well may the sheeted dead come forth
> To gaze upon a suffering God!
> Well may the temple-shrine grow dim
> And shadows veil the Cherubim,
> When He, the Chosen One of Heaven,
> A sacrifice for guilt was given."

He was no sectarian, he deprecated all narrowness and bitterness of opinion, but he ought not hastily to be branded as heterodox, nor viewed with an unjust suspicion, especially by members of his own religious Society. He is a poet preacher, a singer of unity, a see-er into the heart and meaning of things. There is suffused through his work a mellow spirit of quietness and harmony that this fussy age needs, and pervading it likewise a spiritual aroma, as delicate as that of the violet and as sweet.

One cannot abuse the freedom of conversation, nor act the part of a mere interviewer, and much must go unsaid, but I came from his presence more impressed with the man than with the poet, and thankful that the privilege of thus seeing him had been mine.

It is announced that a posthumous volume of his poems is soon to appear, entitled "At Sundown," and a late number of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains the verses to Holmes, among the

last he ever wrote, and these seem to have on them the shadow of his near passing:—

"Thy hand, old friend! the service of our days,
In differing moods and ways,
May prove to those who follow in our train,
Not valueless nor vain.

Far off, and faint as echoes of a dream,
The songs of boyhood seem;
Yet on our autumn boughs, unflown with spring,
The evening thrushes sing.

The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and late,
When at the Eternal Gate
We leave the words and works we call our own,
And lift void hands alone

For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
Brings to that Gate no toll;
Giftless we come to Him, who all things gives,
And live because He lives."

I spoke for many when I told him that "we love Whittier." Children love his "Barefoot Boy," and joy in his joy; a child ill falls asleep in death, her finger between the pages at her favourite poem; young men and maidens are better and braver for the poems of his that they learned in their school-days; strong men are encouraged, and old age comforted by his songs; dusky faces glow with gratitude at the mention of his name; a Roman Catholic Bishop rings, by the Red River, on his birthday:—

"The bells of the Roman mission
That call from their turrets twain;"

thousands in congregations for worship find in his beautiful hymns the fittest wording of their prayer and praise—bearing them up to the Throne of Grace; but the singer now has "joined the choir invisible," and found, as he had hoped,—

"That love will temper every change
And soften all surprise,
And misty with the dreams of Earth,
The hills of Heaven arise."

Of him, as truly as of the one of whom he wrote it, we can say—

"God takes our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He has given,
They live on Earth in thought and deed as truly
As in His heaven."

SOME PRESENT-DAY NEEDS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

A recent kindly critic regards the Society of Friends as having lost its great opportunity. If he had undertaken to tell us why it was lost we should be more grateful.

It is too sadly true that we have not kept pace, in numbers and extended organisation, with the march of the years of our history, but the past is not a blank with no record of heroic endeavour, of patient faith, and of successful service. Nor are we at present floating becalmed and powerless,

"As idle as a painted ship,
Upon a painted ocean."

Let our Mission work, Home and Foreign, our Schools, Adult and Junior, and other agencies answer. And as for the future, we are pressing towards it with hope and enthusiasm, in the assurance that a place remains to us among the Churches; that we have a witness still to bear for the Truth, a continued service for humanity, and a strong faith that, disciplined and instructed by the past, God will restore to us "the years that the locust hath eaten," and make us again an evangelistic agency, "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" of ecclesiastical or social sin.

This can only be when the truth grips us as it did our forefathers; when we buy it at all cost and sell it—never; when we spurn the world and yet burn with desire for its salvation. Then we shall illustrate William Penn's counsel, "Be universal in your spirit," by reproducing George Fox's example of witnessing to all classes of men. Even to the Jews his message came, and in their London synagogue he received maltreatment in endeavouring to prove to them that Jesus was their promised Messiah. Then we shall be filled with a spirit like to that of a later Quaker apostle—Stephen Grellet, who wished that he "might have the life of Methuselah, or that the sun might never go down, that I might do my share of that great work which is to be done in these nations."

Towards this end *we need to see the inclusive character of Quakerism*. That is, how truly we are one with all evangelical churches in the fundamentals of the Christian religion. This oneness is larger than we may have supposed. We dwell so much

more frequently on points of difference, that points of likeness are obscured or forgotten. The Protestant Churches have not nor do they wish to have the boasted uniformity of Rome. They have something much more important in common, a substantial unity in spiritual life, in being "baptised by one Spirit into one body." A sense of this will save us from a wrong isolation. It will bring us more into fellowship and into union of service with other branches of the Church of Christ. The re-union of the Churches seems impossible of fulfilment till they come to the simplicity of Christ, and cease their strife about external and unessential things. Here we hold the ground of union which we need to see more plainly and to express more fully. As an illustration—when coasting along the shore of Asia Minor with a large and pleasant party of ministers of various denominations, it fell out that two of us, Friends, were asked to give daily Bible readings. After some days we suggested that some of the other ministers might take the reading, when a well-known Presbyterian minister from Philadelphia said, "No, keep them in your own hands. We preach, but we do not know how to give Bible readings, and anyhow I do not care to have the Methodist brethren take it. I fancy they would not care to have me take it—but we can all unite on the basis of Friends." William Penn says in his "Defence of Gospel Truth," "Where we are vulgarly apprehended to differ most, we dissent least, I mean in doctrine. For except it be in the wording of some of the articles of Faith (the thirty-nine Articles so called) in school terms, there are very few of those professed by the Church of England to which we do not heartily assent. I say then that where we are supposed to differ most, we dissent least. It is generally thought that we do not hold the common doctrines of Christianity, but have introduced new and erroneous ones in lieu thereof; whereas we plainly and entirely believe the truths contained in the creed commonly called the "Apostles' Creed," which is very comprehensive as well as ancient." The points of union are therefore of so much importance that we need not feel strange among other Christians, nor wear a half apologetic air. The trend of the times is, in some quarters, toward a simple spiritual faith and service, and this we can help by an open and hospitable manner, which one is thankful to feel has in good measure taken the place of the almost suspicious reserve and studious isolation of other days.

In some forms of Christian work Friends often unite all sections of the Church, and our meeting houses are recognised as common ground.

Let us hear William Penn say once more "Where we are vulgarly apprehended to differ most we dissent least—I mean in

doctrine." We cannot suppose that such a man took such a position in either mistake or ignorance and I presume that most of us hold by the same position to-day. That body of Protestant divinity—spiritually interpreted and applied, experimentally known and taught, we hold still.

We need a firm grasp of these fundamental truths. One who has found his anchorage in Christ, views without alarm the shaking of all around him, convinced that the unshakable things will remain. He sees in prophecy the place and purpose of all this—and puts out no impious hand to steady the ark of God's truth. A few decades ago the timid might have feared that the Gospel of John was about to be discredited, date, authorship, trustworthiness of the contents, were all matters of fierce dispute. At present, thanks in large measure to these assaults, its position is impregnable. Now the controversy has been shifted to the Old Testament. We fearlessly await the result. In a recent number of the *Quarterly Examiner*, Dr. Hodgkin has shown the baseless assumptions of one Old Testament critic. The unbelief that rejects miracles and the supernatural in the Old Testament will reject them in the New. It is not a question of reconciling dates and numbers merely, but he who looks at Israel's history and asks, "Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?" may ask also of the Incarnation and Resurrection, "How can these things be?"

But as a Church we have never formulated a theory of inspiration. We have said and do say that we "believe that the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament were given by inspiration of God: that there can be no appeal from them to any other authority whatsoever: that they are able to make us wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus; being the appointed means of making known to us the blessed truths of Christianity" (Y.M. Epistle, 1836). This and more, but this is enough, and when the last word in this controversy is spoken this position will remain secure.

We need a revival of devotional Bible study. George Fox was a man of one book. He knew it almost by heart. William Penn says of him "He had an extraordinary gift in opening the Scriptures."

As touching the Deity and Atoning Work of our Lord, I need only refer you to the very full statements of our Book of Discipline on the subject. This is our standard, and from the rise of our Society till now has been held by its most honoured, learned, and trusted leaders. To me the Atonement with its related truths, is a question of infinite importance. It is the heart of the Gospel, it is the true inspiration for service, it is the fullest revelation of the love of God. The fact of the Atonement is of greater importance

than any theory of it—and we are saved by the fact; at the same time a working theory is of great importance and must determine the effectiveness and character of our Church work. Does not decay enter into any Church where an intellectual uncertainty about the propitiatory sacrifice of Christ has sounded a note of uncertainty in the announcement of the truth?

Is it not true that in missionary work what has proved to be the shaft penetrating the armour of the heathen when every other weapon has failed, is this mysterious fact—pardon received through simple faith in a sin-bearing, crucified Saviour? One of our missionaries said in my hearing—"If your theology needs correcting go to the mission field. There a man must know what he knows and why he knows it."

It is refreshing to hear the author of "The Religion of a Literary Man,"—that fascinating but not altogether satisfactory book—say that modern doubt is very largely a newspaper scare, with disappointed journalists for its paid agitators. Its secret he says is "entirely in man's intellectual pride; it is not to the arrogant spirit of modern inquiry that God will ever be revealed. He makes this profound and not likely to be forgotten statement that the secret of the hold that Roman Catholicism has on mankind is because it is simply "average humanity in a surplice." In another place he says, "The vital question of the modern world is 'What is sin?'" So it is, and until the Holy Spirit has led man to see his need of forgiveness the Cross must remain a meaningless and unnecessary tragedy, and the Saviour a superfluity. "None but a broken-hearted sinner can accept a crucified Saviour." No, if we are saved from materialism on the one hand and refined Unitarianism on the other we must hold to these fundamental positions; without which we might preserve something of the morality of a Marcus Aurelius, touched with the emotion of a Channing or a Martineau, and not be Christian in the sense that Paul and John were, or Fox and Grellet and Gurney.

We need a firm grasp of denominational truth, or shall I say we need to have it firmly grasp us. The truth that we hold in common does not conflict with the truth that we hold distinctively. Each tribe had its distinctive position and service, yet all camped round one Tabernacle—twelve tribes but one Israel. The time has not come for us to hold less firmly or uphold less strongly our denominational truth. There seems in many ways to be now a similar condition of things to that in which our Society had its rise. There is a spirit of inquiry abroad, an unrest among the Churches, men are longing for reality—for a worship free, spiritual, simple, and a ministry direct and living—a message from God. There must be throughout England a large constituency of those to whom

our principles and practices would make a strong appeal. How can we reach them? Not by the Press only or chiefly. We need to have the truth expressed and embodied in vigorous lives. Oh for another sixty young men like that first convinced band that gathered round George Fox, and again would the same spirit and power shake England, and be felt round the globe.

Quakerism merely traditional will never impress these people. Our forms however beautiful are not life-giving. Every generation of Friends must be "convinced" and not intellectually merely but spiritually and experimentally. One great characteristic of our principles is that they are not theories only but experiences. When we have *experienced* the touch of God's Spirit in silent worship, when we have known His message received and given, when we have been baptised by His Spirit, and have had Holy Communion administered by our High Priest Himself in His Real Presence—when these have blessed us, we know why we are Friends, and this whether we are able to build up a Biblical argument for spiritual baptism and communion or not. Not that this is unimportant. It is very important, and I fear we should be much surprised to learn how few, comparatively, there are who leave our schools who could readily give reasons for our views, or construct a Biblical argument in their support.

Again, there is too often a mere sentimental attachment to the Society that demands no sacrifice and calls for no devotion in her service.

A young Friend expressed to me his great admiration for the voluntary principle in our work, "A Church with no paid officers, its work done voluntarily, etc." Then I said, "Of course thou art a regular attender of Monthly Meetings." "Oh no! I am hardly ever there." He admired the voluntary principle in others.

One is almost startled to hear that the great Wesleyan body have before it—championed by such men of light and leading as Dr. Rigg and Hugh Price Hughes—a scheme practically for the creation of Bishops. Already many of their chapels use the service of the Establishment. At the conference of a year or two ago it was ruled that only such should be admitted to membership as had been baptised with water. These facts show the drift in this important body. Scotch Presbyterianism, which not so long ago introduced instrumental music into its Church service, is now agitating for the framing of a liturgy. One section of the Church of England is unblushingly ritualistic and regrets the Reformation as a mistake. In the light of all this it is no time for us to minimise the strength of our position or weaken it by compromise. As Spurgeon reminded us, we are the only Church to which it cannot

be said, "Physician heal thyself." Occupying this vantage ground our testimony ought to be as clear as a bell and as loud as a bugle.

We need to make our meetings for worship more what they ought to be—the warm heart giving life to all other forms of Church service.

The Society has only one greater need than this. Its importance cannot be overestimated. They are the distinctive Church meetings for the highest Church service—the worship of Almighty God. In them the most important gifts are to be exercised, and through them the most convincing testimony is to be borne to those without. Here should be found as a congregation our deepest springs of joy; our highest mounts of communion; our lowliest vales of penitence, and our source of surest strength for every work. All other service—Mission and Mothers' Meetings, Schools and Unions ought to feel the pulsations of life from the throbbing heart of our whole system—our meetings for worship.

In the manner of holding them I think we need no change. I advocate no new methods. Our simple forms are those that lend themselves best to the expression of spiritual life. When these become pre-arranged and increased, spiritual power declines. It seemed to the nations that the Jews, having no idols, had no God. They could not conceive of a God apart from such representations —the Jews might have a religion, but no God. This I believe finds a parallel in the thought of many outsiders regarding our worship. They cannot understand a worship that is not humanly devised, pre-arranged and directed. If ever we have been tempted to lower our standard from very weariness of distance and differences from other Christians, or with a feeling that perhaps it is not necessary to maintain so lofty and so severely spiritual a type of worship, let us listen—not to Scriptures for the nonce, their position we are sure of—but to Max Müller, who says, "Let those who wish to understand the hidden wisdom of the second commandment, study the history of ancient religions. No argument can prove that there is anything very wrong in all these outward signs and symbols. To many people we know that they are even a help and comfort. But history is sometimes a stronger and sterner teacher than argument, and one of the lessons which the history of religions certainly teaches is this, that the curse pronounced against those who would change the Invisible into the visible, the Spiritual into the material, the Divine into the human, the Infinite into the finite, has come true in every nation on earth."

I confess that hardly anything is more bald and repelling than a moribund meeting for worship. But even here there is the merit of sincerity. The death and dryness is felt and often confessed.

There is no effort to hide them under the guise of religious preformances. To know them is one step toward recovery, and better a heavy dull meeting that leaves one longing and dissatisfied—because more medicinal—than one where hymn and choir exercises, and stated prayer and eloquent discourse, hide weakness, and, like an opiate, lull into quiet and the false belief of having worshipped. For true life cannot be simulated, and no "service" can supply its fatal lack.

One reads accounts of meetings among the early Friends—the sense of the Divine presence, the brokenness of heart when tears from penitent eyes wet the floor, the searching, powerful ministry, the "opening up" of "states and conditions"—and one contrasts them with those we know—formal in the disuse of forms, worldly in appearance, the ministry a gentle stream of texts very soothing, and leaving very little impression on the hearer. Why is it so? Why should we not once more know the power of the early Friends? I care little or nothing for mere traditional Quakerism. What to me is this form more than that, this method more than the other—if there be no life in them, and they do not bring me near to the Divine? Where men weary us with their constant "It is not Friendly," men to whom Quakerism is more than Christianity, the raiment more than the body, we expect them like everyone else, to prove their faith by their works. What are the proofs, the signs and seals of their position? Dwindling meetings, deserted meeting houses, a drift toward Unitarianism? Be sure all of us, that the world will be convinced, when the signs of our Apostleship as a Church follow. It expects to see our claims proved; and when Quakerism does this there are thousands ready to welcome and embrace it. Oh for another George Fox to bring about another day of awakening! And yet, I am not at all sure but that most of our meetings would find his manners and his methods unpleasant, his plainness would pain us, so sensitive have we become; indeed I am not sure but that we should be so shocked at his earnestness, so wearied by the length of his sermons, that we should question whether he ought to have a "returning minute"—we—grown so quiet and respectable, so sensitive to any breach of propriety and decorum, we who have descended from him by a spiritual pedigree of contradiction.

A young Friend said to me, "Where is the meeting to which I could take a devout, intelligent enquirer, and say to him, 'Here you will find the life and worship you are seeking; this is a true, living Friends' meeting?'" Ah, the poverty of our Church life—and yet, thank God! there are sometimes meetings that do convince. I remember at the close of a certain meeting a gentleman introducing himself to me and saying, "I have been very much

impressed by this meeting. I never was in a Friends' meeting before." "Indeed," said I, "tell me how it impressed you?" "Why," he answered, "we sat under the peace of the Lord, I never spent such an hour and a half in my life." Then looking at me very seriously he said, "Mr. Dorland, I can never say any more mean things about the Quakers." That man was "convinced" by that meeting. It was an object lesson. It was not Westminster Meeting, it was not a large meeting like Birmingham, it was not rich nor intellectual—it was a meeting of about sixty people—mostly working men and their wives, several had taken part, no one address was I should think longer than ten minutes, the laws of syntax and rules of pronounciation had been greatly violated—but the silence was golden, the speech silvern, God had His way, blessing was upon the meeting and the man was "convinced." He learned in that meeting the place and blessing of silence, the priesthood of believers, the guidance of the Spirit in service, the right and propriety of women to minister, and learned it in such a way as to close his mouth then to the saying of "mean things" about the Friends, and later to open it in the ministry in the little meeting in his own neighbourhood, which he soon joined. Another case; a Friend told me that as an apprentice, and not then a Friend, his master took him to meeting. At first it was very strange to him, and he wondered what they were doing in the silence, then he fell to watching his master's face. He saw it filled with peace and sometimes transfigured with joy, again the tears trickled down the cheeks, and the boy was convinced that his master was a worshipper, and that he himself was not. Then there arose in his own heart a cry to God that he might become one. Nor did he cease, till peace came in forgiveness and he entered with his master the circle of worshippers in that meeting.

If we who face meetings looked and acted like worshippers, if meetings all over the country were such convincing object lessons, would not our Society have to ask once again among its regular queries as it did of yore, "What new meetings have been settled since last time?"

We shall most contentedly leave to others magnificent architecture and splendid ritual, where

> "Through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault
> The pealing anthem swells the note of praise,"

and all the august and imposing accompaniments of a sensuous worship—if our plain meeting rooms may but be filled with the glory of the Lord, and know a worship that has in it the "immanence and immediateness of God Himself."

The need of a more searching and spiritual ministry. If we think it a mistake that some Churches have made too much of the ministry, ours has been the mistake of making too little of it—for while it is very true that we go to meeting to worship, and not to hear preaching merely, it is also true that preaching is a part of worship and is to be "to exhortation, to edification and to comfort," as well as to "teaching," and has been ordained as a Divinely appointed channel through which faith and salvation come. This is placing no limits on the extraordinary working of the Holy Spirit, who works in ways beyond our ken, but it is pointing out again the indisputable and awfully solemn fact that we have been put in trust with the Gospel, and are responsible for witnessing to our risen Lord throughout the whole world, and that this is the ordinary and gracious method of the Spirit's working, who appoints us co-workers, and vehicles of His Grace. As a Church we have only recently discovered the great commission, and are now undertaking feebly to fulfil it.

But confining our thought to the ministry in our meetings for worship, and speaking with diffidence but conviction, there is need for a more thorough and spiritual exercise of it.

I have sympathy with some of the criticism upon it that we have had since the Yearly Meeting of a year ago. We may well be thankful for the past favour of a living Gospel ministry, and yet we must confess that generally speaking it runs too much in grooves, and does not make the appeal to the hearers that is desired. "I like sermons as gets through a man's clothes," said one. Our position on the subject is such that it is at once lifted out of the region of theology and mere intellect and eloquence, and placed on the level of spiritual guidance and revelation. And yet as the writers of the Scriptures were *penmen* and not *pens*, and hence each impresses his part of the record with his own personality and training, so our ministry, though a message from God, comes through men's lips and will bear traces of personal character and circumstance. Hence its variety meets varying needs, and into a man's presentation of the truth go his youth, his intellectual and business training, all his knowledge of men, indeed all the man is. "How long did it take you to prepare that sermon?" was asked of John Wesley, I think; "Forty years," he answered. That is the right sort of preparation, or rather the preparation of the right subject—the man, more than the message.

But above all circumstances of training the first, chief, and most essential thing in ministry is that it should be really a message from God. Then the words may be few or many, the sentence rounded or rugged and broken, the thought logical and

calmly ordered, or rapid and vehement, but when the speaker is clothed with Divine authority these are forgotten, and men drink in the water, unmindful whether the vessel that bears it be gold or glass. And he will be supremely a man of one book—and that the Divine book. He may lawfully lay under contribution all that can furnish him help in insight or illustration of truth, but the Bible will remain not only his arsenal wherefrom he arms himself for every conflict, but a vast and beautiful temple wherein he may wander in meditation, where his awe and reverence may grow, and zeal and devotion be strengthened. He will say with the Psalmist, "I rejoice at Thy word as one that findeth great spoil."

William Penn says of George Fox, in reference to his gift of opening the Scriptures, "He would go to the marrow of things and show the mind, harmony and fulfilling of them with much plainness, and to great comfort and edification." The early Friends were Scripture preachers, and herein lay one large element of their success. I am bold to affirm that it is the great need of our ministry to-day. We do not open Scripture and go to the marrow of things. And yet we hear it sometimes urged that our ministry is too Scriptural, and that we should quote more largely from Tennyson and Browning and Whittier. I am not averse to doing so when they say what can be so used, but to place their writings on a level with Holy Scripture, and to advise its use less, and their use more, is to put them in a place the authors themselves—all good men—would have emphatically protested against, to do them an injustice, and to lower and imperil the unique place and value of Scripture itself—for no other writings are "able to make wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus." The subject matter of our ministry will always have the person and work of our Lord as its central thought. As in Doré's great picture "The Vale of Tears," at the end of the dark and forbidding ravine stands a figure arched with a rainbow and clad in glistening white, from whom all the light in the picture comes, and to whose pitying face and outstretched arms all turn, the bishop with his mitre, the emperor with his sceptre, the poet with his laurel crown, the soldier with his sword, the peasant in his poverty, the cripple crawling on his crutches, the mother with her dying babe, the criminal and crushed and complaining all look and move toward him; so in our ministry, however wide the field or whatever the phase of truth to be spoken, all comes from and returns to Him. Like Philip we preach Jesus—Jesus in law and ceremony and type, in psalm and prophecy, Jesus as God and man, Jesus as Saviour, Sacrifice, Priest and King—Him and His power the Spirit of Christ reveals, and evermore in all our congregations should Christ be set forth evidently crucified amongst us.

We have no other Gospel for there is no other. Whatever is good and enduring in other (so called) Gospels is derived from the Gospel of Christ. It has within itself principles and potencies that will overcome evil and right all wrongs — our hope for the world, for its sin and sorrow, for its woes, social and industrial, is the Cross of Christ; while its power over men who preach it, who passionately love Christ, who in loneliness and darkness and under alien skies are ready not only to suffer but also to die for Him—and martyrs many have late years given us for the truth's sake—all may be summed up in these simple but majestic words of Paul, opening up to us the deepest motive of his heart—"The *love* of Christ *constraineth* us."

Miss ——, the heroine of the work among the outcast lepers of Siberia, tells, as giving the motive of her own work, also of a hospital for loathsome diseases to the devoted nurse of which a visitor said, "You must have a great deal of the enthusiasm of humanity, to do this work."

"Enthusiasm of humanity, Sir," she said, "the enthusiasm of humanity would not keep me here three days,—the love of Christ constraineth me."

Why are not more of our young people giving themselves to the ministry of the Gospel? There are so few who are filled with the "Divine thirst for self-sacrifice," who "covet that they may prophesy."

Does the world enchain them? do uncertainty and doubt paralyse them? We need men as preachers, teachers, missionaries, evangelists. We must have them. Lord send forth more labourers into Thy harvest! Spirit of God breathe upon these dry bones that they may live! Then the longing to save men and to have fellowship with Christ in His soul travail will be known:—

"Oft when the word is on me to deliver
Opens the heaven and the Lord is there;
Desert or throng, the city or the river,
Melt in a lucid paradise of air,—
Only like souls I see the folk thereunder,
Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings,—
Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder,
Sadly contented in a show of things;—
Then with a rush the intolerable craving
Shivers throughout me like a trumpet call,—
Oh to save these! to perish for their saving,
Die for their life, be offered for them all!"

A minister says, "Sometimes young men say to me, 'I want to preach the Gospel,' and I reply, 'Why don't you then?'

Dear fellows, they are waiting for someone to shave them, buy a portmanteau for them, send them to a theological hall and say, 'He shall preach the Gospel.'"

But our young men have not even this poor excuse. We believe the ministry of the Gospel to be a gift from God, that ordination to this office is not through hands episcopal, but by the anointing of the Holy Ghost, that it is as easy as our obedience and free as His Spirit.

The need of greater visibility. I fancy that there is no body of people resting under a greater weight of misconception than our own. It has arisen in part from its quiet, retiring ways. We have shunned publicity and liked not the dusty highways of service.

> "'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
> To peep at such a world, to hear the stir
> Of this great Babel, *and not feel the crowd*."

True we have been in evidence when great moral questions stirred the nation, and as a Church we have sent dignified memorials to Government that have not been without influence, but what I mean is that we have not as a Church impressed the age, nor made the influence of our organization tell, as such, on the nation.

It seems as if after the first years of so mighty evangelical effort the great impetus was spent, and the Society was exhausted. Henceforth there were no street meetings, or public arguments with priests and ministers; the great river of testimony dwindled down to a trickling rill; we retired to where—

> "Along the cool sequestered vale of life
> We kept the noiseless tenor of our way."

However we may explain it, we dwelt in obscurity, known indeed to an inquiring few—appealing to a Lamb or a Clarkson, and sometimes attracting the interest of royalty, enjoying an unequalled reputation for all the moral virtues, but hardly, as an organization, affecting the nation's life. We left its evangelisation to other dissenting bodies, and lived apart, not "feeling the crowd."

I cannot help being struck with the manner in which so many Meeting Houses are tucked out of sight down narrow lanes or in back courts. In some cases I know this has been caused by the towns growing away from them, and leaving them like melancholy wrecks wedged between the rocks of warehouses and manufactories. But how often the entrance is dark and tunnel-like! No notice-board gives welcome information, and one requires some considerable acquaintance with our Meeting House style of

architecture to quickly select it from similar looking houses. When public meetings are announced people venture in, but are under the impression that only the initiated may enter on other occasions, which are, by contrast, "private."

Children seem often to discover feelings that are never expressed, and have a way of putting them into their own words which is equally frank and surprising. In a small, almost family meeting, a stranger once ventured in, and when it was over a child said to her father, "Father, what was that man doing at *our* meeting?" She quite thought him an intruder, and probably the stranger shared her feeling and felt himself to be one.

Fortunately these things are passing away, but there is still a need of greater visibility. Our Meeting Houses ought to be easily accessible with an hospitable air. I do not care for a dim religious light and trinity windows, but I think, both in architecture and furniture, our places for worship should bear some relation to our houses and surroundings.

To my mind another minor need is *a change in the time of holding Preparative Meetings*. I find I am not alone in the feeling that to have them on a First-day morning dissipates the impressions of the meeting and leaves the mind filled with lower things. It does not seem quite possible that after such meetings as we have been speaking of worshippers would feel that they could turn their minds to the necessary details of a business meeting. I remember in one place, after a solemn meeting, we held a Preparative Meeting, when such an unsavoury subject as drains, with various systems and at various costs, were discussed. Members differed in opinion, feeling ran rather strong, and I confess I wished we might have another meeting for worship to harmonise and settle our minds. With me it is not a question merely of the inappropriateness—to use no stronger word—of such business on First-day, but of its scattering influence. This, with fifteen minutes of handshaking, making engagements for the week, etc., is enough to impair, if it does not efface, the impression of the meeting for worship. We hold our Monthly Meetings for business in the middle of the week; why not the Preparative also? Not to do so is a mode of procedure I never knew elsewhere than in England.

The need of some modifications in our present system of birth-right membership. I know that there are many who feel more strongly on this subject than I—so strongly indeed that they would abolish it altogether. It is a subject that presents many difficulties, but it is not fair to lay upon it the responsibility for many of the weaknesses of the Society. They admit of other and adequate explanation. I do not think that our proportion of

unspiritual and worldly members is a whit greater than that of other Churches who admit only on confession of faith. I do not think that the progress of truth is blocked by this class, any more with us than with any other Church. And certainly the ideal of early Friends in this matter was a correct and beautiful one. I conceive it to have been this:—As the promise is to the children, they regarded them as in the new covenant of redemption, and believed and expected that they would as children be converted, early knowing that Divine work of God's Spirit, and so growing up in the Church, as lambs of the flock, and never knowing years of sin and wandering and consequent return. It is very true that we have fallen far, very far below this beautiful ideal; it may have become perverted, and taken in our system the place that baptism and confirmation hold in others, but we have endeavoured to guard against this, and in many ways birthright membership has been useful. I know of several instances in which, but for that bond, in the season of doubt and questioning that comes to all, persons would have drifted from Friends; but not wishing to break it they have waited, become convinced and are now useful members of the Church. There may be some modification of birthright membership which would conserve to us all its advantages, and rid us of its disadvantages. A "minor membership" has been suggested, that is, that children should have the same care and oversight as now, but should not be regarded as full members nor have a voice in the business of the Church till they come into it by a public confession of faith in Christ, and an expressed choice of our Society as a Church home. This would lay upon our young people the necessity of thoughtfully choosing in the matter of Church relationship, a responsibility that could not but be helpful. Now one hears it said, "Oh, I was born a Friend, I have no responsibility in the matter." This is of course a very partial view, for birth is not an accident but a providence, and yet it is a view behind which some of our young people screen themselves. There are doubtless difficulties in arranging the details of a "minor membership," still they are not insurmountable, it might prove a blessing, and in the face of a growing dislike to the present system in some quarters, it seems to be among the things that will be before us for revision, and it may not be unwise before then to give the matter some careful and prayerful thought. At least it would be unwise hastily to conclude that there is no better way, or to suffer a sentiment for the traditional method to blind us to some of its defects.

One is tempted to speak of the need of greater liberality in the matter of giving, of how much smaller proportionately our giving is to that of other bodies, of how, as has been said, we "owe our

wealth, not own it," of how Socialism in many of its aspects shames the professing Church by its simplicity and liberality.

Or we might speak of the need of making our various auxiliary associations more efficient, by giving to them more largely and working them more vigorously.

Our Foreign Mission Associations need more men and more means—and more than this—to be fired with greater faith and enthusiasm. One fears that our Home Mission Association in this transition period may find its work suffer, and it will need our prayers and sympathy that it may become the strong evangelical force we long that it may be. Our F.F.D.S.A., with its nearly 40,000 adults and juniors, might double its numbers and do a work that makes one rejoice to think of, if only there were the needed workers and the spirit of consecration.

Our F.C.F.U. and our Y.W.F.C.U.* should be working more largely among our young people, and be far and away more helpful and attractive.

Machinery! we have enough of that if only we had power. There is our beautiful Church polity, so democratic, so simple, so adaptable; there are these auxiliary organizations, meeting great needs and designed to great ends—what could we want more in the way of machinery?

Nothing. It reminds us of an experienced old coloured Christian man, who once heard a popular preacher, and felt he must call upon him. The great preacher received him with condescension, expecting the usual praise, when the tables suddenly turned and the coloured man took the place of teacher, and the other sat at his feet. He ended his instructions somewhat as follows:—"Yes Massa, you's got all de larnin' and de el'quence and ye knows the truth, but bless you dis aint enough! It's like as if you laid your shavin's and kindlin' wood atop it, all nice and dry, and put de coal on and had it all ready, and forgot to set fire to it. Ye need de Holy Spirit to set fire to your book larnin', and yer sermons would give out some heat then."

Have we been making a similar mistake? We laid our kindlings of logic, and our coals of truth in the fireplace of our wise organization, and under the flue of our special testimonies—but have we made the great mistake of forgetting the fire? And this brings me to speak of the imperative and supreme need of our Church—*a fresh induement of the Holy Ghost and of power*.

When we wish to behold a Church united, inspired, aggressive, we turn to the Apostolic period—to those early days when new

* Friends' Christian Fellowship Union and Young Women Friends' Christian Union.

born and unsullied she walked in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, and was multiplied. She is the first term in the new series, the name for all Churches in all time. Before the Holy Spirit descended upon her she was exclusively Jewish in thought, narrow in sympathy, timid and fearful. Her best men were unlettered fishermen, her greatest leader was a traitor, and two of his associates reckless in their race hatred. So weak a thing to meet the iron rule of Rome, the organised hate of the hierarchy, the opposition of society, wealth, customs, traditions —and yet when the Holy Spirit fell upon and indwelt her she became a mighty instrument of service, overcame all opposition with indomitable faith and courage, met and conquered in the might of meekness and the strength of love. We must get back to Apostolic faith and experience. It is the only way to a true revival.

A living minister says:—"*We have lost the Holy Ghost.* We betake ourselves to Church questions and not to soul inquiries. The problem of to-day is a problem of ecclesiasticism, it is not a problem of redeeming and evangelising the world. We are building structures, arranging mechanism, adapting means to ends, comparing ourselves with ourselves, instead of being carried away with the whirlwind of inspiration, and displaying what the world would call the supreme madness in consecration and devotion of heart.

A grand church, a rich church, a learned church—these may but be contradictions in terms, but a holy church, an inspired church, a devoted church, a church with one heart, one aim, one speech, one love—why, she would go forth, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

All the needs we have spoken of would be met, in the supply of this greatest need of all. Brethren we say that we "believe in the Holy Ghost." Our Church polity confesses it, our arrangements are based upon such a faith, our ministry and worship confess it. Oh for His presence and power and light and heat! How cold, indifferent, wordly and unbelieving we have grown!

So the prophet of old felt himself to be when there came to him an overpowering vision of the glory of God; there was an awful sense of sin and ruin consequent thereon, then the touching of his lips with purging fire and *then* the cry, "Here am I, send me."

With every fresh endowment of power has come a fresh witnessing to the Truth. When self is given to death, the life is given to service. "When historic episcopates and ecclesiastical establishments and sacerdotal systems have withered and grown barren, this power of an indwelling Christ will bud with ministries, and bring forth fruit in new missionary enterprises."

Oh that next First-day morning, as in our meetings we wait before Him, every ostensible worshipper were prepared to receive the fulfilment of the promise of the Father, that into each gathering the Master might come, as into that upper room in the early days, and to every waiting soul His word might be whispered, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

"Then through the pang and passion of our prayer,
Leaps with a start the shock of His possession,
Thrills us and touches, and the Lord is there."

Not again with rushing, mighty wind and tongues of flame might this Divine incoming be experienced; these were mere adventitious things, but the essentials abide and the effects are certain.

There would be a transformation in experience and character. The change in character would be more slowly revealed, but in experience it would be at once apparent.

Take as an example Peter. Before this experience, with all his excellencies, he was boastful, self-confident, presuming; no disciple was so severely rebuked by the Master as he; at the last he denies the Lord. But behold him after the coming of the Holy Spirit. What an illumination! what courage! what enlarged views! what insight! what power! He has now true and heroic eloquence, which comes from burning conviction, he is a profound expositor of Scripture, he reasons with convincing power, he asserts evangelical truth—and what is the effect? Are men awed by his eloquence, mastered by his arguments? Something infinitely beyond all this—they were convinced of sin, "they were pricked in their hearts," and then thousands were added.

These same changes are wrought in a revised church—we can never justify our lack of effectiveness and increase till we have lost our sympathy with and fellowship in the travail of Christ's heart over the lost.

As truly as we know this gracious effusion of the Spirit, so surely shall there come a new outburst of missionary zeal.

Awake George Fox—man of prayer and faith, heroic soul, dweller in dungeons, despised for the Truth's sake! Come back to us thou who saw into the paradise of God, who spake from His presence, who lived near to men because thou livedst near to God. The Church He made thee instrumental in gathering languishes, she is wounded in the house of her friends, unbelief has all but paralysed her powers. We need thee mighty man of God, thou art gone from us though thy testimony remains. But God abides forever, His Spirit who made thee what thou wert, dwells yet in His Church. His power is unchanged, His love is undiminished.

O mighty Spirit of God, guide and sanctifier of His Church, lay Thy hands upon our young people! We give Thee our best. Take them to Thyself, wean them from the world, gird them with power, arm them with love, send them forth in Thy Name linked with all the victories of the past, heirs of the ages, passing down undiminished and undefiled our inheritance to the generations following; hasten the coming and kingdom of our Lord, till at last those who have shared His humiliation will share His triumph, when He shall rule, when righteousness shall cover the earth, and in the descended new Jerusalem—the city of God, "there shall be no curse any more: and the Throne of God and of the Lamb shall be therein: and His servants shall do Him service; and they shall see His face; and His name shall be on their foreheads. And there shall be night no more; and they need no light of lamp, neither light of sun; for the Lord God shall give them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever."

THE VITALISING OF OUR MEETINGS FOR WORSHIP.

We extract a few passages from a paper read by John T. Dorland at the Manchester Conference of the Society of Friends, 1895 :

When we look for living Churches as examples to our own, we turn naturally and rightly to the Apostolic Churches, while they still preserved the dew of their youth, and were filled with the power and fruit of the indwelling Spirit. Such an one was Antioch. It was a Spirit-filled Church; and therefore a vitalised one. It was filled with the *Spirit of Light.* From the vanity of idols, from the splendid sensuality of that opulent city, its members had turned to the Lord, and in His light, superstition and ignorance fled away. The same Spirit of Light revealed not only the need of salvation but the Saviour who had suffered for our sins, "the just for the unjust that He might bring us to God." The office of the Light is to make manifest. What an utter revolution in thought and life its reception wrought, is seen in the contrast between the life within the early Church and the life without it. That light is not dimmed, but our vision of it has. These lofty ideals have been in measure lost to our meetings. We

> " Have ordered the fight
> For a cause that is meaner,
> And walk by a light
> That they had despised."

We need to pray for ourselves and for our congregations the prayer the prophet offered for his servant, " Lord open his eyes," and we shall see the occasion and the duty, we shall lead and not be led, we shall know the next word to be spoken, we shall find ourselves leagued with heaven's horses of fire and chariots of fire in the conflict of right against wrong.

This Church was filled also with the *Spirit of Life.* It thrilled with spiritual sympathies and activities ; " great numbers believed," " much people were added," " taught much people," these large words were required to describe them. We may be sure that some such words will be required to describe the

effects of vitalised meetings. It was so in the rise of our Society. George Fox's journal abounds with such words, "great meetings," "large openings," "many people." Apostolic experience will produce apostolic results, and require apostolic terms in which to express them.

They were men who had deep and experimental knowledge of Divine life—the life in the Son—communicated to them by the Spirit through faith. Where this abides apathy and inactivity give way to the most devoted service. Antioch became the centre of the Galilean Churches, and her freedom, breadth and activity are well represented in Paul, her great missionary. That meeting, or section of a meeting, that bears no part in missions, home or foreign, sadly needs vitalisation. What can we say then in the presence of these things? There can be but one feeling when we look at decaying meetings and closed meeting-houses, and despite our valley of dry bones being so dead and so dry, the word of the Lord can cause them to live. Breathe upon them, O life-giving Spirit, and cause them to stand upon their feet, an exceeding great army—pour Thy life upon them once more, and then shall the dry channels of our testimony and service brim again with the waters of life!

It was a Church filled also with the *Spirit of Love*. The heathen used to say, "See how these Christians love one another." The same will be said of the members of a living meeting. There is a new care for the welfare of one another, and a joyful co-operation in all holy effort. They will realize a sacred brotherhood, beyond the possibilities of socialism. All estrangement passes away, and schism manifested in outward separation becomes impossible so far as the spirit of love reigns. This was shown in the Church at Antioch in two practical ways.

"Every man, according to his ability, determined to send relief unto the brethren that dwelt in Judæa," and they did not accompany it with any counsel regarding Jerusalem's tendency to legalism and narrowness. They did not make their gifts an opportunity to administer reproof. Their love embraced what their approval could not, and it might be well if our love also were less patronising and less critical, and if toward brethren we obeyed the counsel of our Lord, and before publishing, perhaps anonymously, our condemnation of their service, we should tell them their fault between us and them *alone*, and if they will hear us we have gained our brethren.

The other manifestation of the Spirit of Love was in the unity with which the Church worshipped, and was led to send forth Saul and Barnabas to those who sat in darkness.

A vitalised Church is a missionary Church. A Church full of love is one that pours itself out in service for all men. It cannot be indifferent to social ills, it throbs with sympathy for those who are oppressed in any way, it lifts its voice in protest against inequalities that are wronging classes of men, but at the same time its Divine intuitions convince it that its work is not to reform men merely, but to *redeem* them, and for this its sufficient equipment is the Gospel, which alone is "the power of God unto salvation."

Hence, in the unity of the Spirit, they worshipped and fasted and waited; under Divine direction they separated Barnabas and Saul for the work to which the Holy Spirit called them, and thus this early Church fulfilled the great commission and became the type of, and the example to, all true Churches, in all ages, who believe in the same Lord, and are filled with the same Spirit.

Again, this Church was filled with the *Spirit of Truth*. His presence was and is the safeguard against heresy. He is Himself the great Conservator of the truths of our holy faith. He arouses the conscience, He changes and purifies the affections, He energises the will.

He witnesses to the truth and power of Holy Scriptures, making the Divine record a living spoken word to us to-day. He searches the deep things of God and reveals them to us; He points always to the Redeemer of men, and applies the virtue and benefit of that Redeemer's atonement to the soul of the believer. He dwells in His Church as His temple on earth; He is wisdom and might, and the position of His work and the place of Holy Scripture may be summed up, if somewhat inadequately, in the words of William Penn—I believe I give them almost exactly—"The double and agreeing testimony of the Grace of God within me, and the Holy Scriptures without me—these are my foundation and my hope; let any man find a better *if he can*."

The meeting abiding under His dominion will know the least of strife about truth since its members will be walking in it, and be established in it, "as the truth is in Jesus."

And last of all, in such a Church there will be the display of the *Spirit of Power*. Power forming Christ-like character, power for service, power for witnessing, converting power, power to love and suffer and endure. Foreign Missions have illustrated and enforced this power, forcing us to remember that the heroic days of the Church are not dead, that Christ still lives, His Cross has become His throne, and the Galilean still conquers. This is a bare outline of the five-fold operation of the life-giving Spirit in a surrendered people, and shall we not confess that under such a working the ills we have been deploring would flee away?

These early Christians knew Christ before they knew the New Testament. The continuity of the witness they bore has never been broken, and in the forefront of our service we shall place Him, and reckon from Him to the Scripture, which "cannot be broken"; to working theories of the Divine facts of our faith; to all the results of accepting Him as Lord of Life and of Love. "What think ye of Christ?" is our first word to the doubter; He is the first term in the series of the Christian apologetics; His word is the end of all strife—

"Him first, Him last, Him midst and without end."

Oh, that before Him, subdued by His dying love, awed by His deity—tingling with the sense of His presence, this Conference might bow. Its deepest note has been struck this morning. Its most abiding influence will not be that which has dazzled, or perhaps confused, our minds, but that Power which has touched the deepest springs of our life. These springs are in depths unutterable, but our fullest expression of them is the unrebuked, because true and overflowing, testimony of the doubter's heart convinced at last, to Jesus of Nazareth showing the wounds of His Cross,—"My Lord and my God." Then we hear, not faintly and afar, but clearly, in the soul, by the voice of His Spirit, that answer spoken with even more force to us than to Him, "Blessed are they which have not seen and yet have believed."

NOTES OF THE
LAST ADDRESS OF JOHN T. DORLAND.

Delivered at a Christian Fellowship Meeting, at Didsbury, near Manchester, April 10th, 1896.

Let us study this evening our Lord's own teaching on the Holy Spirit, as we find it recorded in the Gospel of John. I have chosen this Gospel because, whilst containing less of narrative than the other three, it abounds the most in spiritual teaching. It seems to have been written by one who took particular notice of the sayings of his Master, one who delighted to record all the precious words which fell from His lips. Yet it is interesting to notice that while on all hands John's Gospel is acknowledged to be the most spiritual, it is also the most doctrinal. We need not think that these two qualities must necessarily be divorced the one from the other; for while a man may have a head knowledge of the doctrine without having the Spirit, no man can be deeply spiritual without being at the same time intelligently doctrinal. Our Lord's teaching about the Holy Spirit is doctrinal, but, thank God, the facts are facts of experience as well, and we can speak of that which we know, and testify of that which we have seen.

Let us turn first to Christ's interview with Nicodemus. This man in himself is an interesting character; a master in Israel, highly learned in all the Hebrew law; one who professed to teach others, and yet had need himself to learn from the Master the very first step in the spiritual life—"Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." Let me pause here for a moment to say to any who believe that the actual outward application of water is here insisted upon, that I have just as much right to take the literal meaning of John the Baptist's words, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." In fact a sect has been known in the early Christian Church which branded its infants with fire with the initial letter of the name of Jesus. It cannot be the outward ceremony to which Christ here refers; the cleansing is the inward cleansing of the heart, and wrought alone by His atoning blood. Here, then, we see the first step towards the attainment of this wondrous gift of the Holy Spirit—"Except a man be born again." And let no one think it to be a matter of but small moment; whatever else is desirable, *this* is most essential; whatever else is praiseworthy,

this cannot be dispensed with; it is of first importance, it is absolutely necessary. I do not want to be thought uncharitable to any who are seeking to win the Kingdom by works, but I must draw the line where Christ Himself drew it; for we cannot tread the way that leads to life unless we enter by this Door, unless we have been born of water and of the Spirit. Herein is a Divine mystery, a point of doctrine, but also one of most blessed experience. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth": and so it is with those who are born of the Spirit. I cannot explain it to you, but I know that some of us have had two birthdays, a natural and a spiritual—the first registered by one of Her Majesty's officials, and perhaps entered in the family Bible at home, the second written in the Lamb's Book of Life. I cannot unfold to you the mysteries of my natural birth, but I know that I am here; no less surely do I know that I have been born again into the spiritual Kingdom of God. Beloved, is it possible that there are some here who are trying to work in the power of the Holy Spirit before they have taken the first step—before they have been born again of water and the Spirit? May not this be the explanation of the lack of power in your lives, because, like Nicodemus, you know not these things? "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that disbelieveth shall be condemned"; and while we seek in all things to be as loving as our Master, we dare not aim at being broader.

Passing on, then, from the point of our spiritual birth, let us see what Christ has further to teach us about the Holy Spirit. I believe that a man cannot be born again into the spiritual Kingdom of God without receiving a measure of the Holy Spirit; but contrast this with Christ's words, "He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, out of him shall flow rivers of living water." Beloved are we so full of the Holy Spirit in our daily life, that there is an overflowing to others. Rivers of living water! what a wonderful promise! Not just a little trickling rill, and that but intermittent, or a babbling brook, by its babbling proclaiming its shallowness, but RIVERS of living water; rivers in their broadest, fullest sense, mighty, rushing streams of blessing. Why are some of us content with just a little greenness when showers of blessing await us? Our lives, as seen by others, almost barren, and only now and then bright and fruitful. These things ought not so to be.

The figure here used by Christ—"rivers of living water"—loses much of its beauty when spoken in a country like ours, where the clouds are so continually weeping their refreshing moisture on the earth, and where every field has its spring. We can scarcely

realise how precious water is in the East, where the possession of a well becomes a cause of dispute between tribe and tribe.

And those who, like myself, have been privileged to visit Egypt can form some idea of what this phrase "rivers of living waters" would convey to an Eastern mind, for there the whole marvellous fertility of the land is dependent on the waters of the Nile. I have been to the town of Luxor, where not a drop of rain has ever been known to fall, but all the water it requires comes from that wonderful and never failing source.

"He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said"—I know not to what Scripture our blessed Lord referred, perhaps to that passage in Ezekiel xlvii, where we read of the river which issued out from under the threshold of the Temple, water to swim in, a river that could not be passed through; or it may have been to those words further on in the same chapter: "It shall come to pass, that every living creature which swarmeth, in every place whither the rivers come, shall live; and there shall be a very great multitude of fish: . . . . And it shall come to pass, that fishers shall stand by it: from En-gedi even unto En-eglaim shall be a place for the spreading of nets; their fish shall be after their kinds, as the fish of the great sea, exceeding many." Beloved, are rivers such as these, rivers of living water, flowing from thy life?

But let us turn to the next verse (John vii. 39), and here we find an inspired commentary by the Apostle John on these words of his Master:—"But this spake He of the Spirit, which they that believed on Him were to receive: for the Spirit was not yet given; *because Jesus was not yet glorified.*" And this suggests another point. The work of the Holy Spirit is to bear witness to Christ, to take of the things of Christ, and reveal them unto us. This he could not do until Jesus Himself was taken thence, until Jesus was glorified. My dear friends, are any of us wondering why the Holy Spirit is not working in our hearts, why He is not adding His seal to our service? May it be because Jesus is not yet glorified—because Jesus is not yet in His right place in our hearts, not yet first in everything? Can this explain why so many of our meetings are lacking in power, the Holy Spirit not yet given because Jesus is not yet glorified? Beloved, put first things first, Calvary before Pentecost, Jesus on the throne of our hearts, and then the Holy Spirit will add His witness thereunto with rivers of living water.

Are any of us afraid of what this filling of the Holy Spirit may mean to us? It may make a great change, it will do away with many of the shams and hollow pretences of life; as Spurgeon says, we shall have to break through the lath and plaster of

conventionality to find beneath the granite walls of truth. The Spirit-filled man must be content to remain a mystery to those around him. They have no scales in which to weigh his actions, no measure by which to test his motives. These things are discerned by the Spirit of God alone, and the mind of the flesh, while bound to acknowledge them, is utterly at a loss to explain them. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him,"—the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, they are foolishness to him. That which is spiritual must be spiritually discerned.

Then again the Bible becomes a new book to us when studied in the light of God's Holy Spirit. Search the Scriptures by all means, in every way that you can, with commentary and concordance if you please, but always bear in mind that their deepest spiritual meaning can only be revealed by the Holy Spirit to those who earnestly search them with the prayer that He will open their eyes to behold wondrous things in His law. I remember being told by one of the most earnest of modern Biblical students—a man who said he smiled at those who needed to use a concordance—that often when sitting with the open Bible before him he would come to texts of which he would have to say to God, "Now, Lord, Thy Holy Spirit alone can reveal to me the meaning of these words, and teach me the lesson which Thou wouldst have me learn."

There is yet another reference in John xvi. 8, that I would like you to turn to; again we have the words of our Lord Himself. They refer to what would be the work of the Holy Spirit when He was given: "And He, when He is come, will convict the world in respect of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." These three points must be insisted upon if the Holy Spirit is to do His work, and they are the three which are most conspicuous by their absence in much of the preaching of to-day. The Holy Spirit has not yet been able to do His work in thy heart if He has not yet convicted thee of sin. It is not the Holy Spirit which prompts the teaching of the day when it seeks to do away with the exceeding sinfulness and heinousness of sin, and substitutes the idea that all that is required of a man is that he should do the best he can. Let us look at sin in the light of Christ's sacrifice for sin, and we shall see that at such teaching as this the Holy Spirit is grieved, and that for such God has given us no authority in the Scriptures.

And now, beloved, how shall we attain to this wonderful blessing, this Pentecostal gift of the Holy Spirit? It is not by struggling for it, much less by working for it; God is waiting to pour the Holy Spirit into the heart which is absolutely yielded

to His will. Perfect whole-hearted surrender then is the condition on which we receive it; but the Holy Spirit does not reveal Himself to each heart in exactly the same way. Perhaps I could best help this meeting by telling you the case of a young man, almost a boy, whom I met some years ago in America. He yielded his heart to God, but very soon he realised that there was for him a further blessing than he had yet experienced. I spoke to him once or twice, but could not see how I might help him, beyond laying his case in prayer before God. One evening he came into a Bible-class where I was, and a glance at his face told me that the blessing he had been longing for had come to him. "Well ——," I said to him after the meeting, "tell me all about it." "Oh Mr. Dorland," he replied, "I don't know whether I can, but it was something like this. One evening I stayed behind at the office, for I had some work to finish. All the other clerks went home, and the city grew still and quiet. The only gaslight in the building was that above my desk, and I felt alone with God. Then, just as I was writing, the stillness seemed to gather itself up into a voice, and the voice spoke to me. I slipped from my seat on to my knees, and——but I cannot tell you the rest. I only know that the Holy Spirit came to me, and I am satisfied."

Beloved, have you ever sat in silence before the Lord and let Him speak to you? Shall we each one present ourselves before Him now? Perhaps some here do not understand our Friends' idea of silent prayer. We are not waiting for some words to be spoken. We are not afraid that the time is being wasted. We can individually give God an opportunity to speak direct to our hearts. You would not think five minutes spent in silence before God too long, would you? Let us bow our heads in prayer.

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